

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES



Her  
Present...

## A Poem of Christmastide—for Men

She MIGHT  
Have chosen quietly,  
Something dull and plain.  
She might  
Have been a bit discreet  
In buying ties again.

She didn't HAVE to choose the  
stars.  
The diamonds, the splashes,  
Or those atrocious crimson things  
With gold and violet slashes.

She needn't have . . . she might . . .  
But there,  
When man's in love he doesn't care.  
And there ARE worse things that he  
could wear  
Than, bless her eager eyes,  
His lady's choice.  
In ties.

—P.D.B.



# MENTAL TELEPATHY...

## Can it Work for Good or Evil?

### British Doctor's Weird Claim Leads to Dismissal



EYES are recognised as the windows of the soul. No person can look into his or her own eyes, through a mirror, for more than a minute without feeling queer. There is some strange power behind the eyes we do not understand. It is well known that two people cannot look into each other's eyes for more than a brief period.

Telepathy is a household word. Everybody knows what it means; thought transference or the sending of thought messages from one person to another.

Now the question of whether there really is such a thing, and if so whether it is possible to influence another person's mind by thought force, has been raised in England by the strange dismissal of Dr. Cannon, of Holney Hatch Mental Hospital.

THE medical and scientific world has been surprised by the announcement this week that Dr. Cannon, psychiatrist and research worker attached to the London County Council's mental hospital at Holney Hatch, has been asked to resign.

According to a cable, the cause of the trouble is a book written by Dr. Cannon entitled "Invisible Influence," dealing with hypnotism, black magic, and other occult sciences.

Dr. Cannon is known to have travelled a great deal.

While he was in Tibet, he claims to have heard forecast the exact date and manner of the late Mr. Justice McCord's suicide, says the cable.

He adds that this famous English judge offended an Indian mystic, who wished him to suicide.

Dr. Cannon claimed that Justice Mc-

Cardie told him a fortnight before his suicide that he was awakened every night and transfixed by two eyes.

One of the most extraordinary features of Dr. Cannon's story is that, after the suicide, Cannon said he telepathised the Grand Lama of Tibet, who replied that if Cannon hypnotised McCordie the evil influence of the mystic would be averted.

COMMENTING on the expulsion of Dr. Cannon, a well-known Australian psychiatrist said that as he had not read the book "Invisible Influence," he could therefore not express a definite opinion.

It seemed likely, however, that Dr. Cannon must have approached the psychic subject matter of his book in a manner considered irrational by the hospital authorities.

If he had written about hypnotism and psycho-analysis in such a way that readers of his book might link these

SIR OLIVER LODGE, the famous British scientist and authority on spiritualism, is one of the many leading thinkers of today who believe in the power of telepathy. He has been associated with the London Society of Psychical Research for many years.



everyday manifestations of psychology with black magic, the hospital would be right in dispensing with his services, said the specialist.

On the other hand, he added, it was possible that the hospital had adopted a narrow-minded attitude towards what really might be a worth-while treatise on psychic phenomena.

#### Telepathy Proved

COMMENTING on the fact that Dr. Cannon is said to have claimed that he communicated with the Grand Lama of Tibet by telepathy or thought transference, the specialist said that telepathy had been recognised by the London Society of Psychical Research as a demonstrable fact many years ago, and that therefore it would not be correct to dub Dr. Cannon's claim as pure nonsense.

Telepathy, he said, was not known as a demonstrable fact before 1882.

At this time, however, some famous experiments were made by the Misses Greery under the direction of Sir William Barrett, Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, and Mr. Edmund Gurney.

In 1884 the London Society of Psychical Research, after many other amazing experiments, declared definitely that "under certain exceptional and as yet unknown conditions," ideas are transmitted from one human being to another without the aid of the recognised senses, and irrespective of the distance between the communicating parties.

"In all these matters," the psychiatrist added, "we are like little children. We have not even begun to learn the wonders of the mind and the power of thought. A hundred years ago the present-day reality of wireless would have been considered magical, but wireless is only a simple mechanical thing compared with thought and psychic phenomena."

#### In Australia

THE psychiatrist pointed out that there were many bodies of "popular psychologists" in Australia who firmly believed that they had the power to influence individuals by telepathic thought force, and that one of their regular rituals was to sit together and send thoughts of good health and strength to sick persons.

"If this is possible, and I would not say definitely that it is not," he said, "then it must also be possible to do people harm in the same way."

## UNIQUE STORIES

Next week a series of very exciting short stories by Selwyn Jepson will start in The Australian Women's Weekly. They will succeed that most discussed of serials, Vicki Baum's "Falling Star," which ends this week.

NO serial ever created such a sensation as "Falling Star." It was something quite different. Either you liked it very much or you did not like it at all.

These new stories by Selwyn Jepson, one of the world's leading authors, are different too; but everybody will like them.

Although each story is self-contained, you will read about the same characters every week. You will get to know these characters, and will look forward to their very exciting adventures.

John Dawn's daughter is the heroine. She is what every woman wants to be, and she lives the sort of life you dream about.

Her father christened her "Tiger" because she was entirely fearless. She has dark, ravishing beauty and a strong, lithe body. She is a champion shot, a jiu-jitsu expert, and a wizard with the rapier.

### English Film Winner



NITA HARVEY, the beautiful and talented young English girl who was chosen to represent England in the Paramount "Search For Beauty" film quest. Australia sent Gwen Munro from Victoria, and Brian Norman, selected through The Australian Women's Weekly in association with Paramount, for New South Wales.

## UNKNOWN Heroes Voted for WOMEN

### Intriguing Position in Final Upper House Ballot

There has been a good deal of speculation and curiosity regarding the names of the two members of Parliament who gave their first preferences to Miss Preston Stanley and Mrs. Laverty in the third Upper House ballot.

To what extent the seven members who nominated women candidates will support them in the final ballot this week has provided another interesting angle on the election of a new Legislative Council.

INTERESTING facts regarding the ballots were made known to The Australian Women's Weekly by the nominators of the four women candidates.

Of the two hundred-odd members of Parliament who voted in the third ballot, two only gave first preferences to women. Who were the two unknown heroes?

The four women candidates were originally nominated as follows:

MRS. E. W. LAVERTY—nominated by Dr. J. E. Webb and J. C. Ross, M.L.A.

MRS. E. V. I. MACKINNON—nominated by J. R. Lee and Dr. Webb, M.L.A.

MISS M. P. STANLEY—nominated by A. H. Moverly and J. Jackson, M.L.A.

MRS. E. WEBSTER—nominated by P. M. McGirr and R. E. Savage, M.L.C.

In the third ballot, Mrs. Laverty and Miss Preston Stanley each received one No. 1 vote.

To provide a clear way to Government supporters, the women candidates did not contest the two earlier ballots. Prior to the third ballot, however, a big deputation endeavored to see the Premier, Mr. Stevens, to urge the claims of women's interests.

#### WHY MEN WILL VOTE

Following are the opinions expressed by the nominators of the women candidates:

Mr. J. C. Ross, M.L.A.: I nominated Mrs. Laverty, who is perhaps one of the oldest and staunchest members of the party. I have arranged for her to get three first preference votes, and I think she will be returned at this ballot. She is a woman without any prejudices, political, religious, or otherwise, and very favorably thought of by every member of the House.

Dr. Webb, M.L.A.: In my opinion Mrs. Laverty is well worthy of election to the

Upper House, both personally and on account of her political record. She is a woman of very high principles and a broad national outlook, who has fought the women's cause all her life. I intend to give her my support because I consider that although there may be other women as good there are none with a better claim than her to represent the people in Parliament.

Mr. A. H. Moverly, M.L.A.: I am not prepared to say exactly how my vote will be recorded. When I nominated Miss Preston Stanley I did so at the request of the Cabinet, as I had a nomination to spare. I did so on the distinct understanding that I had promised my primary vote, but I will give her a very high preference.

Mr. Jackson, M.L.A., was not available to express his views on the subject.

Dr. Webb, M.L.A.: Mrs. McKinnon is an outstanding figure in the world of women. She organised the Junior Red Cross which is now a world-wide organisation, and represented Australia at the Geneva Conference. She will have my support at the final ballot.

Mr. Lee: It was understood that the women candidates would get their run in this last ballot. I propose to give a very early preference to Mrs. McKinnon.

Mr. R. E. Savage: I nominated Mrs. Webster and I will certainly support her at the last ballot. She has been a wonderful worker in the Labor movement, and has been very attentive to her duties in the Upper House.

P. M. McGirr, M.L.C.: Mrs. Webster has always advocated the cause of women in the Upper House in a capable manner. During the past ballots she has not voted for herself but given her primary votes to others, and she is going to get a lot of support on this occasion.

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Let's Talk Of  
**INTERESTING  
PEOPLE . . .**



BRIDGE IS HER HOBBY

**MRS. MYRA MILLINGEN** is well known in bridge circles as a pioneer teacher of contract of outstanding ability and author of "Contract Kernels," which is now in its third edition. She is the initiator of the newly-formed New South Wales Bridge Association, and has been appointed its first hon. secretary. It is hoped that this association will quickly develop into a State-wide organisation, as one of its main objects is to unite the bridge-playing public throughout New South Wales, and promote interstate contests.



FINNISH FILM ACTRESS

**MISS ELLEN SYLVÉN**, a famous Finnish film star twelve months ago, is now working as a domestic servant for Baroness Ufford, in Belgrave Square. Miss Sylvén started her career as a dancer in the opera at Helsingfors, and later, for five years, was leading lady for Erkki Karu, director of a Finnish film company. Then, without warning, she disappeared because of an unhappy love affair, and was discovered in London only this month. She is now working in that country to gain thorough knowledge of English, and hopes to appear in English pictures soon.



—Women's Weekly photo.

NEW HEADMISTRESS

**MISS MARY HUTTON** is to be the new headmistress at Melbourne Girls' High School in the coming year. She will be returning to the school where she was a senior teacher nine years ago. Miss Hutton has had a brilliant career as a scholar and as a teacher. She won her first scholarship, the late Mr. Robert Livingstone's, while still attending a State school, and became a junior teacher in the Education Department. Continuing her studies at the Teachers' Training College, she won the Gladman prize, completed the course for teacher's certificate, and then spent two years in various country schools. She was one of twenty who gained diplomas in her course. She joined the Melbourne High School staff in 1908 and studied for her degree. While working as a full-time teacher she managed to win first-class honors in education and the Dwight Prize. By 1924 she was a senior teacher in the school, and left for a trip abroad, visiting girls' schools in England and Europe, and attending educational conferences in London and Oxford. On her return she became headmistress of Collingwood Girls' School, and will leave there when the schools break up, for her new appointment.

# GIRL WRITES from Remote ROPER RIVER

Would Not Leave  
Her Beautiful  
Northern Territory  
Home "For  
Paradise"

Here is an article that will disturb the complacency of people sitting peacefully at home in our big cities.

It is a letter written by Ellen Margaret Hobley, a girl of 16, who has lived since childhood in the remote Roper River district of the Northern Territory. It took six weeks to reach us.

Educated by post from Brisbane, she hits out straight from the shoulder in defence of her tropical homeland.

ROPER RIVER,  
October 8, 1933.

I HAVE just received the July 29 copy of The Australian Women's Weekly, and on reading Dr. Marie Bentivoglio's remarks on the Territory, have decided that for the good name of the country in question I must write in answer.

She says white women cannot live in the Northern Territory.

Not only can they live here, out do so.

Also they can work in this country; must, in fact, if they live outback, as we do, for the sake of having something to think about besides how far away the nearest neighbor is.

Blacks are employed in most places, but we do not permit them to come here because they, and they alone, cause all the illness of the Territory. The natives are not scanty, but all too numerous; the sooner they die out the better for the country, as they are lazy, dirty, and almost useless.

She also says that a white woman in the tropics would consider polishing drudgery. What is she going to polish? The only thing I can think of is her finger nails, which are just as well left undone.

There are no waxed floors, French polished furniture, or gleaming silver on an outback station.

As for there being no health resorts, there is no need of them; all the Territory is a health resort.

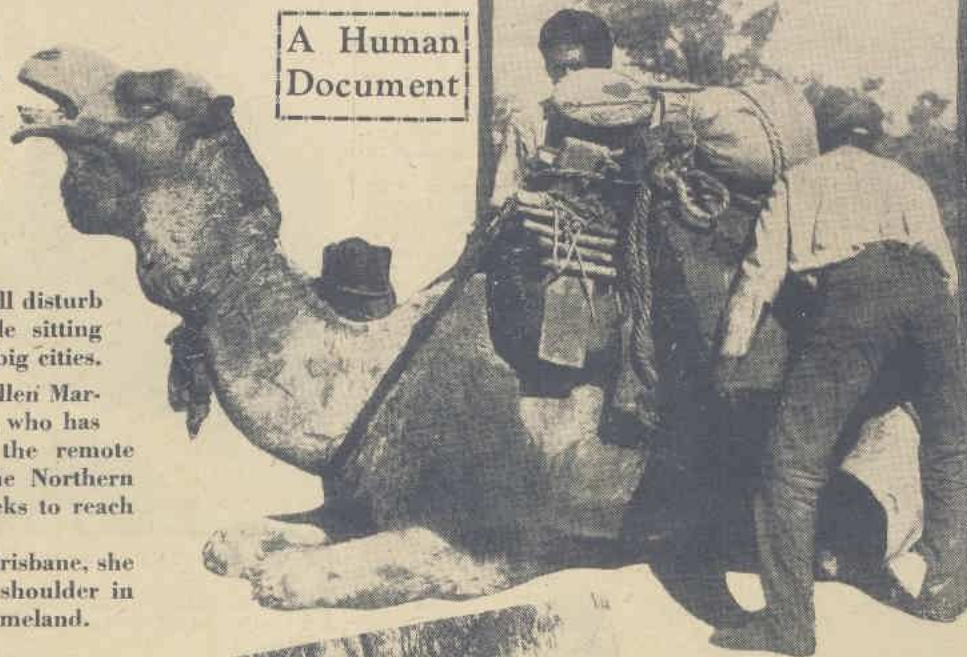
It is one of the healthiest countries in the world, as can be proved by statistics, even if Dr. Marie says they are false.

No one is ever seriously ill, and no one dies in the Territory; they must go down South for that—which would suggest that the South is a deadly climate.

Certainly 90 per cent. of the people who go down there from here are sick all the time they are away, or else die.

As for it not being a land for weaklings, who wants them. We don't. They aren't bred in the North.

There is a doctor at Katherine, I think, and one at Cloncurry, but as one is rarely



A Human Document



ONE OF the best known "centres" in North Australia—Newcastle Waters cattle station.



THE ROPER RIVER in flood.

in town or at a telegraph line or wireless station when an accident occurs, they are not much use.

I, for one, have never seen a doctor in a professional capacity, nor needed to.

A fine railway, beginning and ending nowhere, with one train per week!

There used to be two trains a week once, now there aren't. Let the Overland be completed before one speaks of a railway.

AND "there is no gold in the Territory," Dr. Marie declares. No one really knows what there is in this land, where the only exploring has been done by car on the main roads.

Can't cattle be paddocked, and can't good land be farmed? No, every station be thousands of miles in area?

Where is the harm in a station being large. Anyway, when people are children here, and very healthy ones, too. Perhaps the Government should exploit the Barrier Reef. Is it any better to leave a magnificent land like this to the first foreign nation

that covets it? There is no protection for our coasts to keep out an invader.

IN conclusion, Mother and I are now looking after a large farm and garden, a herd of goats, pigs, and fowls during my father's absence, and have been accustomed to do so for months on end.

I came here when I was five, and have never been away in nearly twelve years. I stand 5ft. 8in., weigh 10st., and have

A SYMBOL of the remote North, a camel taking on stores for Brunette Downs station in North Australia.

never had a day's illness in my life.

We have had five weeks' holiday in eleven years. We do all the work inside and out ourselves.

Dad works a 60-acre farm, looks after the station, and spends half his time at work outside. He is 60, and Mother 47. I am 16.

I am fairly well educated, too, by the Brisbane Correspondence School.

I would not willingly leave my beautiful Roper River home for Paradise.

Dr. Marie knows nothing of this country. She should live as a farmer's wife in the outback ten years before she writes about it.

It is such erroneous reports as hers that do so much harm.

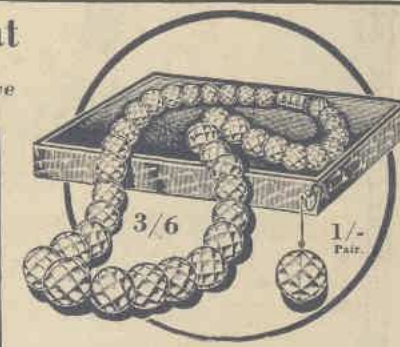
That no one who has lived here a year will willingly leave to live elsewhere should be conclusive proof that it is not a bad land.

—ELLEN MARGARET HOBLEY.

## GIFTS that LAST and give great pleasure



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## BRIDGE War Is ON

*Dr. McAdam Claims that His Team Is the Champion*

When anyone claims to represent the State as a champion in any branch of sport, it becomes everybody's business whether the prestige of the State is being worthily upheld.

THE leading bridge players of Australia are involved in a deep controversy on such an issue in connection with the Interstate bridge match to be held in Sydney between Melbourne and Sydney teams at Christmas time.

Like the bodyline dispute the bridge battle keeps on breaking out afresh.

The newly-formed New South Wales Bridge Association formally gave its approval to the match arranged between Dr. McAdam and Mr. H. Joske, of Melbourne, and promised its support to help to make the fixture a success, although clearly laying it down that it regarded the match as a purely private one.

At its last meeting the New South Wales Association decided that whatever the result of the match, a representative New South Wales team would play a representative Victorian team at a later date. With the object of selecting the representatives of New South Wales elimination tournaments are now in progress.

A BOMBHELL has, however, been thrown into the works by the action of Dr. F. V. McAdam, who has written a letter in the following terms to the hon. secretary of the N.S.W. Bridge Association. The reply of the hon. secretary (Mrs. Myra Millingen) is also given below.

In view of the interesting problem which the correspondence opens, the matter will be the subject of further discussion at a meeting of the association on December 18.

DR. McADAM, in his letter to the hon. secretary of the N.S.W. Bridge Association (Mrs. Millingen), writes as follows:

"Pursuant to the contention verbally made by myself to the council meeting of the N.S.W. Bridge Association held at the Millions Club on Saturday, the 2nd December, 1933, I hereby formally claim that the team of four, captained by myself, the personnel of which is Dr. F. V. McAdam, Dr. H. L. Tonkin, Messrs. B. Flohm and John Griffiths, with Mrs. D. Rosich as fifth member of the team, be recognised by the association as the champion team of N.S.W.; as such be entitled to represent the State in representative bridge matches. I submit the credentials of the players both individually and as a team. My team is prepared to substantiate its claim against any team that the association may select. In default, our claim must of necessity be recognised."

In her reply to Dr. McAdam, Mrs. Millingen states:

"In view of what took place at the last meeting of the council at which you were present, I cannot quite understand the purport of your letter."

"As you are aware, arrangements have been made for an elimination contest to take place to enable the selectors to pick a team for the match against the team from Victoria. Any pair of players including the members of your team who consider they have a claim for selection, or desire to compete, may do so. This is obviously the only way in which the association can ascertain the merits of the various players, and judge of their qualifications to represent the State."

## QUITE Gracious to New CITY LADY

*Mrs. Hagon Rang Up Mrs. Parker; Her Congrats.*

In spite of the peculiar atmosphere which pervaded the election of Mr. A. L. Parker to the position of Lord Mayor-elect of Sydney, none of this has affected Mrs. Parker as Lady Mayoress-elect.

The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. R. C. Hagon, was the first to extend the gracious hand of congratulations to Mrs. Parker. She personally congratulated her on the telephone at the week-end.

Miss McMahon (sister of Alderman McMahon) also wrote immediately to Mrs. Parker a kindly letter of congratulations.



AN INTIMATE study of the Lady Mayoress-elect, Mrs. A. L. Parker. —The Australian Women's Weekly photo.

HIS colleagues may have cold-shouldered Ald. Parker when he received his surprise election as Lord Mayor last Saturday, but apparently a more friendly feeling will be experienced by his lady.

Mrs. Parker herself feels no qualms about the circle of activities into which she will be automatically drawn by her new position.

"I know the aldermen's wives personally," she explained to The Australian

Women's Weekly, "and anticipate nothing but pleasure in my future closer association with them."

All have been connected with the Lady Mayoress's Clothing Fund, and Mrs. Parker has assisted Mrs. Hagon and Lady Walder in the making and distribution of clothes for the needy of our city.

KNOWN among her friends as a home-lover and home-maker, the Lady Mayoress-elect, Mrs. Parker, chatted about her interests.

"I prefer working to talking!" said Mrs. Parker, "and am not afraid of the extra work which my new position will bring me."

Mrs. Parker belongs to several organisations at Wairoonga, and regrets that she may have to relinquish her association with some of them for the ensuing year.

Chief of these is "Havilah," the Church of England Home for Children, which Mrs. Parker regards as her pet hobby. She has a great capacity for loving small children, and has reared five of her own.

They are all grown up now except one lad of 13 years, who does not know yet whether he wants to follow his father's footsteps and be a solicitor, or to take up medicine.

### No Bridge

Bridge-playing, sport and other such recreations occupy no space in this energetic lady's schedule.

She has been closely associated with the Wairoonga branch of the Red Cross Society, the Country Women's Association at Kuring-gai the Waitara Auxiliary of the Hornsby Hospital, the Girl Guides' Association, and the Young Australia League.

Although Mrs. Parker belongs to

the Church of England, her home, with its beautiful spacious grounds are often lent to other denominations for outdoor functions.

HERSELF a quiet woman, brought up with the idea of making the home her central sphere of influence, Mrs. Parker yet expresses a deep admiration for the modern girl.

"It is amazing," she said, "the way the modern girl can turn her hand to anything."

### The Modern Girl

"She has as many brains as the average man, and is very capable. As a whole, they are a fine type, and deserve the positions they are gaining in the medical, business and law spheres."

Mrs. Parker does not approve, however, of the modern habit of wearing backless bathing gowns, even if one has a beautiful figure.

Cocktail drinking, too, does not meet with her approval, not so much because of the drink itself, which often is only taken for the sake of smartness, but because of what it may lead to, and the stupefying effect it has.

Smoking, Mrs. Parker thinks, is a different matter. "Indeed, I occasionally smoke a cigarette myself," she added.

Speaking of literature Mrs. Parker confessed that Galsworthy was her favorite author, and that she often dipped into the "Saga." Modern light novels do not interest her much, and in fact she has little time to read them.

"I find it takes a full week of my leisure time to read all the news contained in The Australian Women's Weekly. It is an excellent paper, brightly written, and a very good two-pence worth."

## "SOUTHERN CLOUD" Mystery For SCREEN

The disappearance of the "Southern Cloud" on a day of terrible storms in 1930 is the greatest unsolved mystery in Australia's history.

FOR years the problem has fascinated the public, and countless solutions have been suggested.

A new solution of the puzzle is offered in "Secret of the Skies," a film made in Melbourne by Centenary Films Ltd., which is an all-Australian production, filmed in Melbourne and in the Australian Alps, and directed for Centenary Films by Dick Harwood. Ella Bromley and John Darcy have the leading parts, and Norman Shepherd, Jimmy Dee, Fred Fatey and Guy Hastings are also in the cast.

Who has forgotten that terrible day of gale and rain in 1930 when the "Southern Cloud," the Australian National Airways triple-engined Pottier monoplane, with Pilot Shortridge and a full complement of passengers, disappeared somewhere between Sydney and Melbourne?

For months the search went on, and still, from time to time, search parties

go out to investigate reports of the finding of wreckage. Parties as far apart as Moss Vale (N.S.W.) and Bass Strait were in recent months still pursuing the answer to this unsolved riddle of the skies.

The filming of the "Secret of the Skies," based on the story of the disappearance of the "Southern Cloud," marks a new departure in the making of films in Australia.

Hitherto Australian producing companies have confined themselves to the production of stories such as "On Our Selection," "The Squatter's Daughter," and "The Sentimental Bloke," which were proved box-office attractions as stage plays.

The directors of Centenary Films have decided that there is plenty of suitable film material which has not been exploited by the stage. This choice of fresh material will free them from the fixed conventions of the theatre, and enable them to produce films of a wider scope of interest.

Some people believe that the "Southern Cloud" was lost in Bass Strait, but Larry Brewer, who wrote the scenario for "Secret of the Skies," accepts the theory held by many people that the "Southern Cloud" came down in some inaccessible part of the Australian Alps.



Ella Bromley.

# Merry Christmas

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# The Hand of an Egyptian Princess

By

William J. ELLIOTT



AM a criminal journalist. I am prepared to hear you tell me that most journalists are criminals. I know it—but that is not what I mean. I earn my living by writing-up the stories of crimes, the personal stories of criminals and crime-detectors, and similar stuff for the newspapers.

In the course of my career I have heard some extraordinary stories and had some curious experiences. The story I am going to tell you now is the most amazing of them all.

We were one day out from Alexandria, heading for home. Our vessel was one of those large cargo boats carrying fifty passengers or so, and the said passengers were, as is usual in such cases, for the most part seasoned travellers seeking to get back to England as inexpensively as possible. It is part of my business to take stock of my fellow men, and I soon had them all sized up to my complete satisfaction—with the exception of two individuals, a woman and a man, neither of whom I should have expected to see upon such a ship as ours.

The man was a small, nervous little fellow, with a bald head and finicky ways, but, judging by his stocky build, a man of considerable physical strength, and by his tanned skin, a traveller. I was surprised to see him amongst us because, from various signs, I took him to be a man of considerable means.

The woman was an unusual type. She was an Egyptian, her soft, velvety skin the faintest of browns. Tall and slender, she was yet magnificently formed and carried herself with the grace of a dancing girl and the dignity of a grande dame. She always wore white, and morning and evening, at meal times and all other times, had her small, slender hands covered by gloves of the finest white kid, over which she wore a number of very fine rings and bangles. Her manner, though tinged with hauteur, was distinctly alluring; her voice the softest and sweetest I had ever heard. She spoke English perfectly. Her husband was a little fat American Jew, who literally worshipped the ground she walked on. I heard that he had met her in Cairo, fallen in love with her and married her within a week. They were now going to England for their honeymoon—and why they chose a vessel like ours was a mystery to me.

This woman had a curious effect upon me—one I couldn't explain, even to myself. I could only describe it by saying that when she was near me I had a sort of feeling as though I were in a church. Also she used a strange and subtle perfume which had about it a curious, clinging, musty-sweet quality. I was quite sure I had met it before, but I could not think where.

IT was on the evening of the second day out that the fussy little man confided in me.

I was leaning over the rail, staring at the placid waters of the Mediterranean, and watching the diverging furrows of the ship's wake, when I suddenly felt that "churchy" feeling, and turning, saw that the "Egyptian Goddess," as I called her, otherwise Mrs. Cyrus P. Stocker, was in the act of seating herself in an adjacent deck-chair. I watched her, fascinated by the almost pantherish grace of her movements, and reflecting that the more beautiful women are the more ferocious they seem to be. Then her eyes met mine for an instant. Only for an instant, and yet a most extraordinary thrill went through me before the heavy, magnificently-lashed lids half veiled them as she turned her beautiful head indifferently away. I had been thrilled by the glance of a beautiful woman before, but somehow this thrill was a totally different one—one that I could not analyse.

I resumed my occupation of watching the wake, but all the time I was



conscious of that woman's presence, and now and again the breeze wafted to my nostrils a whiff of the musty-sweet perfume she used. It was a strange scent, at once alluring and revolting.

Then I became aware that I had a companion. The fussy little man had taken his place at the rail a yard or so away, and as I glanced at him I noticed that he appeared to be in a more highly nervous state than usual. His fat little fingers were drumming on the rail, and I then saw for the first time that the little finger of his left hand was missing.

It struck me that, like myself, he was very much aware of the presence of the beautiful Egyptian. That he was urged to look round at her and was struggling with all his might against the inclination. I glanced at her myself and was surprised to see that her eyes were fixed intently upon the little man.

Her gaze seemed to be concentrated on the back of his neck, and it struck me, strangely enough, that she was willing him to look at her. There was

*"Those large lustrous eyes of hers seemed to narrow and gleam, and it struck me that they were like the eyes of a feline beast of prey."*

I glanced at the little man and saw that he was actually trembling. His eyes, wide and frightened, met mine; then he made an obvious effort to pull himself together, and, after a moment's hesitation, came up to me.

"You—you'll excuse me talking to you, won't you? My name is Griggs," he commenced nervously.

I told him my name, and commented on the beauty of the evening. He agreed rather absently, then said, with a nervous little laugh:

"To tell you the truth, old man, I didn't notice it much. You see I—I'm a bit scared." I was about to ask him what about, when he went on, in a high, nervous, staccato voice: "Tell me, who is that—that lady who has just gone away? Do you happen to know?"

I told him what I knew about her, and added:

"She is a magnificent creature—looks as though she might be a princess in her own right, doesn't she?"

To my amazement, the little man started violently and stared at me with almost horrified eyes.

"Why, what makes you say that—that thing?" he almost gasped. "She isn't—she can't be that! Can she?"

His tone was almost hysterical and he actually clutched at my sleeve with a shaking hand. I laughed.

"Bless if I know, my dear fellow! But—why shouldn't she be?"

"Oh, no! That would be awful!" he breathed. Then he said suddenly: "Look here, I've got to tell somebody about it or I shall go mad! So if you don't mind I'll tell you! May I?"

The truth is I've got the—the horrors!"

I WON'T give you the story in his own words—he was very verbose, slightly hysterical, and at times, a little incoherent. But this is what it amounted to:

He was a chap with plenty of money and an ardent collector of all sorts of antiquities. Was particularly in-

terested in Egypt, and went nosing round there to see what he could find. Heard of an ancient and unmolested tomb in the neighborhood of Thebes, went out there with a few fellows, did a little excavating and finally—having first sent his fellows off—penetrated alone into the hitherto undisturbed tomb of some Princess of the Tenth Dynasty or thereabouts. Got the lid of the sarcophagus partly off and had a look at the mummy within. She was—or had been—apparently a tall and shapely woman. The wrappings of one hand—the left—had come unstuck, and, despite the way it was shrivelled the hand showed signs

of having been very beautiful—long-fingered and shapely. It had upon the third finger a very magnificent sapphire ring. He was about to take this as a memento, when he was disturbed by a noise outside and, being a nervous little coot, thought he was going to be discovered. He knew he was breaking the law, and while he was struggling to get the ring off and make his getaway, to his horror, the whole hand came away from the rest of the arm, parting just above the wrist. Instinctively he thrust the grisly thing into his pocket and bolted.

And I tell you, old man, ever since then that cursed hand has haunted me! Sometimes I see it floating about above my head. I dream of it at nights, and twice I've woken up feeling cold fingers round my throat.

"What have you done with the hand—still got it?" I asked him—seeing clearly that it was no use pooh-poohing his idea.

"No, I chucked it into the Nile!"

"And the ring?"

"Oh, I've got that all right!"

"H'm! Well, I'd get rid of it if I were you. The truth is that your nerves are in a rotten state and that ring is apt to remind you of things you'd better forget."

He turned abruptly on his heel and left me, running along the deck and scuttling below like a frightened rabbit.

In the days that followed, Griggs became something of a bore. Having once opened his heart to me, he was al-

ways cornering me to talk about the confounded hand.

As for the Egyptian, she remained a mystery. One thing is certain—she took a very definite interest in Griggs, and she had a queer way of looking at him for which I was puzzled to account. The effect on him was very bad, and he became more and more nervous. I was tempted to ask him to share my cabin, but I could see the little beggar keeping me awake all night if I did, so I refrained.

He said he had terrible nights and could not sleep. Then he had a brainwave. The cabin next to mine had been converted at some time into a strongroom, and he persuaded the skipper to let him use it, and got the carpenter to put him a couple of massive bolts on the inside.

THERE came a night when he did not show up at dinner—neither, curiously enough, did the lady. For some reason I was a bit worried about the little fellow, and after the meal set out to look for him. He was neither in his cabin nor in the smoke-room. So I went on deck, and, after a little search, discovered him. He was leaning against the rail, with his back to it, and, from a distance, he seemed to be watching something with a curious intentness.

As I approached I called to him, but he took not the slightest notice. When I got nearer I saw that his eyes were wide, glassy and entirely expressionless, fixed, in a vague sort of way, on something in the shadows. Following the direction of his gaze, I had a momentary glimpse of two eyes—eyes that gleamed in the darkness like those of a predatory animal. I gave a sharp exclamation and stepped forward—and as I did so, there came to my nostrils a whiff of that strange, musty-sweet, unforgettable perfume.

I stopped short as I recognised it, and then, in another moment, there came from the darkness a low, sibilant:

"Excuse me!"

Illustrated  
By WEP.

## A Short Complete Story of the Occult

a queer, cat-like expression in her usually languid and indifferent eyes.

I watched furtively. After a moment or two, sure enough, he turned round and her eyes must have met his. I saw his whole body stiffen as though under the impulse of a sudden shock. And I was not surprised—for it seemed to me that amazing things were happening to those large, lustrous eyes of hers. They seemed to narrow and, at the same time, to gleam with a strange light, and I struck me that they were like the eyes of a feline beast of prey when it is about to spring on its victim.

I don't know how long their glances mingled—it might have been ten seconds or as many minutes—but, finally the lady rose and, as though offended by his regard, stalked away with her lovely head held very high and her soft, slow movements as dignified and majestic as ever.



# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY F.W.L. ESEN

## A TRIUMPH for "TEENS TRIUMPHANT"

Louise Mack needs no introduction to readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Her weekly article, her serial and her short stories have been features of this paper since it started. Now her book, "Teens Triumphant," sequel to "Teens," has just come out in time for the Christmas season, and we have no hesitation in declaring it one of the brightest books published this year.

LOUISE MACK not only tells a good story, but she tells it in a style which is delightful to read.

The rarest of writers are those who, while writing in a semi-humorous vein, can become serious when situations demand. Louise Mack excels at this blending of the frivolous with the tragic in "Teens Triumphant."

The first chapter, describing the professor's Christmas Eve dinner party is a phantasy as appetizing as the professor's hors d'oeuvres.

"He toddled blissfully about, opening the white and brown packages that kept on arriving, putting the walnuts here, and the marmalades there, and the caviare here, and the salted almonds there, and suddenly pausing to remark solemnly:

"I love hors d'oeuvres, don't you?"

"Love them!" replied Lennie, almost too emphatically.

"I could make a meal of 'em," muttered the professor.

"So could I!" agreed Lennie, with a heartfelt sigh, quickly covered with a rather winsome, if slightly pathetic, smile.

### Rooms in London

THE reason Lennie Leighton could have made a meal of hors d'oeuvres was because she was half-starving, but the reader does not find out that till chapter two, and the professor does not become aware of it till she has left the apartment rooms in Montagu St., where the professor lives and dines, opposite the British Museum, and where the main characters of the book are skillfully introduced at the Christmas Eve party.

Lennie leaves Montagu St. to go to cheaper rooms. By one of those tricks of fate, so true to life, she takes an attic in a building where a strangely beautiful woman, Mrs. Rose Drake, occupies a lavishly furnished apartment on the ground floor.

Spending most of her time in bed, Lennie works hard at her book, "Winter Traces." At last it is finished, and she takes it round to the publisher. Meanwhile her friends, the professor, "Sandy," Jules the Frenchman, and Dennis Arden, the Australian, take it in turns to invite her to dinner, all of them being very careful not to let Lennie know that they know she is hard

room and leaves it there. She then sets to and attempts serial writing with the aid of her friend, "Sandy."

Owing to the publicity she gets through the death of Mrs. Drake, Lennie's serial is accepted, and soon she is earning a fabulous sum of money per week for writing 3000 words a day.

When Jules, while visiting her, offers his congratulations and points out that she is now getting a regular salary, Lennie replies:

"And no time to enjoy it. Scarcely time to pray!"

"A sweet little white soul like you," said Jules, sentimentally. "What could you pray about, Lennie? There are no faults in you to be forgiven!"

"What I pray for!" said Lennie sternly, intent on the burning thought that was flashing at her so vividly just then "what I pray for is that I shall never, never forget what it was like to be poor. To my dying day I desire to remember the meaning of not having a penny, and of being hungry, really and truly and 'fckishly' hungry, so that I can always remember so that I can always instantaneously understand and know that I must up and do something, for whoever this is coming my way pen- niless. Never, never, never to forget. That's what I pray for so help me God."

Put Him in Serial

DENNIS ARDEN is a sensitive young man. He is very wealthy, but he leaves London "under a cloud." Later he finds out that Lennie does not believe the things that have been said about him and he returns for her, only to find that she has put him in her serial.

"Just for the sheer pleasure of writing about something sane, and intelligent, and beautiful," she had brought in, big, badly-disguised slices of Dennis at the Villino, Dennis' work, Dennis' outlook. She had done this to give herself heart's ease, and that was the sorry truth about it."

And here is a typical Louise Mack's description of what followed.

"The old brown room was heaped with black clouds of misery now floating from floor to ceiling, dense black clouds filling every corner of a room that a

## SHORT... REVIEWS

"Seven Yesterday." Paul Hoffman. A simple, well-written story all about an American child, told in the form of an autobiography. Mr. Hoffman's naive way of writing helps to render more vivid the impressions of childhood. (Hamish Hamilton, 7/6.)

A Rose For Scotland: Alfred Tressler Sheppard and Roderick MacLeod. A love romance between King James Stuart, of Scotland, and Princess Margaret Tudor, of England, married over four centuries ago. It is rather an historical fantasy than a historical novel, in which Princess Margaret changes places with her maid en route to Scotland in order to completely satisfy herself that King James is a man, whom she could happily wed. However, King James decides on the same course, and the maid finds herself wooed by the king's servant with the real princess and king looking on, both unaware of the change made by the other. Only after Margaret and James run away to a chantry and are married, still playing the roles of servants, does King Henry, of England, join the threads of this enjoyable tale into a knot of conclusion.—P.H. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

"The Story of a Labrador Doctor." Sir Wilfred Grenfell's own story. An account of the exciting and interesting activities of Sir Wilfred Grenfell along the lonely coasts of Labrador, administering bodily and spiritual assistance to those in need. It is a narrative revealing remarkable courage and endurance, and more than enjoyable reading.—P.H. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3/6.)

"In the Midst of the Years." Joan Sutherland. Adrian La Salle resigns his post in Egypt because the Home Government has different views to his on the control of the troublesome outpost of the Empire. He decides to take up a political career, and is returned as Unionist member for Starhampton, a county electorate. He falls in love with and marries Lucia, a beautiful English girl, who, however, hates politics, and proves more of a hindrance than a help to him in public life. Eventually Lucia runs away with a rival politician. Through all his troubles La Salle has the assistance and advice of his secretary, Angela Selwyn, who has loved him in secret for years, but repressed her feelings. Just when a divorce and marriage with the secretary are anticipated, the story ends. The story is powerfully written and full of interest. (Cassell and Co. Ltd. 7/6.)

## 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL'S BOOK

ONE of the most discussed books of this month has been the 12-year-old Sarah Bowes-Lyon's "Horsemanship As It Is To-Day."

The young authoress is a second cousin to the Duchess of York, and has earned great praise for her spirited book. It is written very naturally, and with great gusto, and, moreover, is illustrated with drawings full of movement and simple vigor. It is altogether a very lively piece of work.

One part under the heading "The Points of Your Pony," is typical: "For instance, say if your father was going to give you a pony, he would very likely say, 'First you must learn the name of a pony's points. Do you know them? And what would happen if you didn't?'"

So the whole technique of mounting, jumping, bridling, grooming and saddling is set out and illustrated with detail. Lord Strathmore writes an introduction to this attractive book by an interesting young person.

moment ago had been drenched with blizzards.

Later Dennis realises he has acted stupidly towards Lennie, and he waits on her to make friends again.

"I feel like a pocket handkerchief waiting to be ironed!" he told himself.

"Winter Traces" had not been rejected after all. If Lennie had opened the package she would have discovered this in the first place. Her serial, "Silver Sisters," solved her financial problems, but nearly sent her mad.

With two excellent titles like these, appearing merely as part of the story, one wonders why Louise Mack called this book "Teens Triumphant." It is not a title which would encourage adult readers, yet the book, in spite of the writing on the back cover, is definitely for general reading.—(P. R. Stephenson and Co. 6/-).



CEPEA  
FABRICS

## HOYPARELLE

There's such a let-us-be-gay look about the delightful patterns of this season's Hoyparelle... floral designs, geometrical patterns, and all the most modern motifs, all alive with the joy of spring. And the long-wearing qualities of this fine English haircord surprisingly belie its dainty appearance. Matron, maiden, and the tiny tots will all appreciate Hoyparelle. And the Sixline guarantee ensures immediate replacement if sun or tub should fade its brightness. At all good drapers—ask for Hoyparelle.

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Enrico grew bored. A weak-kneed lot, he thought.

WYNNE W. DAVIES

## Complete Short Story

Illustrated by  
**WYNNE W. DAVIES**

# In PASTURES NEW

**T**IMES had been rather difficult in New York of late, and Enrico Ricardo was taking a little holiday in England for the sake of his health; and we now see him whiling away a dull hour in a London cinema.

The film was the latest gangster horror, and Enrico smiled through half-shut eyes as he stared at the silver screen before him. He nodded quizzically to himself with the air of a connoisseur. There were the machine-guns, the cops, armored cars, tear bombs, and corpses cluttering the pavements. Almost true to life.

He grinned cynically and allowed his gaze to wander from the scene before him, studying his fellow kinemagoers with curiosity.

Beside him, a laborer took a quick breath as he saw the screen hero shoot three policemen and a detective with dexterous rapidity.

"Gord—!" he gasped to his sweet-heart, who clutched his arm tightly. "Wot a bloomin' country, Lizzie—glad I ain't got to live out there. It 'ud scare me stiff!"

Ricardo almost preened himself. He restrained himself with difficulty from leaning over towards the workman and starting a conversation. Instead, he turned away and watched the couple immediately in front.

"Thank heaven we have none of those desperadoes in dear old England," the elderly man remarked to his wife.

"Thank heaven, indeed," the old lady at his side murmured above the roar of a machine-gun. "One would be

nearly afraid to venture into the streets, Henry."

Ricardo started to chuckle out loud, but remembering himself in time, coughed and turned towards his left, where sat two soldiers, privates in a regiment which happened to be on guard duty at Buckingham Palace at that time.

"Lummel!" ejaculated one of the soldiers to his mate. "Wot d'y think of that, Bill; cracked 'in as neat as y' like. Gosh! See that feller stand up to th' gunman? Got guts, 'ee 'ad!"

"'F that 'd bin me," observed his friend with emphasis. "I'd 've said, 'You 'ave it, ole cock, and I'd 've gave 'in th' blinkin' bag too sweet, without any 'estimation. When a bloke sticks a revolver in yer tummy, give 'in anyfing 'ee asks fer, sez I!"

"'Ear, 'ear," agreed his companion with gusto. "No bloomin' 'eroes 'ere. Postloominous deceptions is all very well, but I reck'n there's such a horrible lot of 'em 'in 'eaven, nobody 'd look at yer twice if yer was a noo-comer."

The two soldiers chuckled at the joke and grew serious as they watched a car sweep down the street spewing death from all its windows, the whole interior of the cinema echoing to the chattering roar of machine-guns and the groans and shrieks of dying policemen.

Enrico grew bored. A weak-kneed lot, he thought, as he reflected upon

the conversation of his neighboring picturegoers. Rising, he sauntered out into the street without waiting to see the end of the film, which was, of course, a foregone conclusion.

A task lay before him, but the enjoyment which such adventures in New York usually brought him was, on this occasion, peculiarly lacking. It would be too easy.

**E**XACTLY three minutes before closing time the car drew up before the bank doors. It was a car of American make and the driver had appropriated it from the car park, not because he wished to patronise home industry, but because it had left-handed drive and its present driver always liked to have the familiar thing rather than the novel.

Sitting back, he drew two or three steady whiffs at his cigarette and dropped the burning end out over the edge of the car with a dainty movement of his tapering fingers. Opening the car door, he stepped out on to the pavement, glanced at his watch, threw a cool stare around him, and walked over to the bank with leisurely stride.

Moving in through the swing doors, he walked towards the counter, nodding easily at the anaemic-looking cashier in a gesture which also took in the only other occupant of the bank, the branch manager, who sat at a small table writing.

The scene was a very ordinary one and the sound of an occasional car passing along the suburban roadway outside seemed but to accentuate the calm stillness of the bank interior.

Suddenly, with rude abruptness, the calm was shattered.

"Stick 'em up!"

The swift command bit on the still air like the crack of a whip.

The cashier's whole body jerked as though it had been moved by an invisible cord. Looking up, he found himself staring into the barrel of an ugly-looking automatic, held with remarkable steadiness by a dark, swarthy man in whose eyes glittered a cold purpose which there was no mistaking. The little cashier's heart missed a beat.

"Push 'em under the grille and look smart," snarled the voice, and the blue snout of the weapon quivered ominously.

**T**HE cashier's lips trembled and his knees shook as though made of jelly; he stared across the counter with terror-stricken eyes. Suddenly, however, he blinked and, bending forward, snatched up a glass paper-weight and cast it, with very poor aim—for his hand trembled so—at the face on the other side of the grille.

"Ah—grace!" grinned Enrico Ricardo through set teeth, and pressed the trigger of his weapon. A bright red spot appeared high up on the cashier's left shoulder, and the little fellow disappeared from view behind the counter with comical suddenness.

The whole affair had taken but a split second.

"You, too," snarled Enrico, turning his attention to the manager, who now found himself coming out of the momentary coma which had descended upon him. He was fat and flabby and his mouth now opened wide, giving him the expression of a hearty oddish suddenly confronted by a shark.

He stared at the man before him, but, against his will, almost, his gaze was immediately drawn away to the ugly heap which sprawled so uncouthly

behind the counter. A cold sweat gathered on his brow.

"Stick 'em up," purred the dapper stranger smoothly. "I gotta date outside, and I can't dandle around here all day. Have a good look at da guy down there, then slide dem trackers across, if ya don't wanna feel lead."

The slight imperfection in the speaker's English was the only sign of impatience he showed.

Mr. Horatio Bedding, the bank manager, hesitated. His hands started to climb upwards, for Horace—as his wife affectionately called him—was no hero. But suddenly, out of the corner of one eye, he caught sight of a faint movement in the crumpled figure under the counter. No more than the twitching of a limb.

**B**UT the movement affected the corpulent manager strangely. A wild, berserk rage shook him, and the color flooded up over his face until it seemed as if the blood would burst through his skin.

"Swine!" he gulped. "To do that to poor little Eveleigh!" Sweeping up a heavy ebony ruler, he hurried it accurately at Enrico's head.

For once Enrico was caught napping. A reader of character, he had read complete submission in the manager's attitude. And he had paid more attention to the pile of banknotes than to the man.

The ruler caught him on the side of the head, spolling his aim; so that he did not more than draw a broad red crease along the side of the manager's head.

And as that gentleman slid down to join his underling on the floor he yet, with some last flicker of consciousness, managed to press the button of the alarm bell which "poor little Eveleigh," by reason of the suddenness of this unexpected invasion, had omitted to do.

Outside in the street started a

to a curse as he saw a great face thrust itself towards him from the side of the car.

He dealt the face a sickening blow with the barrel of his gun, and the navy rolled off the roadway—to rise, shuddering, at the fast-disappearing motor.

Enrico threw a hurried glance behind him. The scene that met his eye was an astonishing one. The street was crowded. It was a wide thoroughfare and down its breadth in a free-for-all hunt, hallooing for all they were worth, ran a strange pack—himself, Enrico realised, the quarry.

In a mad fit of rage he discharged his revolver into the dark mass and saw a figure hit the earth. But the crowd closed up and came on, and now he saw them give place to fleet pursuers.

A mounted policeman came charging down the street, bending low over his mount's neck, and a cabman, whipping up his old and decrepit horse, leant out from his box and urged the animal on to frantic effort. A private car came careering out of a side turning and slowed down only a little to allow a constable to leap on to its running-board.

Enrico stepped on his accelerator and gave all his attention to the task of steering a straight course. He was glad, now, that he had selected a bank in a quiet quarter, for the streets ahead were comparatively deserted. But not quite.

A costermonger some distance away watched the oncoming car and its pursuit, open-mouthed, then, with ready resource, seized the handles of his fruit barrow and, with a strong thrust, sent it and its load of juicy bonestibles straight at the car.

Enrico closed his eyes and hung on to the steering wheel. The car smashed through the obstacle and continued its progress, its bonnet festooned with half the contents of the barrow.

Came a splintering of glass and Enrico blinked as a flying splinter splattered across his forehead. With a gasp he took a quick snapshot at the now truncheon-less constable at the side of the road and grunted with satisfaction as he noted that, by sheer luck, his wildly aimed shot had taken effect.

Turning his head again, he remarked that the taxi-cab was laboring a little, and that the horse cab had, apparently, given up the chase, but that the private car, with its civilian driver and policeman passenger, was gaining on him.

Enrico glanced at his speedometer and swung round a corner on two wheels, sweeping away a projecting shop blind with meticulous neatness. Down another street he sped, and, coming into a straight thoroughfare, perceived several dark blobs, all helmeted, drawn across the far end. A solid object of some sort, too, Enrico cursed.

He drove recklessly at the object and figures, his vehicle crashing through the thing as the policemen leapt aside. Two more truncheons sped past the driver's face, but the aim was poor.

"Don't like it—!" Enrico addressed his broken windscreen, and again turned to throw another shot at his pursuers. Came a dull click and no report. Enrico cursed fluently in Italian, and stuffed the empty revolver into his coat pocket.

"Have to dump this truck."

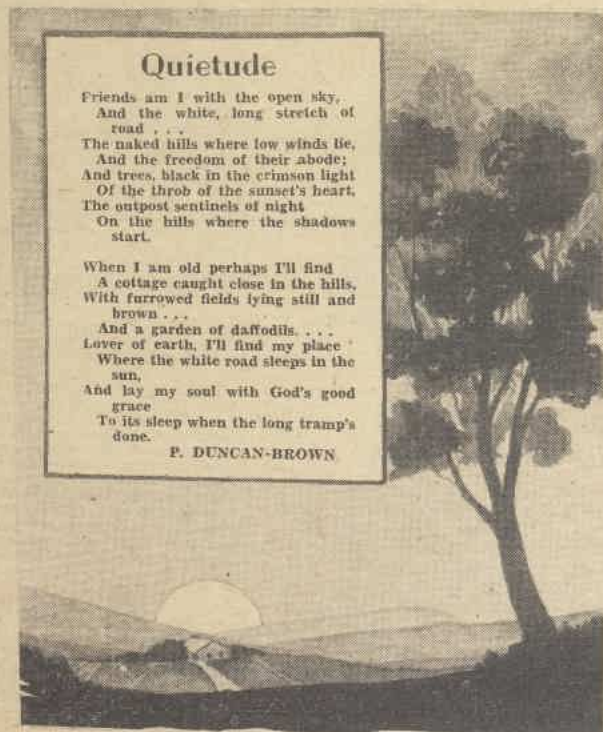
Please turn to Page 8

### Quietude

Friends am I with the open sky,  
And the white, long stretch of  
road . . .  
The naked hills where low winds lie,  
And the freedom of their abode;  
And trees, black in the crimson light  
Of the throbs of the sunset's heart,  
The outpost sentinels of night  
On the hills where the shadows  
start.

When I am old perhaps I'll find  
A cottage caught close in the hills,  
With furrowed fields lying still and  
brown . . .  
And a garden of daffodils . . .  
Lover of earth, I'll find my place  
Where the white road sleeps in the  
sun,  
And lay my soul with God's good  
grace  
To its sleep when the long tramp's  
done.

P. DUNCAN-BROWN





HE swung round another corner, passed through a side street, took another corner at speed, slowed down a little, and threw himself from the car. But even as he scuttled down a dark alley he heard the cry of "Stop thief!" in his rear, and knew that he had not been quick enough.

Came the patter of pursuing feet, and he dragged out his gun, re-loading it as he ran. A woman in front of him swung round—a large fat woman with an aggressive chin—stared past him and, as he raced along, shield her laden shopping basket at him. Enrico stumbled, but recovering, ran on.

An urchin rose up out of the gutter and, disregarding the menacing revolver, cast his iron-tipped top with unerring skill into the runner's face. Enrico spat out a broken tooth and, swerving, dodged the outstretched arms of a milkman. He sobbed a curse.

Things weren't going so easily as he had imagined they would, and he took quick aim at a sailor who barred his path, leaping over the fellow's prostrate body as the shot took effect. The whole world seemed to be against him. His breath was now coming in short,

## In PASTURES NEW

Continued from Page 7

tearing gasps, which threatened to choke him. He started to whimper as he ran. Blood flowed into his eyes from the cut on his forehead, while the salt taste of blood in his mouth caused him to expectorate at frequent intervals.

The debonair aspect had completely forsaken him; he now looked more like a hunted animal.

Desperately he struggled to retain some sense of direction. But it was terribly difficult in a strange city. Oh, why hadn't he confined himself to "work" in the haunts he knew? For in New York City he could have found a score of warrens open to receive him long ere this.

The people themselves in this strange country were an enigma. Timid as hell, not an atom of "guts" in them anywhere, yet they came for one, regardless of a gun. Plumb ignorance, of course. Damn busybodies. If he got

safely out of this, he'd see that he never—

Enrico lifted up his head. His sensitive nostrils told him that he could not be far from the river. And near a river in any city one found docks, wharves and a thousand little warrens where one might lose one's pursuers without trouble.

He dug his elbows into his sides and put all he knew into one last desperate spurt.

The sound of pursuit grew momentarily less as he hurled himself round a corner, and the runner sobbed his relief. Before him was a forest of masts. Docks. Enrico ran like a hare, and a twisted grin chased the tears away from his bloodshot eyes.

"Grazie Dio!" He saw that the last straight bit of street leading down into the maze of alleys and wharves which bordered the docks was deserted. He mentally promised a candle at the foot of Saint Joseph in the little Bowery Church when he returned to New York. Suddenly his thoughts changed. Out

of a house mid-way along the street stepped two figures in khaki. Enrico swore under his breath, but sighed with relief as he drew nearer and recognised the faces of the men. It was the pair who had sat next to him in the cinema. Involuntarily he chuckled, then drawing his features into a ferocious scowl, he brandished his revolver threateningly.

"Out of de way!"

But neither of the soldiers—they were but youths—obeyed. They grinned strangely and held out their arms—wide.



HE: What would you do if I showered you with kisses?  
SHE: I'd put up my umbrella.

RUBBING ? NO THANKS..  
SOAKING GETS MY  
CLOTHES WHITER !



SAVES YOUR CLOTHES . . . AND ENERGY  
. . . no rubbing with these extra-rich suds



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CREAMIER LATHER.. MORE WASHING POWER

"Go—!" Enrico wasted no time in argument, but discharged his revolver, point-blank into the first soldier's face. The fellow doubled up like a jack-knife and lay inert upon the pavement.

"X little swine!" the other soldier—the man who, in the cinema, had said: "When a bloke sticks a revolver in yer tummy, give 'im anything 'e wants"—roared at the top of his voice. He carried out the precept now in his own peculiar fashion. He rushed at Enrico like a mad bull.

The American had hardly time to fire again when he went down under a mountain of youthful khaki.

"C'm up," grunted a furious voice in his ear, and Enrico suddenly felt naked. A hand as big as a plate had plucked the revolver from his delicate fingers.

"Nah, then—" he felt himself

hauled to his feet and saw a face

staring wildly into his own. "Stick up

yer dooks, cock—if yer've conked poor

Freddy, I'll blinkin' well bash yer!"

ENRICO decided, in a muddled sort of way, that Freddy must be the fallen warrior. He put up his hands helplessly. The next moment he felt as if a trip-hammer had caught him on the chin. He fell down and lay still, counting a multitude of lights which suddenly appeared in the sky above.

"Gerrup—" yelled a voice from somewhere amongst the mysterious lights; and to give point to the words a rough hand seized him and pulled him to his feet. "I'll make yer bloomin' well sorry y' ever touched Freddy—I'll make yer bloomin' well wish you was bloomin' well dead!" and again the hammer caught Enrico's face.

He reeled up against a wall and caught a glimpse of his revolver lying on the pavement. He bent dazedly forward, groping for the weapon.

"No y' don't—" A well-directed blow in the pit of the stomach caused the gangster to straighten up with involuntary haste. Came a rain of blows on face, chest and ribs. When Enrico was upright blows hit him down, and when he was down more blows promptly hit him upright again.

THEN, just as Enrico felt that he was about to die—would, indeed, have welcomed death—there came another voice, a gruff voice which panted heavily.

"Ere," remonstrated Authority. "C'm off o' that, soldier. Leave a bit fer us t' take inside."

The rain of blows ceased and Enrico felt a gentle but very firm touch on his arm. There now seemed to be a multitude of faces around him; the owners of these faces panted, eyeing him with grim curiosity.

The khaki shade faded out of his immediate vision, its place being taken by a blue expanse broken up by a series of gleaming silver discs—buttons.

"Come along o' me," panted the blue-clad one. "You ain't arf give us a run fer our money. Made a mess of th' city, too—sich goings-on. O' right, soldier," in an aside. "Yer mate's on'y creased. 'Ave a cart 'n' leave a bit fer us."

The broad red face above the expanse of blue lost its serious look and broke out into a child-like grin. The faces round about, too, started to grin. Enrico gasped, but the joke was completely beyond him and he allowed himself to be led away, his head going like a buzz-saw, his whole body one vast, blinding ache.

He was in the hands of justice, but justice could easily be delayed and, finally, put aside. There were ways.

A SHORT time after this incident, a dark-faced man stood upon an eminence. A strange country—and a strange people—thought the man dully as a grim-faced fellow carefully adjusted the rope so that the knot came exactly under his left ear.

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CAREERS FOR GIRLS

# SUCCESS as a FLORIST

By Our Special Commissioner

There are many women to-day holding outstanding reputations in floral art. They are successful, happy women demonstrating originality, artistic ability, plus personality and perseverance.

A DAY or two ago I was standing in front of a florist's shop and admiring an exquisitely arranged basket of flowers and fruit.

Two girls also stopped, and one said to the other: "Every time I pass this shop it makes me wish I had one of my own. Imagine working among such lovely flowers all day—life would be worth while."

On the spur of the moment I went in and purchased that basket of flowers. A smiling, immaculately-dressed young woman served me. We got into conversation. I discovered that she was the owner of that little business. She had previously worked in an office, but, like hundreds of others, she felt the urge to do something for herself—get away from routine. What to do? She evolved the idea of becoming a florist and running her own shop.

SHE arranged with a successful woman florist for lessons at a reasonable figure, continued with her work, and saved sufficient for a small capital on which to fall back, and, of course, for a little outlay in the beginning.

Bravely she set forth, selected a spot where the flow of traffic seemed to augur success for a new business, and fortunately secured half a shop.

Modest supplies from a grower were arranged for. She said "good-bye" to the office. Up went her little sign, and

# LOWER'S WHIRL of XMAS SHOPPING

He's Still Feeling Dazed; But Happy

The penalty of fame and many friends has given Lower a headache for several weeks. He has been compiling a list of Christmas gifts.

Having first hired a warehouse to store his purchases, he started buying carloads of presents last week. Read about it, sympathise—and laugh.

By L. W. LOWER,

Illustrated by WEP

THE grim form of Father Christmas is stalking the land.

Tableknives are being inserted surreptitiously into innocent children's money-boxes by furtive fathers.

Innocent children are borrowing money from their doting mothers in order to buy her a present.

Mothers are pondering whether to give the "old man" a packet of cigarettes for Christmas, or a box of matches.

Countless lay-bys which got away to a good start are breathing very hard coming round the home turn.

The same old thing is going to happen again. The day after Boxing Day we will be all feeling fed to the ears, kicking the kids for blowing their trumpets around the place and riding their tricycles up and down the side passage, motherless broke, and with a dismayed, hopeless feeling that for all the money we spent at Christmas time we could have paid-off the wireless set nine times.

I SAID to the woman next door only the other day, Tuesday, I think it was... no, it was Monday, now I come to think of it, because I remember now that Monday was a wet day and I had to leave the washing till Tuesday. Or

house for the water to be as dirty as that. And the rags she hangs out on washing day!

ANYHOW, I went into town to do my shopping, and I took the tram to put the parcels in because the old man was working that day, and, besides, I had enough of him last Christmas.

After we'd been into a few shops, about seventeen, I think, he refused to come in with me.

I left him outside while I went in to buy a hat and when I came out there he was standing up against a post sound asleep, surrounded by thousands of cigarette butts.

Well, you've no idea how I got shoved about. I wanted to buy some cigars for Uncle Arthur, you know, the one that works on the trams, and I got pushed into the gardening and tool department and had to buy him a lawn-mower.

He hasn't got a lawn, but still a lawn-mower is always handy to have about the house. I think it adds tone to a place. Of course, we have a gardener. Calls once a fortnight. Such a nice man, his nephew sings in the choir, but, of course, not all of us can afford to engage a gardener.

Anyhow, I bought the old man one of those combination tie-socks. You put them on your feet and they're socks. Tear them down the middle and you can use them for ties, and then when they're starting to wear you can use them for a belt.

Of course, the kids were easy. They made a list to be posted to Father Christmas. Young Willie wanted a race-horse, an electric toy train complete with signals, waiting-room, and ticket-office, costing approximately £75, a pea rifle and three million rounds of ammunition, and an Alsatian dog. So I bought him a whistle. Not very useful or instructive. I know, but it'll be handy to annoy his father with.



Lower and Wep send a pal a Christmas Card.

AS I said, kids are easy, but it's the grown-ups that drive you mad. You know "Wep," who drew the rotten-looking illustration that has ruined this article? Well, when he got married people gave his wife wedding presents as some sort of compensation and a mark of sympathy. She got seven clocks. They ought to come in very handy this Christmas.

One thing about clocks is that they're pawning. You can't pawn a tie. As a matter of fact, some of the ties that women give men you couldn't do anything with unless you used them to scare off birds.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

**MARY BRIAN**  
IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

**GRANT WITHERS---**  
A RABID FIRE FAN---  
WILL EVEN LEAVE  
A HOLLYWOOD PARTY  
TO FOLLOW A FIRE  
ENGINE.

**MONTE BLUE**  
WORKED FOR THREE WEEKS  
IN A TOM MIX PICTURE AS A  
COWBOY AND NO ONE  
RECOGNIZED HIM.

into the miniature window went the most original little poodles, rustic baskets, and squat bowls of skilfully and artistically arranged blooms.

That girl has never looked back, and now has a small staff. Every customer becomes a friend. She lives in a comfortable villa in a suburb and does a good deal of her own growing—thus cutting down overhead expenses.

Her artistry, combined with a charming personality, is repaying in hard cash her courage and perseverance.

OF course, every girl is not fitted for this pleasant career, nor is every girl endowed with the inclination to be a florist.

But for any girl who has a leaning that way there are often openings in the bigger shops where she may have the opportunity of studying every branch of this fascinating profession. Then, when the time comes, when she feels like spreading her wings, she can choose her shop and choose it where a moneyed clientele have their comings and goings. She must be prepared to face slack periods, with possibilities of waste, and

it might have been Wednesday... No. It was Monday. I remember because it was a bakers' holiday. I was only saying to her, I said, "Well, Mrs. Brown," I said, "how are you to day?" I said,

She said, "Oh, I'm all right, thank you, Mrs. Lower. Have you bought your Christmas presents yet?"

I said, "Not all of them yet, Mrs. Brown. I'm going to get a fur stole for Milly."

And she said, "Why don't you make her steal her own furs?"

So, of course, I slapped her in the face and she threw a bucket of dirty water over me. She must have a pretty filthy

in providing for a rush should not allow her output to suffer in quality.

Later, her artistic successes in floral work may spread further afield. Orders for weddings, taking in house and church decorations, home decorations for parties and table decorations for dinners, etc.

Her business acumen may seize upon the added remuneration to be gained by taking in pupils.

She can superintend the growing of her own supplies, thus eliminating much waste besides reducing overhead expenses.

**ORDER THE BEST for XMAS PICNICS-PARTIES-ALL OCCASIONS**

THERE IS ONLY ONE FIFTY-FIFTY AVOID TRADERS WHO PASS OFF

50 NOTHING COULD BE BETTER 50

24 GLASSES TO THE BOTTLE ALSO IN CONCENTRATED STRENGTH 50 DRINKS TO THE BOTTLE

ECONOMICAL DELICIOUS HEALTHFUL

Made from

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# An Editorial

DECEMBER 16, 1933.

## DIVORCE AND POLITICS

ONE of the most firmly established institutions is the Divorce Court.

It is one of the public institutions that is particularly frowned upon by many religious leaders. And the ugly tongue of scandal is ever waiting to injure those who have dealings there. Its strength is that it has ended thousands of miserable marriage contracts, bringing relief to men and women locked in sham and unhallowed unions.

Like most social institutions, it is not perfect. There are queer twists and tangles in the marriage laws which lead to unequal results. Thus we sometimes see the blackest sinner benefiting from divorce proceedings, while an unfortunate victim is unable to get relief.

The community as a whole has long accepted divorce as a necessary social usage. Yet whenever an attempt is made to make the law work with more fairness and decency, the proposed changes are attacked as vehemently as though the whole principle of divorce was at stake.

None of the recently proposed amendments of the divorce law involves changes in our national regard for the sanctity of marriage. But those who oppose divorce evidently desire to see the laws as unfair as possible, so as to bring disrepute on the whole institution.

What is their purpose in such an attitude? Do they suppose that modern society is likely to pull down this section of the Temple of Justice altogether?

Undoubtedly those who believe that all divorce is irreligious are earnestly working towards the latter end. They believe there is a final moral harm in divorce that outweighs any apparent benefit.

In this conflict between religious precept and popular opinion the politician becomes the deciding instrument.

It is a pity, therefore, that politicians as a whole throughout Australia have not shown themselves more fitted to deal with such high ethical questions.

—THE EDITOR.

### LYRICS OF LIFE

#### THE ONE SO EVIDENT

I cannot think that she is really gone,  
For still the blossoms bloom upon the lawn  
She sowed and tended, and the house within  
Still blooms with beauty where her hands have been  
So busy with her little household cares,  
I see her in the placing of the chairs,  
The hanging of the pictures—who shall say  
The one so evident has gone away?

# POINTS OF VIEW

## A Hint To Country Towns

THIS week, on the picture page, are a number of photos of harvest festivals and carnivals which have been taking place in various parts of Europe.

They are published as an example to Australia, and especially to country towns. Except for occasional "Back to Woop Woop" weeks which are nearly always a frost, our country towns do not attempt anything of the kind.

A true carnival needs some unusual event as its foundation. In one English village the inhabitants take part in a football match which starts in the market place and ends, more often than not, in the river.

At Stratford-on-Avon, as our picture shows, two oxen and two pigs are roasted and served out to the citizens.

Any Australian country town that started something like this would attract the attention of the whole Commonwealth. And what scope there is!

It is not that we are lacking in ideas that we do not have carnivals, but we are rather inclined to stand on the pavement and laugh while somebody else does the fooling, and this attitude is fatal to carnivals.

## The Village Church

ACCORDING to Mr. L. C. McCredie, Sydney architect, who gave a lecture last week on "The Village Church," Australians have yet to learn the art of placing buildings in the landscape.

"When one considers the vast number of churches that have been erected during the last 20 years," he said, "and the money spent on them, one cannot help feeling depressed. They are nearly all of poor quality, architecturally, and hardly ever in a suitable setting."

Another architect declared that Australian churches were made as though stamped to a pattern, like country banks, post offices, police stations, and public schools.

## Heels and Health

A MELBOURNE obstetrician, commending recent changes in fashions as beneficial to women's health, has expressed the opinion that one thing more needs to be done in the interests of sound health for the future mothers of Australia—high heels should be discarded.

This is especially interesting in view of the reported statement made by a leading Sydney shoe manufacturer apropos of the trend towards the use of lower heels in England and Europe.

He said that local manufacturers would still continue to use the three-inch heels because Australian women would not wear the lower heels.

Evidently it will take more than a change in fashion to make some women discard the foot-distorting, health-destroying heel which persists in spite of other changes in the mode.

We need a campaign which will make the wearing of the high heel unpopular, since not even the fact that it is becoming demode elsewhere will induce Australian women to discard it.—M.B.S.

## Isn't It Romantic?

THE law bristles with oddities. The case in which the Pope was represented by counsel in a Melbourne court wasn't completed when a West Australian litigant launched an action for breach of promise to marry.

The plaintiff divorced her husband five years ago. Last September, she alleged, he received a £7000 legacy and made overtures to her for a reconciliation.

And concurrently a Melbourne man sued his former fiancée for £40-odd which he said she owed him. He didn't get it.

## Wars of Nature

THAT tiny insect, the *Cactoblastis Cactorum*, which is destroying millions of acres of prickly pear in Queensland, is receiving special praise at the Melbourne conference of the Commonwealth Prickly Pear Board.

Financed by the N.S.W. and Queensland Governments, the board spends barely £9000 a year on research work. Yet, in two years, more than 8,000,000 acres of land previously covered by the deadly pear have been opened for settlement in Queensland.

Over 60,000,000 acres of pear—an area larger than Victoria—has been attacked merely by shooting the tiny cactoblastis on to the growth.

Now it is found that this good little insect has incurred spiteful enemies among native parasites. So it seems that another insect will have to be found that destroys the insect that kills the cactoblastis that eats the prickly pear.

It is all reminiscent of Burns' flea: "Little fleas have smaller fleas upon their backs to bite 'em—and so on ad infinitum."—C.H.

## Hobbies for Homework

WHEN the Victorian Education Department's new curriculum comes into operation with the new school year it will no longer be con-



AFTER THE SCRAP: Has your boy ever come home like this? The photo is of Robert Lynn, the 11-year-old French boy actor, who has made a name for himself in Europe. Maurice Chevalier describes him as one of the greatest actors of to-day.

sidered a virtue in elementary school children to be able to reel off the names of the rivers of Jugo-Slavia or the dates of the Kings of England.

For the future, the educational emphasis is to be not on names, but on meanings.

Teachers are no longer to stick like limpets to the set text-book, but are to encourage children to read for themselves in any books that bear on their subjects. Pupils are no longer to be spoon-fed, but are to learn how to feed their own minds.

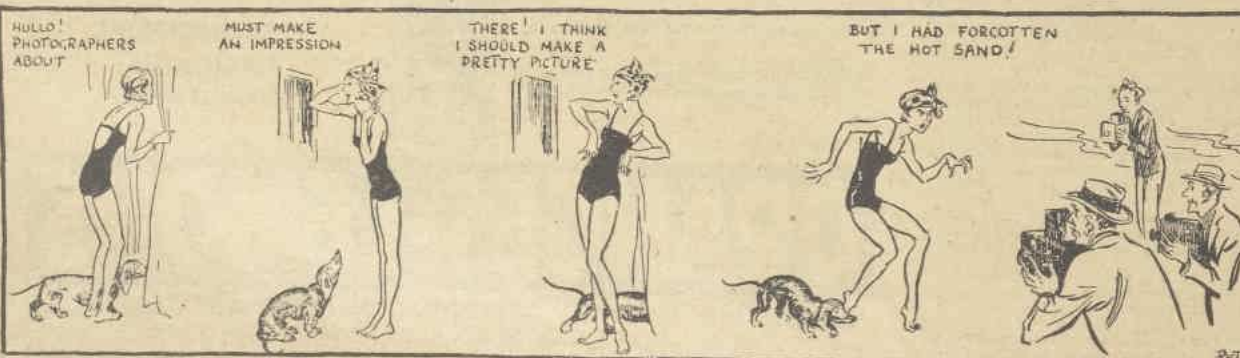
Hobbies are to be encouraged, and when a teacher sees fit to permit pupils to substitute work on their hobbies for the ordinary homework, he may do so. The idea is to train children not only for work but for the proper use of leisure.

## Shy Bachelors

MELBOURNE was not given time to recover from the statistician's cold denial that her population was a million before she learned that "she" is her correct gender.

Of the Victorian metropolitan population 53.1 per cent. is feminine.

## JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.



# Humbugs On Holiday

By Professor A. M. LOW

In an interview with MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

"Everyone's ideal holiday, if only they would be honest enough to own to it," says Professor Low, "is to spend a few weeks in luxury with every modern equipment and convenience to make life as near perfect as possible... and, of course, the right companion."

THE sight of city men going "back to nature" is too pitiful. You may say that God made man in his own image, but the question is whether the caveman or the stockbroker is God's image.

The caveman, with his hair-covered body, as in the picture as a nudist, but the city man, exposing his body for a few weeks during the year, gives a horribly half-baked effect.

It's just like buying a fine old Elizabethan house and installing steam heat. The gallants who lived in Elizabeth's time wore warm jerkins and doublets and goodness knows how many pairs of warm woollen hose under those tight-fitting affairs.

And here we are with centuries of scientific research behind us during which we've evolved the most sanitary and practical clothes, spent hundreds of years evolving a financier's or an inventor's brain, and our idea of a holiday is to pretend we have the physique and mentality of a slightly superior chimpanzee!

WOMEN are more statistic than men. Perhaps because they have only been really "educated" during the last fifty or so years.

The urge to discard our clothes is a reaction to the commands of the law which cramps our style so drastically during the rest of the year.

So, during the holidays, it seems quite natural to sprawl around the beach semi-nude and strike up an acquaintance with a strange and equally clad young female; but it's not the thing to do when both are fully dressed in town.

Oh, how puzzling are the habits of holiday-makers.

"And don't you think," concluded the professor, who, by the way, is young and whimsical and not my idea of the bearded, grubby old man which "Professor" always means to me, "that the ideal holiday is to sit in a sun-room and press buttons?"

And I cannot but agree.

# My Ideal Woman

By "VAN LESTER"

The color of her eyes does not really matter, nor that of her hair. Yet hazel-brown and chestnut-gold are a pleasing combination in these things.

IT is what lies behind those eyes that really matters, that makes me wonder at, and worship, what I see there. And what I see there is religion enough for me. I think there is no poem in all the world to equal that which I may read in their depths. Nor do I wish to understand a single syllable more than I already understand of their message to me.

Her mouth? I gaze long and long in silence and delight, to see "how her mouth can increase that smile her eyes began." A sweet reasonableness in that mouth, full of the warm unspoken lore of tenderness and sympathy and of whatever else it is that makes for womanliness in woman.

Her charm is all these things, yet is none of them. Of itself, that charm is subtle, elusive and a mystery. And none may tell in which direction it lies more than another.

SHE is with me, this ideal woman, at all times and in all places. In the fields, at work in the sunshine, or by night in the silent watches, in fancy, or in fact, she is there. She is a vision, but is not all vision. She is as eager to serve my wants as I am to serve hers in ways that extend beyond the physical comforts and the thousand-and-one small needs of our everyday existence.

Her ministrations begin, but do not end there. For she is something more than wife, than lover even. She is a true mate and loyal comrade. If I am disposed to sour forebodings and morbid fancies, she is there to cheer and to chide me back to sanity and a shamefacedness for such follies, with her silvery, light laughter. If my unconsidered hopes seem to her vain or imprudent, and my ardor too unrestrained, she is at hand to check with wise counsels and balanced reasonings. If I have real cause for sorrow it vanishes at her lightest touch or word.

She is light where was darkness; order where was chaos; courage and serenity where was fearful doubt.

Have I called her my Ideal Woman? Yet, indeed, she is no "airy nothing." She, too, has "a local habitation and a name." And verily upon this earth she dwells!

Her name? But you shall not ask me that.



# Fascinating Short Story

# MARRIAGE is a Toss-Up

ALL his decisions rested on the toss of a coin!

Illustrated by Boothroyd

**F**AY CONWAY did not finish her breakfast. Seated at her table in the breakfast-room of the Beacon Hotel, Crowfield, she was just approaching the toast and marmalade stage when Ronnie Crawford strolled in and took his seat at the next table.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" inquired the waiter.

"Oh, I dunno," said Ronnie. "Tea, I should think."

"Very good, sir," said the waiter.

"Unless I have coffee," added Ronnie. "You see—no, I'll have tea."

Fay shifted her newspaper, which was propped against the coffee pot, impatiently.

"And there's fish, sir," said the waiter, "or eggs and bacon."

"Eggs and—no; fish, please," said Ronnie. "At least—I dunno. I'll toss for it, waiter. Odds it's fish, even it's eggs and bacon."

**H**E took a coin from his waistcoat pocket, placed it on the table and inspected it.

"1897," he said. "Odds were fish, weren't they? Right—make it fish."

And then, as the waiter turned away, Fay's spoon rattled into her saucer, her newspaper was grabbed, and she strode from the breakfast-room.

Downstairs in the lounge, she flung herself so forcibly on to a settee that the springs twanged a protest, and stared, frowning, at her newspaper. Ronnie was impossible. Tossing to decide between fish and eggs and bacon for breakfast! It was the same over everything. A dozen times a day, over some trivial point, he would fish a coin from his pocket, consult the date to see if it were an odd or even number, and let the date of the coin decide the question for him.

And if he were like that over trivial things, he was probably like that over everything, over the important things—over the most important thing of all.

"Hullo, Fay!" said Ronnie, seating himself beside her. "What's Fay doing?"

"Reading, Ronnie," said Fay shortly, still staring at the newspaper.

"You'll mess up your eyesight," said Ronnie. "Ask any oculist, Fay, and he'll say it ruins the eyesight to read a newspaper upside down."

"I have been reading, anyway," said Fay, hastily reversing the paper.

Ronnie took it from her hands. "Births, deaths, marriages, personals, and in memoriam," he said. "That's all there is on that page, Fay. Which was it?"

"Personal," laughed Fay. "I never miss the Personal Column. It's always the first thing I read."

"Then if ever we quarrel, Fay—which Heaven forbid—and part for ever, which ditto ditto, after long years of silent suffering you'll find a notice from me in the Personal Column: 'Fay, forgive me. All my fault. Heart-broken, Ronnie.'"

"And I shall reply, 'Ronnie. Outside Grand Cinema, Tuesday, eight o'clock. Fay.'"

"I wonder if you'll be waiting outside the cinema, Ronnie?"

"Not me," said Ronnie. "I shall be sitting in the lounge. What do we do this morning, Fay?"

"Whatever you like, Ronnie."

"Well," said Ronnie, "there's golf, or we might go for a walk, or we could get Foster to take us for a spin in his car, or—"

His fingers plunged into his waistcoat pocket. "We'll toss for it," he said.

But Fay sprang to her feet. "We'll play golf," she announced.

As they left the hotel, Ronnie paused and waved a hand towards a smart two-wheeler that stood by the kerb.

"That's Foster's," he said. "Beauty, isn't she?"

Fay nodded.

"She'll do seventy on the level," said Ronnie. "I've tried her. And she simply snorts up a hill. Foster wants me to buy her."

"And you're going to, Ronnie?"

He gave a shrug. "I might."

"And you might not—eh, Ronnie?"

"Quite."

"And in the end you'll decide by tossing."

"Probably," agreed Ronnie. "But you see, Fay—"

"Oh, let's go and play golf," snapped Fay.

Ronnie gave her a pained and puzzled look, and they set off together for the links.

Fay, of course, did not want to play golf, but she knew, having been to the links with Ronnie before, that going to the links did not necessarily mean play-



ing golf. Not much golf, anyway. There was a little coddle, near the fifth green, where you could prop yourself against a tree and smoke a cigarette and talk and forget that there was anyone in the world but you and the person talking against the tree beside you.

And on previous occasions, when they had holed out on the fifth green, the same thing had always happened. Ronnie would glance at the coddle, glance at Fay, and say, "What about a rest, Fay?" and they would remain propped against the tree until it was time to return to the hotel.

Fay was so silent, as they walked towards the links, because she was wondering whether the same thing would occur to-day. If it didn't—well, by this time to-morrow she would be on her way back to London, and she would probably never see Ronnie again, and so far he hadn't asked her—even her address!

"... seventy on the level," Ronnie was saying, as they walked out to the first tee. "And she simply snorts up a hill. What would you do, Fay?"

"It depends whether you really want the car, Ronnie."

"You bet I do."

"Then why not buy it?"

"Because the price is a bit steep," said Ronnie. "And I don't think I can afford it. You see, there are other things I want, too."

"Then don't buy it, Ronnie."

"But she's a beauty, Fay, and she's a real bargain, and she'll do seventy on the level—"

"And snorts up a hill!" snapped Fay. Again Ronnie gave her that pained and puzzled look.

"Fay got out of bed the wrong side this morning," he said, addressing it to the ball as he teed it, "and she probably put her foot on the cold linoleum. Otherwise, why didn't she finish her breakfast, and why does she

"I'm not dancing," interrupted Fay irritably. . . "I, I—oh, go and dance with someone else, Ronnie."

keep kicking me in the neck?"

Fay gave a shrug. "I don't know, Ronnie," she said. "I do rather feel like kicking something. It's because my holiday's nearly over, I suppose. I—I go back to London to-morrow."

Ronnie nodded. "Good spot, London," he said.

Fay sighed. "Drive off, please, Ronnie," she said.

**D**URING the first five holes they hardly exchanged a word. Ronnie was deep in thought—thinking about the car, Fay supposed; and Fay, with her mind on the coddle by the fifth green, was equally abstracted. At each of the holes one or other of them might have established a new record for the largest number of strokes. And

at the fifth, Ronnie did not even glance towards the coddle. He set off in silence towards the sixth tee; and Fay, just because she was so desperately anxious to prop herself against the tree, could not, somehow, bring herself to suggest it.

Besides, if Ronnie couldn't decide whether to say anything or not, she certainly didn't want him to. But she sliced her drive badly from the sixth

took a mashie from his bag. And then, just as he began his swing, he paused. "I believe it ought to be an iron, Fay, after all," he said. "Hanged if I know. With an iron I shall probably overshoot the green—"

"Then use your mashie, Ronnie."

"But with a mashie I shall probably be short—"

"Oh, for goodness sake use something and get on with it!" exclaimed Fay impatiently.

Ronnie regarded her with surprise. "Cold linoleum!" he sighed. "I'd better toss for it."

His hand went towards his pocket, but Fay suddenly stepped forward, picked up his ball and flung it as far as she could into the rough.

**F**OR some moments Ronnie stared at her in amazement, and then he smiled. "Thanks, Fay," he said. "That settles it, anyway. It means a niblick now."

Fay faced him with angry eyes.

"You can use what you like, Ronnie," she said. "The game's off."

"Off?"

"I'm going back to the hotel."

"Great Scot—why? Forgotten something?"

"Because I can't stand any more of it," exclaimed Fay. "You're enough to drive anyone crazy, Ronnie, with your idiotic tossing!"

"Good lor, Fay! What's wrong with tossing?"

"Everything," snapped Fay. "A man who can't decide a single thing for himself, who can never make up his mind about even stupid little things like using a mashie or an iron, and has to pull out a coin before he can come to any decision—it's contemptible!"

Ronnie's face registered pained surprise. "Sorry if I've annoyed you, Fay—"

"It would annoy anyone," interrupted Fay. "It just makes people think you're a helpless, milk-and-watery sort of idiot with no mind of your own and—oh, I'm sorry, Ronnie. But you're spoiling yourself, and I hate it."

"I'm inclined to think," said Ronnie, "there was a pin on the linoleum."

"Tossing for which club to use," continued Fay scornfully, "tossing over the car, tossing over the fish and eggs-and-bacon at breakfast this morning!"

Ronnie grinned. "Tossing let me down there, Fay," he said. "The fish had three hundred and forty-two bones, and it was described on the menu as filleted sole. And the waiter said—"

"And if you can't make up your mind over little things," interrupted Fay, "then you're probably just the same over big things. If you think there is nothing so unimportant that you can't decide it by looking at the date on a penny—oh, I'm going back to the hotel!"

**B**UT she had not taken many steps before Ronnie grasped her arm.

"I say, Fay—"

"Well?"

"I'm a helpless, milk-and-watery, contemptible wash-out who can't decide anything without pulling out a penny. That's roughly the idea, isn't it?"

"That's exactly the idea, Ronnie."

"Well, we're slap in the middle of the fairway," said Ronnie, "and somebody's yelling 'Fore!', but we've got to clear this up here and now. Suppose I promise never to toss for anything again, Fay—will you finish the game?"

"I might."

"Right!" I promise. Never again will I toss for anything." He pointed to the ball lying in the rough. "See that ball, Fay?"

"Yes, Ronnie."

"I have not consulted a coin," said Ronnie, "but nothing can shake my determination to bluff that ball with a niblick."

**T**HEY finished their game, and Ronnie, though several times his hand went towards his pocket, never once produced a coin; and at lunch, when the waiter said "Thick soup or clear, sir?" he replied, "Clear, please," in a voice unnecessarily loud and emphatic, and glanced across at Fay to see if she had heard. And Fay smiled at him and sighed to herself. There were more momentous questions to decide than thick soup or clear. Perhaps if they played another round this afternoon—just as far as the fifth green—

But Ronnie did not invite her to golf that afternoon.

"This afternoon," he announced firmly, "we are going out in the car."

Fay glanced up eagerly.

"Foster's taking us out for a trial spin," he added.

"Foster!"

Fay shook her head. "Sorry, Ronnie," she said, "but I shall be packing this afternoon."

Ronnie nodded. "Don't pack your dance frock," he said, "because this evening you're going to dance with me. Keep me some dances, won't you?"

Fay smiled. "How many, Ronnie?"

"All, please," said Ronnie.

And because of that "All, please," Fay, as she packed that afternoon, was smiling.

Ronnie did not put in an appearance for dinner, and when dinner was over, Fay, since there was still no sign of him and the dancing had started, inquired at the office, and was informed that Mr. Crawford and Mr. Foster had come in a few minutes ago and were upstairs, dressing.

So she seated herself in the lounge and picked up a magazine. "All, please!" Perhaps Ronnie had made up his mind at last. Perhaps this evening . . .

Please turn to Page 48

By A. WHATOFF ALLEN



## "In these days of economy here's a comforting thought"

says

LADY MARIAN CAMERON



LADY MARIAN CAMERON

"COMPLEXIONS have won more battles than new hats. Pond's have done a wonderful service for modern women."

"I've found that Pond's method of skin care is better than all the complicated beauty treatments in the world," adds Lady Mary Pakenham.

Both of these English Beauties are intelligent women of 1933—they want the finest and purest product for the lowest possible price! Pond's gives it to them. These Two Creams are made for the two fundamentals of beauty care: Cleanliness and Protection. The fine oils of the Cold Cream sink deep into the pores and float all dirt to the surface, where it should be wiped away with Pond's Tissue. Used nightly and daily

after exposure, it will keep the skin clean and healthy. The Vanishing Cream, smoothed on before using Powder, protects from sun and wind.

Pond's Two Creams come in larger 1/- tubes and larger 2/6 jars. For the perfect toilette use Pond's 5 Aids to Beauty: Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener, Cleansing Tissue and the new, exquisite Powder, obtainable at all department stores and chemists.



### QUALITY OF 70 YEARS' STANDING

For free samples of Pond's two Creams, and new Face Powder, send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to: W. J. BUSH & CO., LTD., DEPT. X12, BOX 1131 J. G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name ..... Address .....



### MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their strategy, undevoted, and finally breast and throat into the firm, round, fresh, "virginal" loveliness of youth as Miss A.L. (Age, 23), of Killara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 37½ inches, and now, after four weeks, my of a famous specialist.

You can get large Basks of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Rogers Ltd., Dept. 3, 353 George St., Sydney; C. F. Lloyd & Co., 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Maclean & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.

### GREY HAIR 300 LOSE JOBS

THE aged, "burnt out" appearance that grey hair causes is a great handicap in business as well as in social life.

Youth is thoughtless, and the grey-haired find themselves on the shelf and forgotten in the social whirl. But in business it is serious because their very subsistence is jeopardized.

Particularly in these times of unemployment grey heads are finding it difficult to keep their jobs, and at least 300 of them are displaced every year by younger people. This is tragic—outfit—but grey hair does undoubtedly make one look old and worn out, and there's no excuse for anyone to put up with grey hair who doesn't want it because it is so easy to bring back the natural colour by just brushing Raydene through the hair two or three nights a week.

Thousands of people have proved this already, and the case of this Sydney man is interesting. He says: "My work as sales manager takes a lot of nervous energy out of me, and I suppose that caused me to go grey. There's something goshawny about a grey-haired man, so I took a friend's advice, and

started on RAYDENE to get back the natural colour. I only used two lots of RAYDENE, and my hair looks just as young now as ever it did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to use."

Raydene is the new anti-septic which restores grey hair to its natural colour without the use of dyes or stains.

Raydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way because its colour is permanent and will not wash off or change in shade and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/6 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two. If preferred, send a postal note to:

W. James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 353 George St., Sydney (opposite G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd & Co., McEwan House, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or D. Maclean & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, and Raydene will reach you by return mail.

## LOUISE MACK ADVISES GOODWILL Days... the Message of the HOUR

"Goodwill," runs the message of the hour. Are you exercising that goodwill?

ARE you really making goodwill your leit motif in these hurrying scurrying Christmas days, with the birthday of the beloved Christ child ever approaching nearer, escorting our jaded old nineteen thirty-three onwards towards its final.

Is goodwill your watchword? Your talisman? Your war cry?

If not, let us ask ourselves why not?

"We dread Christmas," writes "Wife and Mother."

"We are so worried and so hemmed in by cares that we could almost pray there would be no Christmas this year. How do you advise poor, desolate, desperate Australians, down and out, like us, to think of Christmas?"

How can we turn "The winter of our discontent" as Shakespeare puts it into the "Overture to Joy this Christmas?" that's what that letter asks.

Well, never has the world invented a cry to equal the Christmas psalm of Peace and Goodwill, not only for sheer loveliness of sound, and gently dropping vowel and consonant perfection, but also for the incredible, illimitable, power lurking in that simple combination of words plus thoughts.

Peace and Goodwill.

And all anxieties banished.

And all enmities, all hatreds, fall down dead, killed outright by that omnipotent combination.

Peace and Goodwill.

And the little children begin laughing and shouting; the lovers begin smiling and kissing and singing; the beggars

begin hoping; the bereaved begin looking forward again.

Peace and Goodwill is the great flashlight of the universe.

Flaming across the world, Peace and Goodwill lights up two billion eight hundred million hearts, and reveals them all desiring the same thing, happiness.

Why pause then?



Ssh... ssh... Santa has just come down the chimney with a bagful of toys. Millions of children all over the world picture his arrival in just this way, and dream and hope. For 10 years Mr. Knight Duane, of Melbourne, has filled the role of this particular Father Christmas.

Why "finger shivering on the brink," when Peace and Goodwill are yours for the taking?

You don't even have to ask.

YOU only have to feel, to take.

Has it ever struck you how extraordinarily simple it is, this way of making life lovely and lovable?

Extraordinarily simple, astoundingly simple, in fact.

All there for just the taking.

Yet the amazing thing is that the very units who most desire this, the very human beings of the universe who cry out loudest for Heart's Ease, are the only ones who most refuse it.

Yes, it's we men and women of the globe who refuse, deny, batter, and scarify the very thing we want more than anything on earth—Heart's Ease.

Why? What's wrong with us? Are we mad?

No, we are just stupefied and stupid, too small-minded perhaps for the grandeur of the life we have been put into.

IN ancient days people like us would have been poetised by our friends and lovers into such metaphors as roses, lilies, doves, pools of Sileam, cedars of Lebanon, but as the great poet of America put it, "John E. Robinson, he said, 'they didn't know everything down in Judee.'"

To-day, up-to-date, we must liken ourselves to wireless, to radiators, to transmitters, to receivers, to A.B.C. stations, catching eternal messages from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.

Now when you come to think of yourself like that, doesn't your luck come home to you in being able to transmit Peace and Goodwill out of your own body and soul?

And can you really transmit it? Of course you can.

Just try it, O my readers, and test for yourself your own marvellous, illimitable statics in the regions of sublimity.

In fact, if you choose you can be more modern even than wireless. You can be the coming discovery trembling on the horizon, threatening even now to put wireless out of date.

You can be the very latest, the very newest, the not-quite-yet-arrived science, still trembling on the threshold of the world, but quite certain soon to enter in, a conqueror, the science of television.

You can be television itself. In truth, you ARE TELEVISION. Yes, but you need not wait till then.

## AUSTRALIA MIMICS U.S.A. in Architecture

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe.

While Reginald Uren, the 27-year-old New Zealand architect, was holidaying in Spain he heard that he had won the £350 prize and the contract to supervise the building of the new Town Hall at Hornsey, North London, which will cost £200,000.

THIS brilliant young architect came over to England from Christchurch a little more than two years ago, and has since met with continued success. He won the competition for the Manchester exhibition; he has been working on the colossal and interesting rebuilding of the new underground railway in the city, he is engaged on plans for the new store for the well-known firm of Derry and Toms in Kensington, and during the year he has entered for three architectural competitions and won two of them.

Plans for the Town Hall were submitted by 380 architects, many well known and experienced. "The Builder" says of Mr. Uren's winning design: "The winner has a stroke of genius which makes the rest look rather silly. The design is childishly simple, wherein lies its beauty."

During a talk to Mr. Uren recently I gathered that he has a perfect mania for simplicity. He is full of interesting ideas on home building and home decoration. He has promised some of them to The Australian Women's Weekly in the near future.

Do We Build Wrong?

I REGRET the tendency shown by Australia and New Zealand to build on American lines," he says. "I should advise young architects to base their developments on English models. The foreigner sight-seeing in London notices how slowly English ideas in architecture have progressed. But examples of modern English architecture show that the progress has been sure. On the other hand Continental designs have gone ahead feverishly, and spectacular buildings have been shooting up like mushrooms. But suddenly there has come a halt, and it is expected that the old conservative ideas will be reinstated as the most practical and lasting."

You, with your own eyes, can instantly, now to-day flash forth sweet pictures of Peace and Goodwill the while your heart-strings are wireless from end to end of the universe the same sublime message.

Just try!

Our Own Special Song for Christmas:

The gateways of Gethsemane Have mouldered in decay. Rank poppy and anemone Make red the sacred way.

The cry of Christ the Crucified Rings dimmer with the years; A louder sound has deadened it, The fall of the world's tears.

The world goes weeping on, but not For Christ it's tears are shed. The hardness of a living lot Rings louder than a dead.

For what are thorns to hunger, Dead hands to living thirst? The children's cries are loudest, Or their little hearts would burst.

Yet all along the Centuries A Bird has sought to sing. And all along the Centuries A Flower has sought to blossom.

And every spring has withered them And every winter frozen. Poor Bird that may not open, Poor Bird that may not sing.

The Bird would sing supernally If anyone would hear. The Flower would bloom eternally If any held it dear.

The world would stem its tide of tears, The Christ eyes smile above, If in our barren places bloomed The Bird and Bud of Love.

## Brainwaves

Conducted by  
L. W. LOWER

WIFE (pointing out high-priced hat in shop window): John, dear, isn't that a duck of a hat?

Husband: Yes, but I prefer a duck with a smaller bill.

SUPERIOR PERSON: These modern girls don't want to get married.

Host: Why, how's that?

Superior Person: I've asked them.

BILL: Has Sandy McTavish bought the garage at the corner?

Gil: Well, the "Free Air" sign is down.

BONES: How tall are you?

Jones: Just six feet.

Bones: How tall is your brother?

Jones: He's just three feet.

Bones: Just fancy. He's just half your height.

Jones: Yes; he's my half-brother.

"I HEAR your son is getting on."

"I should just think he is! Two years ago he wore my old pants. Now I wear his!"

SANDY: Are ye comin' to the pictures, Mary?

Mary: I can't. I've no money with me.

Sandy: Oh, well, can I meet you somewhere when I come out?

MABEL: I'm going to have my eyebrows plucked. It's fashionable.

Mildred: Yes, but isn't it very expensive?

Mabel: No, my boy friend is going to do it. He's worked in a poultryer for nearly five years.

HORR: Helbrook says: Vinegar should have a mellow, fragrant flavor, and Helbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar will please you.



# WILL Color BREAK THROUGH

## MALE Fashion CLOUDS

EVERY woman will be interested in this article by Dr. Raoul Cardamatis, an authority on the evolution of dress.

FINE feathers make fine birds, and right through the bird world it is the cock, and not the hen, that puts on the finest clothes. Why should men at all seasons of the year dress in woollen garments, generally of a dark color, and more or less of the same pattern? There is nothing inherently ridiculous in men dressing in fine colors.

As Lecky, the historian, has pointed out, we cannot but be struck with the immense change which has passed over male attire since the 18th century.

"The contrast of color between male and female dress which is now so conspicuous," he says, "then hardly existed; and rank, wealth and pretension were still distinctly marked by costly and elaborate attire."

"The neutral dress, scarcely differing in shape or color, which now assimilates all classes from the peer to the shopkeeper, was still unknown, and a mode of attire was in frequent use which now survives only in court dress, in the powdered footmen of a few wealthy London houses; in the red coats of the hunting field; and in the gay coloring of military uniforms."

LECKY mentions that when Lord Derwent-water mounted the scaffold he was dressed in scarlet, faced with black velvet and trimmed with gold, a gold lace waistcoat, and a white feather in his hat.

A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived than between the male clothes of the present day and those in vogue 150 or 200 years ago. Men even wore shoes with very high heels, sometimes four inches high. This enabled Governor Pitt to bring home with him from the East Indies the great Pitt diamond, which he concealed in a cavity of one of his high heels.

The crowning glory of a fashionable man in the early part of the 18th century was his wig, and often as much as 50 guineas would be given for one. Sir Edward Hungerford, of Queen Anne's reign it has been said, paid 500 guineas for his.

WE read in the "Tatler" that not to have a wig in perfect curl was considered undurable. "I think standing in the pillory cannot be a greater ignominy to a gentleman that wears tolerable clothes than appearing in public with a rumpled periwig," said a writer of the 18th century. The men of that time always carried muffs in the cold weather, and often used to comb their precious wigs in public, as



for example, when walking in the park or city, or when sitting in the box at the theatre. How much like the flapper of to-day!

Of course, no one would suggest that men go back to these foppish habits, but is there any reason why they should not add a touch of color, as the women do, to a world that is at the moment all too grey and sombre?

Perhaps some day a few bold souls of the male persuasion will adorn their bodies in gay garments of artificial silk, and then, as men are so much like sheep, perhaps the others will follow their example.

However, it is not likely that we will ever go back to the extravagant male fashions of the early Georges. These went out with the advent of the machine age. The industrial revolution was responsible for a revolution in men's clothes. It became necessary for men to be dressed in a more simple way, and cheaper. With women this necessity has hardly made itself manifest even now, though in some opinions a change is definitely on its way.

It is impossible to forecast with any accuracy the future of dress, but it seems quite probable that in seeking after greater simplicity, and cheapness, men will discard sac coats, collars, ties, and long trousers, and wear a kind of breeches uniform in suitably matched colors.

By . . .  
Dr. Raoul  
Cardamatis



EVEN in modern clothes some men can look attractive, as these pictures prove.



## Christmas TREES!

### Whence They Came

What is a Christmas tree? Is it any old sort of tree covered with presents, tinsel, colored balls and gay lights?

DECIDEDLY not.

It is a Christmas tree from the very day that it is a little seed.

Nature, in her cleverness for adapting plants to certain climatic conditions, so designed firs and pines that they could bear the weight of snow.

Man, with his ability for converting existing things to his own mental use, realised that trees which could hold heavy falls of snow could also hold loads of toys.

In England, Scotland, Germany, and other cold countries he cut down such trees before they reached maturity, took them home, and transformed them into glittering beauties of joy.

The abies pine was the first to be used for this purpose, and is still so used in countries where it is indigenous.

### Our Own Trees

BUT Australia has her own trees to meet this need. The Norfolk Island pine, which is so plentiful in New South Wales and other States, is used most extensively. Cedars, spruces, and the plain pinus insignis are also so honored, and frequently are grown for this specific purpose. Most nurseries cultivate these trees to meet the heavy demand each Christmas.

Much care is lavished on them from the time as tiny seeds when they are planted in glass frames and transplanted months later into the open. There they are set eight or nine feet apart, often in tubs or kegs, ready for sale five or six years later.

The public buys hundreds of these every year, public institutions, such as hospitals, being the keenest purchasers. Often private families or kindergartens who need little trees only four feet high go and choose their own while they are still growing.

Christmas trees were first introduced into England from Germany.

The idea did not originate with the coming of Christianity, but seems to be traceable to Roman times.

## HEROIC Woman's Memorial



THE MONUMENT erected at Cooktown, Qld., in memory of Mrs. Watson, heroine of the Lizard Island tragedy of 1881. At left, Mrs. Watson.

The tragic story of Mrs. Watson, of Cooktown, one of the pioneer women of Australia, told in The Australian Women's Weekly of December 2, has brought to light several additional interesting facts.

AFTER putting up an heroic fight with the blacks in the year 1881, Mrs. Watson, with her baby and her Chinese servant, escaped in a ship's tank from their home on Lizard Island—unfortunately only to perish a little later from thirst.

A Ballarat reader has forwarded a photo, taken in Cooktown a few weeks ago, showing the memorial to Mrs. Watson, the heroine of the story related in

The Australian Women's Weekly. On one side are the words—

"Five fearful days beneath the scorching glare Her babe she nursed. God knows the pangs that woman had to bear

Whose last sad entry showed A mother's care, Then 'Near dead with thirst.'"

The monument was erected in 1886, and carries the inscription: "In Memoriam Mrs. Watson, the Heroine of Lizard Is., North Queensland."

The portion of the square iron ship's tank in which she, with her babe and the faithful Chinaman, escaped from the blacks, only to perish of thirst—is now in Brisbane Museum.

You must guard youthful charm... says LORETTA YOUNG

"The woman who loses youthful charm is in danger of losing happiness! But fortunately, nowadays any woman who really wants to can keep youth's radiant loveliness right through the years. A fresh, clear complexion always spells youth, and I've found the way to keep my skin always at its best. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Loretta Young  
20th Century Pictures



9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE

LUX Toilet Soap

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

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## Gargle that SORE THROAT with **"MELASOL"** FOR IMMEDIATE RELIEF

Check that sore throat at the outset. Gargle with quick-acting Melasol in warm water and prevent a more serious illness. Use it for the children.

Melasol contains 40% Tincture, the powerful Australian germicide and deodorant. Unique because non-poisonous and non-irritant. Recommended by the medical profession.

Also unequalled for:—Poisoned wounds, cuts, sores, and skin eruptions.

Invaluable for Personal Hygiene.

Get a bottle to-day from your Chemist—2/-, 4/6, 9/6

## **MELASOL** Antiseptic Solution

Contains 40% Tincture, the new Australian germicide. Eleven times as strong as carbolic but non-poisonous and non-irritant.

"Sure in Action—Safe in Use."

# FALLING STAR

Final Instalment of  
Our Serial . . .

... By ...

**VICKI BAUM**

Author of "Grand Hotel"



FRANCES had at long last been engaged as an extra to act as a "prisoner" bound back to back with Donca Morescu. She had been picked out of a crowd of extras, without warning, and so had not heard the strict studio rule about Oliver Dent's sickness, and the Morescu. She did not know that anybody who mentioned to Donca that Oliver was ill, was in danger of instant dismissal.

It was past one o'clock when they freed Donca from Frances. She shook the wrist that had been bitten into by the manacle. The extras ran to a table to get their vouchers, with which they ran to the cashier to get paid for the day's work. Frances joined them. Eisenlohr, whose face was grey with anxiety, looked about for Takus.

"Takus," Eisenlohr said, "I can't stand it any more. I can't stand the tension. I've got to relax for an hour. You watch her."

Takus growled as an answer. Eisenlohr jumped into a waiting car and drove off. Takus followed the Morescu to her bungalow.

The Morescu was already in her dressing-room, and had proceeded to get rid of her costume.

"What is madam doing?" Takus asked Manuela, who was coming out of her mistress' room with the clothes on her arm.

"Madam is bathing," Manuela answered, going down to the kitchen.

"Do you need me?" Takus asked Donca through the door.

"Yes," the reply came from within. "Prepare a couple of good cocktails."

Takus heard her splashing. She was fighting against overwork with daily increasing doses of alcohol. He followed Manuela into the kitchen.

The Morescu played for a while in the hot water, dissolved some bathing salts in her hands, and looked at her knees, which she did not like. A moment later she stepped out of her tub, went to the door without drying herself, and called:

"Don't use any gin. Brandy and angostura."

Then she returned to the bathroom. She turned on a cold shower, puffed her cheeks, and went bravely under the stinging downpour. The cold water falling over her took her breath away. She turned off the water, took a towel, and began to rub herself, walking up and down, humming as she watched with pleasure the wet footsteps of her well-arched soles on the floor. She went into the dressing-room, and only when she had stood in front of the mirror to look at herself, did she become conscious of somebody watching her from the door.

She recognised a moment later the little extra girl she had been dragging with her the whole morning. Frances was made up in the usual way and dressed in her own clothes, and was holding a bunch of yellow roses in her hands. She appeared to be absolutely speechless. Donca, who just remem-

bered that she was stark naked, found the situation so comic that she began to laugh heartily.

"Come in," she invited. "Don't be bashful. This is also a wardrobe."

As she spoke, she grabbed the dressing-robe with the red washed-out flowers and wrapped herself in it. Frances extended her arm stiffly, offering the roses.

"Here," she said, absolutely beyond herself with emotion.

They were cheap, almost fully bloomed yellow roses, the kind that were offered for sale at the gate of the studio, and Frances had bought them as soon as she had passed by the cashier. She bought the flowers with her first money, in a spontaneous burst of admiration and love and pity for the Morescu.

"Roses? For me? From you? How charming!" said Donca, looking at the girl inquisitively but with friendliness. "Can I do something for you?" she asked for want of anything else to say.

Frances shook her head. Her lips moved, but she could not bring herself to say what she wanted.

"You have been a very brave girl," the Morescu said. She put the flowers on the dressing-table, stood up, and walked over to Frances. "Very brave indeed," she repeated, and with a movement that was very much her own, she took Frances' face in her two hands, lifted it, and kissed both her eyes rapidly.

It was not the kiss, but the sisterly words the Morescu had used when she had said, "You have been a very brave girl," that overpowered Frances.

She had been brave. God knows she had been brave since the moment she had left South Carolina to go to Hollywood. She had guarded her worthless innocence and her stupid little dream of Oliver Dent as one keeps a burning match through a stormy night. She hadn't cried when both of them had been snuffed out. No, she hadn't cried and hadn't made any noise and hadn't stopped using mascara and her charming voice to keep her misfortune hidden. She had been brave indeed. She hadn't fainted that morning when she had read the false news about Oliver's death. And she had done rather well as an extra. Well, Frances Warrens had also begun like all the others who wanted to be movie stars as great as the Morescu. That was long ago. She was grateful now to the man who paid for her innocence with a seven-dollar-a-day job as an extra. She was like a little cheap watch that ticks and goes, though the spring is already broken. She had been brave, and hadn't cried for a whole year.

But now, all of a sudden, before Donca's friendliness, in the sisterly proximity of this body, in the odor of the bath salts from the bathroom, she broke down and cried. She leaned on Donca's shoulder and cried big tears, floods of tears, on the old dressing-robe that smelled after many years of grease and make-up and other experiences in the film world.

The Morescu was annoyed. "Well, well, well," she said. "What are you bawling about?" "It's about Oliver," Frances sobbed. It took the Morescu a little while to comprehend.

"About Oliver? About Oliver? About Oliver!" And pushing Frances away from her, she put both her hands on her shoulders and asked sternly:

"What does Oliver matter to you?" Her whole body was now gooseflesh. Every hair and every nerve was aroused.

HORST Holbrook says: My Anchovy Paste makes great, tasty sandwiches. Tasty morsels for the Bridge Party.\*\*\*

Frances sobbed out:

"Because he is still alive. He is still alive. Because he looked so bad that last night. He was already sick. But he is still alive," she sobbed.

The Morescu pushed her away. "Stop your crying," she said impatiently. "Stop your crying," she screamed, showing her fist.

FRANCES stopped immediately. She took a handkerchief out of her handbag and dried the tears on her face and rubbed her little nose.

"Would you please explain what this scene means?" Donca asked furiously.

Frances sobbed once more, very deeply; then she gathered herself together for more coherent speech.

"Don't be angry with me," she pleaded. "I admire you, Madam Morescu. First of all the way you act. I admire you. But that you should be able to act like that while Oliver is dying—!" She stopped, held back by a movement of Donca's hand.

Frances looked her straight in the eyes.

The Morescu approached her as if she wanted to hit her.

"What are you babbling about! What kind of nonsense are you talking! Are you drunk?" she asked threateningly, coming closer to Frances' face.

Frances withdrew. She dug her hand into her handbag and brought out a crumpled newspaper.

"Here," she said, pointing at the paper she spread out on the dressing-table. "Here, if you haven't yet read the noon edition."

The Morescu looked at the paper, then looked at Frances inquisitively, then again at the paper. Finally she took the paper in hand and began to read. Frances stood there with an expression of anxiety and pain on her face. She would have liked to use her lipstick, for she felt that the tears had made ravages in her face. But she did not dare make up there. The Morescu continued to read. She read the bulletin over for a third time:

"Oliver Dent is positively still alive. The news of the death of Oliver Dent, published this morning by another newspaper, was a false. Oliver Dent is still alive. The doctor's bulletin at ten o'clock this morning said that although he had had an attack of the heart, at that time he had conquered it. His condition is very serious, but not without hope. No fever. Pulse weak."

While the Morescu was reading, it was so quiet that the fall of a petal from the overripe rose bouquet Frances had brought could be heard. Another petal followed it. Frances reached her hand out to the bouquet to place it in a better position. The roses were withering too fast. She withdrew her hand; for the Morescu had turned to her. For a moment the Morescu's eyes seemed all white. The black had disappeared from them. But the next moment the black reappeared, swimming in trembling tears. They had the look of the eyes of an insane woman.

"You will excuse me," Frances said. "Will you be so kind as to leave the room at once?" the Morescu said. And there was fury in that polite request.

Frances walked out without a word. The Morescu remained alone with her own image in the mirror, and the newspaper. She closed her bathrobe with a safety-pin. She did not faint. She did not scream. She did not even cry. She put her face for a few moments into the palm of her hand and tried to think. She could not think. Her mind wandered off. And then her knees buckled. She dragged herself to the chair that stood in front of the mirror. She smiled at herself as if asking forgiveness for such weakness, and for looking at herself in the mirror at such a moment. Then she took the page of the paper up again and began to read slowly once more. And there she sat before the mirror when Applequist appeared at the door and asked:

"Shall I set the table in the room or outside, madam?"

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### A WRINKLE IN TIME SAVES . . .

FOR PAINT stains on white fabrics, cover the stain with lard and leave for a day or two; then wash with white soap.

Please turn to Page 51



# The Garden of DELIGHT

By COSMO HAMILTON,  
Senior Member of the World's  
Great Literary Family.

Irina bent forward so that her curls touched one of the high cheek-bones of the peasant's face.



HERE was to be a gala that night in the open-air restaurant of the Russian Grand Duke. Sun had come to Cannes again after a wet December and a January spoiled by snow. The carnival, during which the diaphanous ladies on the floats had suffered from severe attacks of goose-flesh, had been a catastrophe. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the Riviera, no season had been so bad. The garden must shake off depression and put on an air of gaiety because the little box in which earnings were kept was at its lowest ebb. A screen of canvas was drawn across the gate.

But that meant nothing to Ivan Storogev, the successful gigolo, who, at three o'clock in the afternoon, had crawled from his comfortable bed. A year ago he had been a waiter, a loyal member of the commonwealth of Russian aristocrats who lived by the skin of their teeth under the leadership of the dead Czar's cousin in that place. In a sense a deserter because he had capitalised his beautiful face and slim figure by attaching himself as a professional dancing man to the smart hotel, Count Storogev was still welcomed by his former chief and given the run of the untidy villa in which the brotherhood lived, cooked, and laughed away their tragic memories. He made his way through the house, saw Princess Irina Petrovna hanging paper lanterns on the shabby pergola and marched quickly to her side. He had the look of a man whose nerves were about to crack.

"You!" she said lightly. "How nice of you to come. None of us hangs these bedraggled lanterns with such a touch." In a vivid sweater and a short brown frock, hatless, with the sun on her golden hair, she looked even more lovely than when she faced her father's fluctuating clients every night among the orchestra in Cossack uniform. There were men all over the world to whom the mere mention of Cannes stirred the haunting memory of her enchanting face and the lippled voice in which all the pain of Russia was epitomised.

He said thickly, "Why don't you answer your letters? You've had two from me this week." He made no attempt to hang the lantern which she gave him, nor was he affected by her flattery, for which at other times he was more greedy than any man. In his dissipated eyes there was deep resentment, and on his white face two red spots of rage.

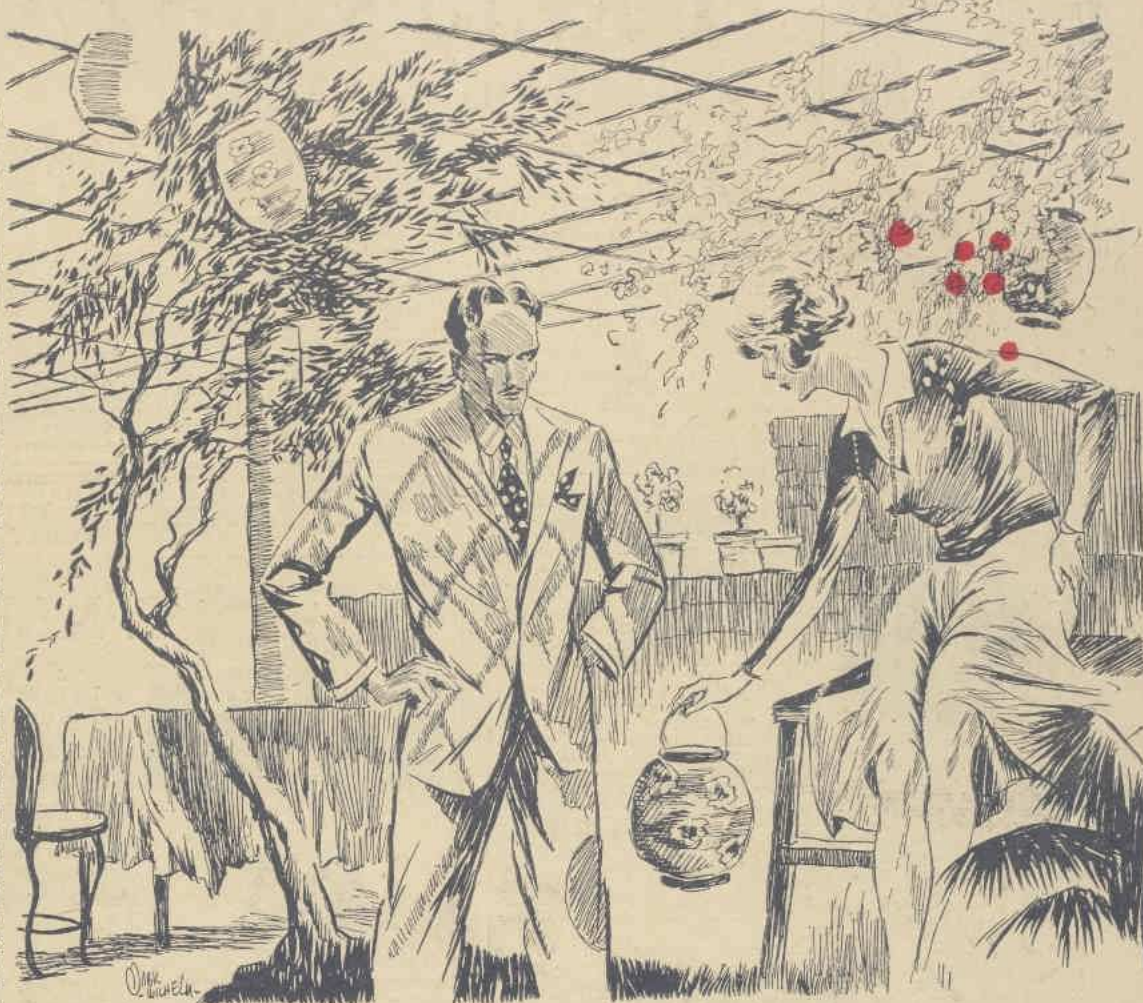
IRINA continued to put the candles in their sockets with a steady hand. "If you're not going to help me," she

I earn enough money on which we can keep a respectable apartment and I've saved enough to lift you from this place. Why do you hold off?"

Irina assumed an anger that she did not feel. This petulant man had proved himself disloyal. A year ago, when she had watched him going from table to table with a napkin over his arm, there had been a flutter in her heart. No longer was it there. "You bore me, Count," she said. "You know the way to the gate."

Ivan stamped his foot, and the two red spots of rage were even redder now. He cried out, "Has the degradation of this cursed place dulled your moral sense? Why not say that you're in love with someone else? You think that I've lost caste by dancing at the hotel. I have. But so have you. I've seen you looking at Shakovskaya, that peasant with his 'magic' violin. If you and he have any idea of going to our church on the hill, I tell you this in cold blood here and now: there'll be murder in this Garden of Delight, and suicide as well. As God's my Judge, that's true."

He turned on his heels and left, the prince of gigolos. With the disturbing vibrations of his presence removed, the restaurant, with its charming trees, resumed its cheerfulness. General Igorivitch, the head cook, and Prince Vladimir Dlonistevitch, the xylophonist of the orchestra, were singing to themselves as they arranged the little tables and treated the cheap napkins in their expert way. The other members of the commonwealth, ex-officers in the Russian Army and Navy of the Czar, and the girls who were their sisters and cousins, were busy and happy, too.



He made his way through the house, saw Princess Irina Petrovna hanging paper lanterns on the shabby pergola and marched quickly to her side. He had the look of a man whose nerves were about to crack.

his brain and a revolver in his pocket, all according to Fate. . . Irina's heart was to be his target, not that of Shakovskaya, whose life meant nothing, he considered, in the scheme of things. It was his intention to join the spirit of Irina as he and she passed over the thin line between two eternities, leaving their bodies lying in the gravel of the Garden of Delight. He knew that it was Shakovskaya's habit to wind up his dinner programme with a special song. He had made up his mind to hear Irina sing once more, and as the last echo of what was to be her swan song died among the trees to send her out of the possibility of belonging to another man and follow after her.

Excited, too, that that hitherto almost empty place was now filled with laughter and talk, Irina bent forward so that her curls touched one of the high cheek-bones of the peasant's face. She was startled at the effect it had on him. Reticence and deference moved from his eyes like clouds which had covered the sun. Their places were taken by a blaze of love, passion, and desire which seemed to shake the stand. Her hand trembled under his touch, and he and she stood for a moment in another world, another

of Shakovskaya, whose life meant nothing, he considered, in the scheme of things. It was his intention to join the spirit of Irina as he and she passed over the thin line between two eternities, leaving their bodies lying in the gravel of the Garden of Delight. He knew that it was Shakovskaya's habit to wind up his dinner programme with a special song. He had made up his mind to hear Irina sing once more, and as the last echo of what was to be her swan song died among the trees to send her out of the possibility of belonging to another man and follow after her.

## Clover Blossoms

Soft, white balls of fragrant clover,  
With a sweet, elusive smell  
Clustered on the lawn in spring-time,  
When the first light shower fell.  
Then my thoughts returned with swiftness  
To a springtime in the past,  
When a droning aeroplane bore me  
Over paddocks thickly grassed.  
Far below were balls of whiteness  
Clustered in a snowy heap.  
They quite resembled clover blossoms.  
Really—they were grazing sheep.  
—Dorothea C. Brewer.

dimension, lovely in its clear light, vibrating with the high, sweet notes of birds.

"Oh, my God," he said beneath his breath, withdrew his hand, clicked his heels, seized his violin and stuck it beneath his chin. And when, hardly able to pull herself together, Irina took her place in front of the platform to sing, there was a tremor of so great a joy in her voice that it hushed the conversation and brought forth bursts of applause.

AND at the back of the garden, in the shadow near the gate, there stood Ivan Storogev with madness in

DURING the gala that night Shakovskaya watched his chief with affection and deference. Turning to Irina he said, "A master of men, Princess. One whom it is a joy and an honor to serve." And because he was happy at the fullness of the

garden, exhilarated at the mere presence on that platform of the girl of whom he dreamt, he took her hand and raised it to his lips. Made with simple spontaneity, it was a gesture in which he thanked her for her father and congratulated the world that she herself had been born.

PAUL SHAKOVSKAYA, peasant and violinist, was tying pieces of colored paper to the pergola. Both in his Cossack uniform and now in an ill-cut suit, the man of whom Ivan was so passionately jealous caught every feminine eye. He was simple and huge, broad of shoulder, with a mag-



"My Sweetie just gave me a rainbow kiss."  
"What kind of a kiss is that?"  
"Oh, the kind that comes after a storm."

said, "you're badly in the way." There was something in his expression which made her glad that her father was festooning the nearby trelliswork with branches of young leaves.

He said, "I can't and won't stand the way in which you're treating me. Do you hear? I regard myself as engaged to be married to you. You know that."

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## RICH Pudding for EVERYBODY TRADITION WINS

Dietitians, food faddists, and similar species all cry aloud at this season, and grave considerations of health and climate in the selection of our Christmas dinners.

But they cry in vain in most instances. Tradition outweighs common sense at this season of the year.

NO matter how convinced of the suitability of cold food-stuffs, iced puddings and so on, the majority cling to the old custom of hot poultry and pudding.

It is usual for the Vice-Regal families to spend Christmas at "Hillview," Sutton Forest, and Sir Philip and Lady Game are no exception. Lady Game says that this year, "the same as at Home," there will be turkey and plum pudding for Christmas dinner, but no special "trifle" otherwise.

Mrs. C. Lloyd Jones' "pudding is made." Small son David gave it his stir, and baby Charles' tiny hand was guided to stir from left to right for luck. A light luncheon in the middle of the day and Christmas dinner at night in the custom at Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Jones' home. Cold turkey with all salads and then the pudding all ablaze and holly-crowned are the main dishes at the evening meal, followed with icecream and dessert.

### Makes Her Own

Mrs. P. A. Micklem, wife of Dr. P. A. Micklem, rector of St. James', decided that she would make her own Christmas plum puddings so, with the help of a reliable recipe-book, her puddings were set merrily boiling in her kitchen at the T. and G. Flats. When the puddings get their last boil up, one is destined for a poor friend who has five hungry little mouths to feed. Another is for the University Settlement at Chippendale, and the other is for their own dinner, which will consist of the usual Christmas fare.

FROM its enveloping green baize Mrs. Edmund Playfair takes out each year her silver epergne, which spells Christmas to all her large party of young people; then it is fitted with red candles in keeping with the general color scheme of decoration. The turkey is flanked with a sucking-pig, and then for the children there are roast fowls and all accompanying sauces and vegetables. The plum pudding follows, well and truly enveloped in flames, and everyone is sure to find a silver "good luck" wish in it. There are mince-pies and all the usual goodies, and heaps of crackers (helping the red decorative scheme).

### Rich Pudding

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Sidney Herring will have relatives to help them eat all the usual Christmas fare at their home in Double Bay. There are people who cannot eat rich plum pudding, so for these guests who like something simpler, "I always serve a rum omelette, which I learned to make in Paris," says Mrs. Herring, and of course that blazes away like the pudding.

AT the home of Mr. Roy Hendy, the Town Clerk of Sydney, two very excited little daughters, Pat and Robin, hold solemn councils. The great secret is the decorations to be used as a surprise to Mrs. Hendy on Christmas Day, when she is only concerned in the provisions. The decorations are planned and kept secret from her until the day arrives.

Mrs. Hendy will arrange a cold meal of poultry, salads, and Christmas pudding. It is not quite settled if the family will dine at home on Christmas Day or go to a beach and have their midday meal at an hotel, but some time on Christmas Day Mrs. Hendy will pull a cracker with her little daughters and admire their table arrangements.

"I plan plain things for Christmas," said Mrs. J. J. C. Bradfield, "but this year I do not know what we will do. Of course we have the usual things, too, but Dr. Bradfield may be in Queensland, or he may be home, which will make all the difference. Then one son is in England, and we still do not know if the other will be with us at Gordon for Christmas Day. So it is all uncertain, but the holly will be brought in for decoration, and 'it all depends'."

### German Fare

A "Jungle Christmas" is the way that Mrs. Norman McLeod describes her Christmas doings. With her husband, the Consul of Latvia, and a few friends, they will leave their home at Farsley Bay for the Mountains. Christmas dinner will be cooked in the open, spatchcock, Christmas pudding, and mince pies (the filling has been made for months) is the menu for Christmas Day. A choice vintage of Burgundy to toast a "Merry Christmas" in coffee to be made. Later in the afternoon there will be dunkum "billy tea," with its distinctive flavor.

Dr. Zeelos, Vice-Consul for Germany, says that in Germany Christmas is wholly a family affair, with a large gathering round the dinner table, a Christmas tree probably, and perhaps a few friends to wander in during the afternoon. Plum pudding is not eaten, but the Christmas goose is fattened, and, "if you have any geese in Australia," that is to be the doctor's procedure this year.

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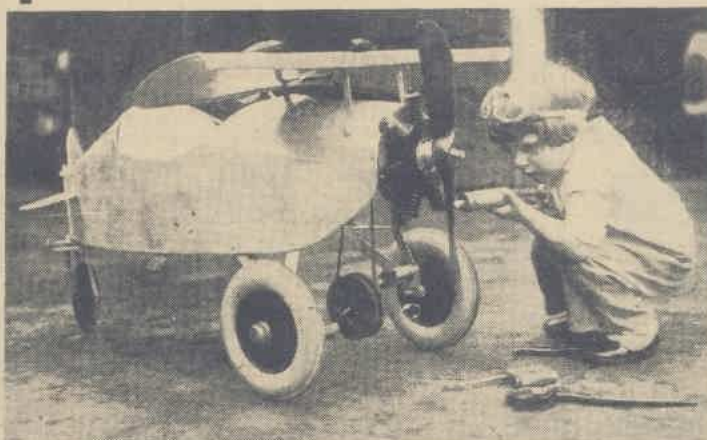
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"WHERE did you get those eyes so blue," and the frock and shoes an' all? But the small mother is so proud she doesn't care, anyway.



HE "wants to see the wheels go round," and he has a great demonstrator in this high-powered locomotive.

Toys by courtesy, Farmers Ltd. Women's Weekly Photos.



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IT'S TEA FOR THREE this afternoon, and though one deplores Teddy's habit of sitting on the table, he's really a very charming guest. This tiny girl is Roma Arrowsmith, appearing in the Australian film "Hayseeds"

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## OVERWORKED Teachers Collapse

Declaring that during the last three months several headmasters and teachers have collapsed, and have even died, at their work, the secretary of the New South Wales Public School Teachers' Federation (Mr. W. J. Hendry) said this week that at the Teachers' Conference, scheduled for next week, a vigorous effort would be made to obtain easier working conditions in all schools.

THE conference is to be opened on December 18, at the Sydney Town Hall, and may last until December 20. The second and third days' sessions are to be held at the Teachers' Training College.

The president of the Teachers' Federation (Dr. C. H. Curry) is to be chairman.

More than 300 delegates will be present.

Several of the disabilities under which departmental teachers have labored are to be discussed, and motions concerning them moved.

One of these is the necessity for appointing a sufficient number of teachers to give four hours off per week to teachers for preparation and correction. The Teachers' Federation contends that classes have grown too large in recent times.

### Collapsed at Work

Within the last three months several headmasters have collapsed and died at their work.

Women teachers are also affected, and suffer frequently from neurasthenia.

A greater number of women than men have had to apply for leave of absence.

### Married Teachers

THE Maitland delegate intends to move that the Government be urged to repeal the Act against married women teachers and lecturers, as its operation is contrary to the accepted ideals of British justice.

## Brisbane Not So Slow!

When the Lady Mayoress of Brisbane announced that she intended to wear slacks there was a local sensation, and the news was telegraphed all over Australia. However, it was soon found that these garments are quite popular in the Northern capital. Here are two Queensland society girls who favor slacks and shorts.



married women; Government provision for adequate feeding and clothing of all schoolchildren; and that no teacher be punished professionally for the public expression of political or religious views.

# Magnet DeLuxe Electric

Possesses  
Everything offered  
by other cleaners  
PLUS absolute safety  
and Complete Automatic Control

The new MAGNET is not merely—just another cleaner. It is not to be compared with cleaner standards hitherto accepted; it is a newcomer, out of the rut, bringing NEW features, NEW advantages, NEW standards of efficiency, serviceableness and value. You can't leave a MAGNET cleaner switched on. When you leave the handle in a normal position the power cuts off. It only comes back when you pick the handle up again to operate. Safety is provided automatically.

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The MAGNET floor nozzle is designed to a generous size to enable you to cover the floor quickly and easily. The revolving brush for picking up threads, etc., is timbly motor driven. Five nozzle positions make adjustment easy for carpets of different thicknesses, felt or linoleum. The ten simple attachments make every cleaning task easy and quick, and a convenient rack is provided FREE for storing these when not in use. If you are contemplating the purchase of an Electric Cleaner, see the new Magnet at any of the Magnet dealers below.

Cleaner complete with bag, 20ft. flexible & plug adaptor £15'15'.

VERY EASY TERMS.

Complete set of attachments and tools with rack (as illustrated), £/4/- extra.

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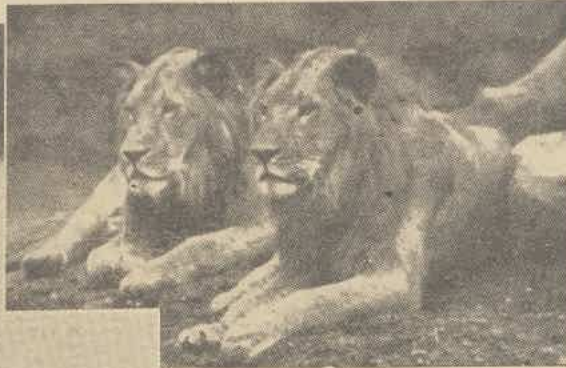
Danks & Son, John, 224 Pitt St.  
David Jones Ltd., George St.  
Domestic Electric, 387 George Street.

Ely & Co., 387 George Street.  
Forsyth, L. H., 401 Victoria Av., Chatswood.  
Westcott Hazell, 225 Castle-rough Street.

An Advertisement of The British General Electric Company Limited.



# Why Can't We Have Festivals Like This?



WHICH LOOKS the most savage? The beautiful white Persian cat on the left, or the two lions on the right? There is a moral in these photographic studies by Hedda Walther which you can think out for yourself.



GWEN MUNRO and Brian Norman, Australian winners in the Paramount "Search for Beauty" film quest, are now quite at home in Hollywood. Here they are at a fancy dress party with a Spanish senorita.



A CHARMING study of one of the many happy scenes typical of the harvest festivals which have been taking place all over Europe recently. The picture shows a fair grape-picker being helped from a cart during the grape harvest festival on the slopes of the middle Rhine, Germany.

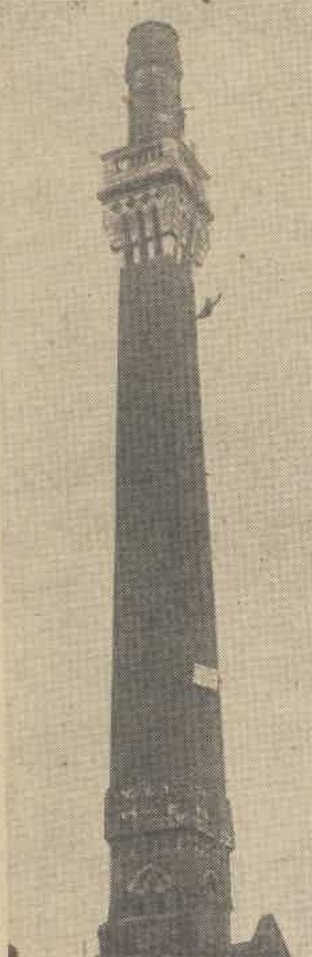


HARVEST FESTIVAL scene from Touraine, France, where the peasants have been making merry work of grape-picking. These girls are pressing grapes with old-fashioned wooden hammers.



EVEN IN America there are harvest carnivals. Here is a group of pretty girls in a Californian vineyard. At Asti, where the photo. was taken, things are in full swing in readiness for the Prohibition repeal.

In Circle: The annual hop fair at Stratford - on - Avon, England. One of the chief incidents is the roasting of two oxen and two pigs. The fair dates back to early times.

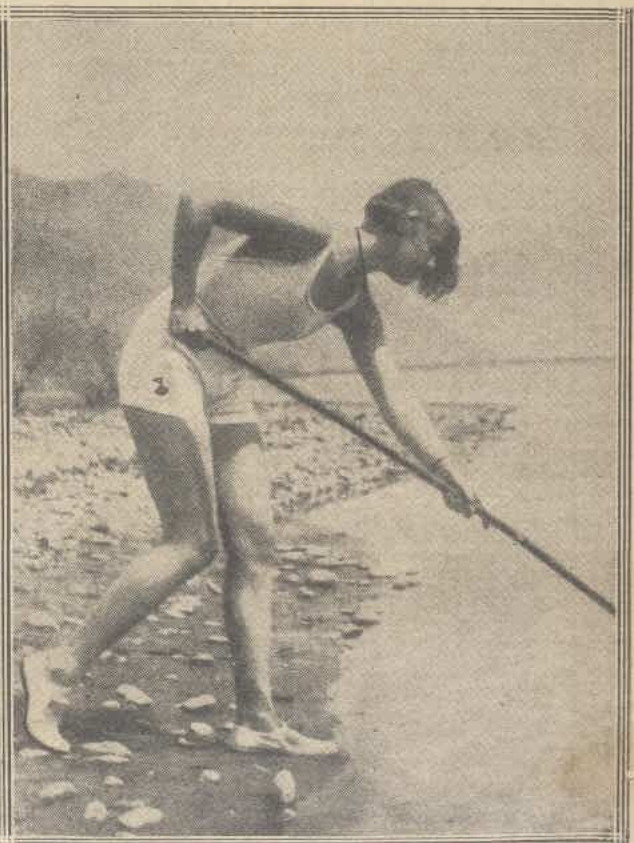


HERE IS one job where women have not tried to compete with men. The chimney is one of the highest and most famous in England, the Doulton chimney of Doulton china fame. The speck climbing up the side to effect repairs is steeplejack W. E. Mackney. The chimney is 56 years old, and 245 feet high.



HIGH STREET Festival held in Rouen. Famous Normandy cider being pumped out to citizens during the recent big annual fair. The inhabitants of the town are dressed in ancient costume for the occasion.

RIGHT: Prawn-catching is a pastime which calls for patience and energy. This young girl is demonstrating the sport as an aid to beauty. She gets sun, and exercise, and a meal all at the same time.





## CONSIDER the SILHOUETTE

The girl or the woman of charm is the one who can afford to be natural; who can walk or dance without the unnatural restraint imposed by compression, the restriction imposed by heavy and exacting corsetry. To be forced to submit to heavily boned garments, in which one scarce dares to breathe, results in acute bodily discomfort and the mental unrest that follows in its train.

Foundation garments have banished this very real bogey for all time. Corsets take their rightful place in the family album—beneath the antiquated bustles that we thankfully relinquish to our predecessors.

Dainty grace for blonde and brunette is exemplified in these front-lace foundation garments.

The "Average" model (below) and the "Hip" model (left).



### That Subtle Simplicity

To achieve that simplicity of line synonymous with grace and with health we have considered it necessary hitherto to look overseas to famous designers—and then to look, searchingly, in our purses and compromise with the "next best thing."

That the elegance that begets the grace of perfect co-ordination, as expressed in the illustrations of models from the Continental salons, can only be attained by expensive imported garments, is an assumption which Australian designers have now proved to be utterly false.

To the designers it has been a matter of scientific research; to the woman who would be well dressed it is a matter of discrimination in her purchase. The new Berlei Front-Lace Foundation garments are a local product of which every Australian woman will be justly proud, both from the point of view of a national product and from that of personal appearance and comfort.

### Health and Charm

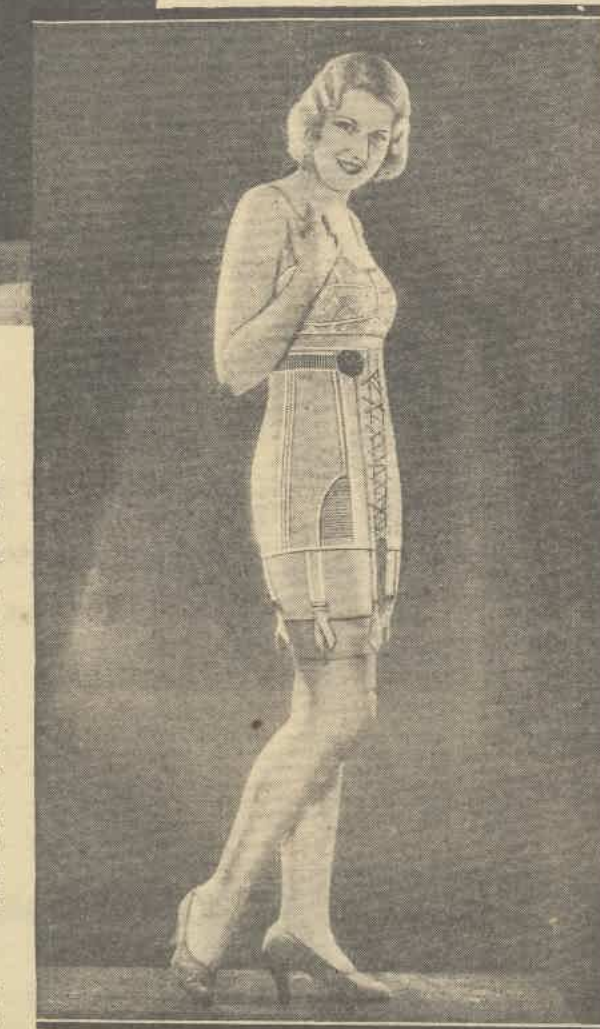
THERE are three factors which govern the success of the foundation garment. They are, in order of precedence: Health, comfort, and appearance. A healthy body is the direct result of judicious garment control. Nor is it possible to achieve this result through the use of a uniform article.

It is in this aspect that science has played its part in the evolution of foundation garments. The natural development of a woman may tend to the average type or to a generous hip measurement, to a "sway-back" or an abdomen type—in use the professional, though self-explanatory, terms. It is necessary, therefore, for the foundation garment to control each type in accordance with its natural trend.

For this reason, the new front-lace foundation garments are made in four distinct models.

The average hips are preserved in upright and graceful lines in one model; in another the wider hips are so controlled that the tendency to increase, inevitable with advancing age, is checked; the abdomen type model gives just the correct amount of additional frontal support, and the sway-back conforms, below the waist, to the gentle pressure that gives graceful contours.

The feature of the foundation garment that is the source of this natural con-



trol is the new front-lace, for the lacing allows a certain relaxation, and, if necessary, daily readjustment. The lacing itself is so carefully inset into the garment as to be completely inconspicuous beneath the most revealing gown, while the fastening of the foundation garment takes the form of a very simple side-hook.

### Complete Comfort

Complete comfort is the obvious result of the minimum of elastic used in the design. The placing of the elastic inlets has been carefully considered to render only the very smallest pieces necessary. At the waistline a straight-length has been inset on either side, and at the bottom of the front a triangular inset allows freedom of leg movement. The wearer can thus walk or bend or sit in absolute comfort. As in the latter position the lower hip measurement shows a natural increase of between three and four inches, this feature is very important.

Graceful and charming contours are the natural corollary of a healthfully-controlled body. The accentuated, muscular development of the athletic girl is

directed into firm lines, while that of the woman who has been prone to softer, even flabby, muscles, will respond to the moulding effect of a foundation garment. Further, with daily wear, it will be found that its influence will be to occasion a pleasing decrease of measurement.

### Exquisitely Feminine

The foundation garments themselves present a truly delightful appearance. The material is a silk batiste, in which a very fine cording is discernible in the weave. This cording gives the desired firmness. The finishings are, obviously, the work of an artist, and disclose minute attention to detail.

In the best quality models, for example, the side-fastening is lined with a band of softest velvet.

For its health-giving properties, as a delightful, exquisitely feminine addition to one's wardrobe, for the economy effected by local manufacture, every woman will congratulate Berlei on the new front-lace foundation garment.

It will not only make corset history, but definitely make corsets a back-number.



## A Berlei Front-lace foundation is Different

so much more satisfactory

WHEN a front-lacing garment doesn't poke into the flesh at the diaphragm—but sets smoothly, comfortably close about the waist; when it doesn't ride up—but keeps its correct position throughout the day; when it banishes the hulk—and fastens very firmly, but oh, so comfortably at one side, it is different indeed, it is, in fact, a Berlei Front-lace foundation.

7132—Berlei Front-lace foundation in peach figured faille. Clever boning has an exceptionally slenderizing effect. A boned flap reinforces the non-slip lock lacing. Elastic sections. Average type. Waists 24-31 ins. 9

7134—Are you perhaps a short-backed figure with flesh accumulation at the abdomen? Wear Berlei Front-lace foundation 7134 and rejoice in the modish lengthened lines your figure takes. Art. silk broche and elastic. Waists 29-36 ins.



**BERLEI**  
FOUNDATION GARMENTS (1-12)



# Rector's DISAPPOINTMENT and SORROW!

## Wife Reveals Unhappy Side of Church Discord

Sorrow and disappointment have been the lot of Rev. Dransfield, Rector of Adamina, on account of lack of understanding of his Anglo-Catholic views, says his wife.

Mrs. Dransfield has written to The Australian Women's Weekly, following a recent article by our Clerical Observer, entitled "Deep Currents in the Anglican Church."

She thinks that the article misrepresents the Anglo-Catholic viewpoint in regard to prayers for the dead, candles, vestments, the confessional, and other usages, and thus makes harder the lot of her husband.

By Mrs. R. B. DRANSFIELD, Wife of the Rector of Adamina

IN your issue of December 2, you publish, under the above title, certain observations by your "Clerical Observer" about the Anglican Church.

As the wife of an Anglo-Catholic Rector whose lot is already hard enough, I protest against it being made much harder by such ignorant or malicious misrepresentation as the article contains.

I think that many of the Anglo-Catholic clergy are at least honest, which is far from what your article implies.

To say that the Anglo-Catholic Movement began 100 years ago, with a reversion to pre-reformation observances, is untrue.

It began with a desire to save the Church from a repetition in England of what had happened in Ireland, namely, the suppression of Bishops and the appropriation by the Crown of their revenues.

The writer thinks that though the Church of England is numerically the strongest in Australia, her adherents are the worst informed and least loyal of any Christian Denomination.

THE Catechism of the Church of England has always taught that the Sacraments of the Gospel are the Divinely appointed means of Grace, and clear distinction is made between them and the other commonly called Sacraments. A reference to the Thirty-Nine Articles will bear this out.

The use of the Eastern position, the word altar, candles, vestments, the confessional, etc., never were introduced into the Church by Anglo-Catholics, but were used at the coronation of THAT MOST PROTESTANT QUEEN, VICTORIA!

This symbolism has always been part of the Coronation service, and still is. I have never heard my husband, nor

any Anglo-Catholic clergyman preach a belief in purgatory, which is expressly forbidden in the Thirty-Nine Articles, and to say that the doctrine is "implied" because of a Requiem is absurd.

To pray that the souls of the faithful may rest in peace is a far cry to asking that they be delivered from horrible purging torments.

With regard to the reference to transubstantiation, I have never heard this preached either.

But perhaps the Clerical Observer knows little about the history of the word which was coined in deliberate opposition to a materialistic conception of the Presence in the elements.

Transubstantiation is a word which needs careful handling, and then by those who have more than a passing knowledge of philosophy.

THE reference to Monks and Nuns is couched in such terms as to make it read that these have replaced the deaconess and secular worker. Nothing could be more untrue.

And in any case, in these days when Communism is talked so much, why should not the Church have its "Communists" who are apparently the only ones who can live in communities without dictatorships!

Finally with regard to the political significance of the movement, and the revision of the Prayer Book.

The Clerical Observer should know that it is something vainly imagined to identify the most extreme Anglo-Catholic with any political movement.

It was the combined opposition of the Evangelical and Anglo-Catholic which stopped the Revised Prayer Book from going through the House of Commons.

It was not introduced by Anglo-Catholics, and no Anglo-Catholic would consider the Book, as it stood, on the ground that such a mess had been made of the Prayer of Consecration, that it was impossible of acceptance.

CONSIDERING the wide circulation of your excellent paper I trust that

### Explaining Position

Our Clerical Observer states:

"Clerics, as well as other people, have sometimes to suffer for their views, and I know too well how that feels to have any wish to increase the suffering in another."

"The article was intended as a simple explanation of the position."

you will see fit to publish these brief notes.

My husband has already been caused enough sorrow and disappointment through insinuation and half truth; and as my position enables me to observe more clearly than most, I have cause to know that the Anglo-Catholic is more loyal to the standard of the Prayer Book than most Evangelicals.

I should have stated earlier that a careful study of the Morning and Evening Prayer, the Communion Service, or the Ordinal will reveal that the Church of England has always practised both general and private confession.

Those who have objected most to the practice have admitted that the authority for it being taught is in the Prayer Book!

A movement to have these passages removed is in itself sufficient testimony to the loyalty of Anglo-Catholics who have stood by the Book of 1662.

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Only MANLY can offer you this.

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A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Room situated right at the end of the Pool provides the acme of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dances, bridge, etc.

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## CORNWELL'S PURE MALT VINEGAR

BOUGHT EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY

### Prayers for Dead



## It's Cotton To-day and Cotton again To-morrow...

Cool... dainty... smart. But the season's new sunshine fashions must be washed often and laundered so cunningly if you'd preserve their crisp, light-hearted gayness. That's why "chic" has made Dandy Starch its chief ally this Summer.



## DANDY STARCH

Dandy is stronger than other starches, so less is required to give that perfect finish. Obtainable at all grocers in half and full size packets.

Made by MAIZE PRODUCTS PTY. LTD., Sussex St., Sydney

HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?

ARE YOUR NERVES OUT OF ORDER?

DO YOU SLEEP BADLY?

ARE YOU ANAEMIC OR RUN DOWN?

IF SO



IS WHAT YOU REQUIRE TO REGAIN HEALTH, STRENGTH AND ENERGY

The results obtained from Roboleine have been described by doctors and the general public as "magical." After a few doses lost appetite returns, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh is formed, weight increases, and the improvement is maintained until good health is restored.

"I have been ill for some time with Anaemia and general debility, and I was getting so weak that I began to think I was never going to feel well again, and was losing weight considerably (20lb. in a month). I have had various tonics and tonic foods, but nothing seemed to pick me up. I have been taking Roboleine for three weeks, and I feel a different person, better than I have felt for months. I sleep better, and my appetite has returned, and I am already gaining weight."

Mrs. A. B., Folkestone.

SAMPLE

VOUCHER

Muir & Neil Ltd., Box 1562E, G.P.O., Sydney, I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.

Name ..... Address .....

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A pair of Beau Monde Hosiery will solve your gift problem. In all the New Season's Styles. Cellophane packed in bright Christmas cartons.

From 5/11 to 17/6 a pr.

AT ALL DRAPERS

**Beau Monde** FULL FASHIONED Hosiery

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# So They Say

## ILLEGIBLE PRESCRIPTIONS

WE are all conscious of the tyranny exercised by the doctor in virtue of his illegible writing. Are there any doctors who ever write prescriptions in a legible hand? I think patients should demand that all prescriptions be written in block capitals and be decoded on request.

The doctor gives us a mysterious formula to be got as often as not only at a certain pharmacy, conveyed in writing cunningly illegible to all but the fellow-conspirator.

Miss Janice Binnie, Ermington, N.S.W.

First letter, £1.

## FATHER MARS

WHILE in Sydney I took my children along to a Sydney store to see Santa Claus, who, on receiving a ticket, presented the boys with a toy each. Strange toys for this peace and goodwill season—a "fighting" plane, and a gun!

Mrs. A. Fitton, Moleworth St., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

## SLOW BOYS

DOES anyone agree with me? Why are boys so slow or shy at dances, especially in the country? The orchestra plays quite a while before the boys make any attempt to ask their partners. I think it should be the opposite every second dance, and see if the fair sex would be so slow.

Thelma Roberts, "Tona," Guyra, N.S.W.

## AUSTRALIANS ABROAD

WHAT do Australians see when they go abroad? Recently an educated young woman who had spent three years in Great Britain and on the Continent was interviewed as she stepped off the boat at Sydney. According to the account printed, all the traveller could find to talk about were the latest fashions in women's clothes. Or, did the journal think clothes were the only things that mattered?

Dot Mack, 31 Prince's St., Bexley, N.S.W.

## FREE CAGED BIRDS

I MUST congratulate M. Dickie on the way she "kicks out" for the freedom of birds.

It is quite right that people cage birds to show (as they say) their love for them, when, at the same time, they are doing all in their power to make the poor little creatures miserable.

A bird's natural state is flying about; so common sense alone points to the fact that they cannot possibly live nearly as long when they are caged into a cage and left there.

I hope that it will not be very long before the general public opens their eyes to this fact.

Esme J. Pimm, Millmerran, Q'ld.

## LET US BE CURVED

LET me say that I think the Mae West figure infinitely preferable to the wry "beanpole" shape now in fashion. The majority of girls have gained this desirable (?) state by rigid dieting, and many have fallen into ill-health thereby. Let us hope the Mae West figure is here to stay. Let us be curved and comfortable.

E. Stewart, 126 Nelson St., Annandale, N.S.W.

## DANCING STANDARD

WITH regard to readers' paragraphs on "Standard for Dancing," I believe a Society of Dancing has been formed in Victoria. My young sister attends a well-known dancing academy in Melbourne nearly every day in the week, and her sole ambition is to become a teacher, probably in some country town. Some time ago, her teacher informed me that they have formed a society of teachers, and are trying to make things so that only fully qualified teachers may teach. She is sending a number of pupils up for their ballroom examination this week, my sister being one of them, and she tells me that they have to do a written theory examination as well as the practical work, in which each pupil takes the part both of the lady and gentleman.

Mrs. E. Plunkett, Box 36, Lalbert, Vic.

## The Husband in The Kitchen

### Monotonous Work

A MAN who thinks he is lowering himself by helping in the kitchen is mostly selfish, and the only love he has is for himself. I know several men who lend a hand with the chores when needed, and they have not lost any of their manliness by doing so. These men realise just how monotonous housework can become, especially when there is a family to cook for. If a man could know his gain in the heart of one he helps he would not require another's opinion.

Mrs. G. Carney, West St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

### Quite Wrong

I THINK Miss Louise Mack is quite wrong about the man in the kitchen. True, in prehistoric days, Dad did kill, cook, and clean up the offal, but he had no petty kitchen chores to do as the man of the present day has.

I do like to see a man buck in and help the wife by clearing off the dishes and giving them a thorough wash, or scraping the potatoes and taking that job very earnestly. It's a grand man and a good husband or brother that is quick to notice a tired woman and bring his brute strength to bear on the household tasks, but it is a no-count man that would be satisfied to go into the kitchen and stay there.

B. Waterfield, Market St., Mudgee, N.S.W.

### Turning Housemaid

RE Miss Mack's article on man's perfection in the kitchen (The Australian Women's Weekly, 2/12/33). It is quite apparent that this article is written by an unmarried woman. Otherwise she would not so glibly describe man's perfection in the home, especially the kitchen. I wonder how many married readers would turn over the home every day to their husbands and go off for a daily round of pleasure? It is not the man's job to set to and wash dishes and prepare meals. He does not get married to turn housemaid, and it must surely be a very peculiar woman who would expect such a thing.

Mrs. M. McKay, 221 Pittwater Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

Louise Mack has been married twice, and is a widow for the second time.—Ed.

### Perfect Description

LOUISE MACK describes my husband perfectly when he has had occasion to do the chores. In fact, I have at times felt quite furious watching him doing everything so carefully. But would the men be so fussy doing the same monotonous work day in, day out?

Mrs. G. Philpot, Kitchener Rd., Croydon, Vic.

## The Tram Seat Problem

### Encourage Them

S. SMALES is certainly right when she calls women foolish, who are too independent to encourage male chivalry. When a woman is offered a seat, she ought to accept gracefully instead of embarrassing the polite man, of which there are all too few owing chiefly to girls encroaching on male attire and pursuits. So, dear sisters, pray encourage the man who still looks on women with respect and protective instincts.

Mrs. M. Ireland, "Ronalgar," Wilson Street, Lawson, N.S.W.

### Way It Happens

RE the argument about men standing for women in trams and trams. While travelling in a tram one day an elderly but stylish lady got in, and a gentleman at once got up and offered his seat. The lady refused, but was making for the seat, but the man sat down again and said, "O.K., then stand." No one else offered their seat.

Mrs. R. Tiley, Sexton Street, South Brisbane, Q'ld.

### More Difficulties

REFERRING to the question of men offering seats in trams! If a woman holding a baby refuses a seat, she certainly is foolish.

### TOY LIBRARY

WHY don't we have in Australia a place where children could borrow toys to take home, as adults do library books?

One toy at a time, and kept for a week, would suit these times.

Christmas is a suitable time to start this "Toysery."

What about it?

Mrs. J. Allardice, Welwyn Crescent, Coorparoo, Q'ld.

tainty is foolish. But flappers often stand at a man's elbow practically asking for a seat. This, naturally, makes more sensitive women afraid of appearing too eager to accept. But I have noticed that usually girls on trams are more thoughtful for older women than men are. Often a girl rises to offer her seat, while a man buries his nose in a book or paper. Does this ease his conscience? In cases of offering seats to old gentlemen, one hardly knows the best way to act, as many old men hate to be pitied, especially by the opposite sex.

Mrs. J. Melloy, "Day Dawn," Ekibin Road, Annerley, South Brisbane, Q.

LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for the first letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

## Should Cycles Be Taxed?

### Small One Wanted

"RE Tax on Cycles." I think that a small tax on cycles should be made as they share the good roads, which taxes motorists and others pay to keep the roads in repair. The person who rides a cycle is often not in the position to buy a car, but he has so little upkeep in comparison with motor repairs that I, too, feel he should share in the taxes.

Miss L. White, 49 Carlyon St., Bentleigh, SE14, Vic.

### Most Unfair

I ENTIRELY agree with Mrs. P. Brownlow's grudge against not registering cycles. This also includes horse vehicles. Owners of cycles and horse conveyances sally forth in glorious unlicensed freedom, while the poor tyrannised motorist not only must have his vehicle licensed yearly, but must also pay to be allowed to drive it. Can anyone dispute this unfairness?

Mrs. W. Overall, 47 Chapel Street, Lakemba, N.S.W.

### Tax Prams Too

MRS. BROWNLOW's impulsive outburst (The Australian Women's Weekly, December 2) is most intolerant. Do motorists own the public highways? If your correspondent thinks that cycles will be kept off the roads by the levying of a tax, she is mistaken. "Young Australia" will always use this cheap and quick way of travel.

Babies! Beware! Someone will agitate for a wheel tax on your prams next!

Mrs. A. Farmer, Shamrock Street, Kedron, Brisbane, Q.

### Last Straw

I DON'T agree with Mrs. P. Brownlow's suggestion re taxing cycles. Surely we cyclists have enough to contend with pushing our cycles about without having to pay taxes on them. We cyclists have to stand a lot of dusting and horn-hooting from motorists without them suggesting taxes on us.

Miss D. Taylor, Euranderee P.O., via Mudgee, N.S.W.

### Road Hogs Worse

WHY should the ordinary working person, who cannot afford a car, be taxed on a vehicle that does not wear or tear up the road. I don't think cyclists are as bad as road hogs who run them off the roads.

Mrs. Dorothy Finnan, 357 Johnston St., Abbotsford, N.9, Vic.

## ETIQUETTE



In writing to an Archbishop you begin, "Your Grace." To a Bishop the form should be, "My Lord." The endings should be: "I remain your Grace's most obedient servant"; or "I remain, my Lord." Intimates would begin: "Dear Archbishop," "Dear Bishop," and "Dear Dean."

## THESE "A" CLASS

### CONCERTS

HOW much longer have we "listen-ins" to endure the programmes broadcast from the "A" class stations in the evenings? The same programme is broadcast throughout practically all the "A" class stations, and I am sure it is not at all enjoyable. Sometimes there is the most mournful music issuing from the speaker; at other times a play of which no one can understand a word. I must say on rare occasions the night's programme is very bright and interesting, but why broadcast the same items throughout national stations? We pay our license fees, and I think it only fair that we should receive as reward a bright, pleasure-giving entertainment, or, if not, we should be able to vary the stations. I think there are quite a number of people who agree with me, and would like to hear of a change in the system of the A.B.C.

J. Jones, "Clear Hills," via Temora, N.S.W.

## BLAZER AND ETIQUETTE

IN support of Ruth Preddy's article in The Australian Women's Weekly of December 2, I also wish to call attention to the persons wearing their blazers over any old thing. The women are not the only ones to abuse the use of the blazer.

Worn over cream trousers with sports shoes and Panama or a sports frock, it is extremely dressy and sportslike, but, when it comes to wearing it over trousers from best suit, dance pumps and felt hat or some duffy creation the blazer then loses its good appearance. We see them at the talkies, dances, and even at work. How these blazer cranks would laugh at anyone wearing plums, shorts or bathers to any place of amusement. Please wear your blazers for sports day or picnics only.

A. Dooley, 199 Woniara Road, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## NO WAR STORIES

LIKE previous correspondents, I am strongly in favor of the retention of the fairy story in the school curriculum. What I should like to see deleted is the war-hero type of story told to children just past the fairy-story stage. I loathe relating to young children stories of Grenville, the "Revenge," Nelson, Clive, and hosts of other gory heroes of war. Why cannot we substitute stories of the heroes of peace—Pasteur, James Vague, the story of the "Titanic." There are hundreds. Let us stress the fact that "peace hath her victories."

Dorothy Baker, State School, Cohuna, Vic.

## CHILDREN & ELECTRICITY

I QUITE agree with your article in "Points of View" section (2/12/33) in that children should be instructed in the schools regarding the dangers of electricity, as in many cases the parents do not bother (from lack of thought, I suppose) to even explain to their children what to do if ever they witness any person receive an electric shock. Only last Sunday, after reading of those sad cases, I asked two of my young hopefuls what they would do in above case, and they both thought it best to run and get a glass of water and pour it down the victim's throat. So the sooner some knowledge of electricity is imparted in the schools the better, and I sincerely hope your article will bear fruit.

Doris Thurbon, 175 Dora Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.

## WANT PEN-NAMES

I SEE where "pen-names" are debarred in the "So They Say" column. What does it matter to the public or papers concerned if a pen-name is used, it will save a lot of rows in some homes, as husbands (some of them) object to see their wives' names in print, and a pen-name will hurt no one. Let's have a vote on it!

M. Fullerton, "Dalma," Rockhampton, Q'ld.

## In and Out of Society

## By WEP





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# FACIAL YOUTH

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## HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

### TAKES TERRIBLE TOLL

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure—after living for years here—to the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

### Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—  
1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.  
2. Head noises.  
3. Dizziness, faintness and heaviness of the head.  
4. Flashes to head and throat.  
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.  
6. Irritability and nervousness.  
7. Failing eyesight.  
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.  
9. Fear of impending disaster.  
10. Irritability and depression.  
11. Loss of will power.  
12. Bladder weakness.  
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.

### Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids occasionally after meals. Menthoids being a most powerful natural antiseptic in convenient form, which neutralise and expel the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids is sufficient for this purpose.

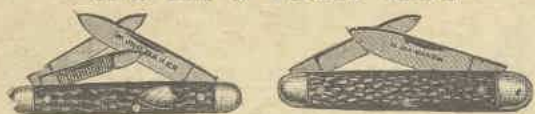
Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them, and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

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# MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

## "AIDA" without the Spectacle

On a Christmas Eve just sixty-two years ago, the Khedive of Egypt fulfilled an ambition—his great opera house in Cairo was filled with the music of the first performance of a grand spectacular opera specially written for the potentate by the greatest opera composer of the times—Giuseppe Verdi.

THE opera was "Aida," which is to be broadcast by the A.B.C. on December 21.

Verdi was almost 60 years old when the Khedive offered him the commission to write an opera for the opening of his theatre. Loath to emerge from his retirement the composer mentioned what he thought to be a prohibitive fee; but his patron was in no way dismayed.

Verdi completed the work, but the Franco-Prussian war intervened; the scenery was shut up in the beleaguered city of Paris until the fighting was over. Then, in the land of the Pharaohs itself an opera reproducing the glimmer and glory of early Egypt began its triumphant career.

### An Australian Favorite

"Aida" always has been a favorite. In Australia, I think, it holds the record for the greatest number of performances of any one opera during a single season. And no wonder. This is no footling opera; it is grand in story, in its colorful settings, and in its glorious music.

There is no doubt that Verdi was beginning to feel the influence of Wagner's revolutions in the realm of music drama when he wrote "Aida"; nothing so eloquent as the Nile music, the Trial Scene, and the final duets in the tomb had ever appeared in his previous works.

### The Story

#### in Brief

The story of "Aida," unlike many an opera plot, is straightforward and intelligible. Several men took part in the writing of it, although it seems to originally have been put forward by the famous Egyptologist, Mariette Bey.

Here it is in brief: Aida, the daughter of Amnonasro, the King of Ethiopia, has been taken prisoner by the Egyptians, and given as a slave to the Princess Amneris. They both love the warrior, Rhadames, the chosen chief of the Egyptian army; but he cares nothing for Amneris, and she vows a deadly vengeance against the slave who has supplanted her.

Rhadames returns in triumph from the wars, bringing with him a chain of prisoners, among whom is Amnonasro. The latter soon finds out Aida's influence over Rhadames and half-terrified, half-persuaded her into promising to extract from her lover the secret of the route which the Egyptian army will take on the morrow on their way to a new campaign against the Ethiopians.

### The Hero Betrayed

Aida beguiles Rhadames with seductive visions of happiness in her own country, and induces him to tell her the secret. Amnonasro, who is on the watch, overhears it and escapes in triumph, while Rhadames in despair at his own treachery, gives himself up to justice. Amneris offers him pardon if he will accept her love, but he refuses life without Aida, and is condemned to be immured in a vault beneath the temple of Phtha. There he finds Aida, who

### "AIDA" CAST

AIDA . . . . . OWLADYS EVANS  
AMNERIS (King of Egypt's Daughter) . . . . . EVELYN HALL  
RHADAMES (Egyptian Captain) . . . . . LANCE JEFFREE  
RAMPHIS (High Priest) . . . . . OLIVER KING  
THE KING . . . . . LOBBAN HODGKINS  
AMONASRO (King of Ethiopia) . . . . . FRASCO ITAL

pivot round which the whole A.B.C. series revolves. Coming direct from the Italian centres of opera he brings authoritative artistry to bear on the hero roles, all of which he has sustained brilliantly to date.

At the same time it is a happy thought to give one of our local tenors an opportunity to show the mettle of his talents—Lance Jeffree will be the radio Rhadames, and if his operatic work on the concert platform is a criterion he should be a more than adequate Egyptian captain.

Another Sydney singer, Gwladys Evans, is to be Aida. This lyric-dramatic soprano, will be remembered for her excellent work in the title role in the radio production of "La Gioconda." On this occasion it is to be hoped that Miss Evans will be brought just a little closer to the microphone. Evelyn Hall is to have the responsible role of Amneris.

### Melbourne

#### Conductors

The great trek of Melbourne conductors to Sydney culminated last week with the visit of Professor Bernhard Heinze. Recently we have had with us Dr. Von Keussler, the eminent German musician who has been conducting important radio programmes.

Last week I glimpsed the sprightly figure of Fritz Hart, director of the Albert Street Conservatorium and winner of the big sections in the Composers' Competition flitting along George St. Sydney.

The visit of Dr. Heinze has been a big stimulus to Sydney music. He began his flying visit with that splendid Brahms-Wagner concert in the Town Hall, and later gave two big orchestral concerts for the children. In all three programmes was felt the force of his personality. There is vitality and authority in the baton of this young conductor who would be welcome in Sydney more often.

By the way, he became the father of a son about three weeks ago.

### Records Worth Having

Records from the new lists, which I can recommend: The "Dance of the Apprentices" from "The Mastersingers" (Wagner), and the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," played by the British Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Walter. (Columbia.)

The Church Scene from Leo Fall's "Spanish Nightingale," and a scene from "The Barber of Bagdad" (Cornelius), sung by Herbert Grah (tenor) with chorus. (Parlophone.)

Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, played by Arthur Schnabel, with the London Symphony Orchestra. (His Master's Voice.)

### Roland Foster Students

AT an end of term concert by professional and amateur pupils of Mr. Roland Foster, at the Forum Club last Saturday, Mr. Foster commented on the fact that the average Australian parent who sent a child to learn singing did so with the idea that the pupil would ultimately become a professional singer. He deplored the fact that so few students took up singing for singing's sake.

HOLDEN says: Cocktail parties are the vogue just now. Holdens' Manhattan Olives are correct for the cocktail.



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	56213,	57545,	59235,
	61650,	74447,	

£5's	4456,	11292,	35913,
	36117,	45680,	56006,
	56090,	56152,	56201,
	57581,	59205,	59236,
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# A FEAST of Good THINGS In the SHOPS

CHINA in colorful and artistic guise is always an acceptable Christmas gift, and this year there are the most delightful trifles at equally pleasing prices.

Strolling with ever alert gaze through a suite of rooms newly furnished, I was diverted and then intrigued at the unusual design and general make-up of the furniture. That, I bethought me, is something that should be bruted abroad.

Of the "bits and pieces" of china it is difficult to make a choice. The group at right will give you cause to run hastily through your list of Christmas beneficiaries and select those of the card-playing ilk.

Let me stress the resourceful nature of the combined match-holder and ash-tray, for, as one makes a double finesse at "auction" or "contract," one withdraws a match from this quaint receptacle and the said match is struck in the process.

COLLECTED on the extreme right are three notions that are literally bright. The holder designed to support three candles. It would be very delightful on a dinner-table, set with a view to hosting a small entertainment on an intimate note.

The vase, with its futuristic line, has not lost any of the grace and charm that attached to less modern conceptions, while the other two candlesticks of single purpose would be a piece-de-resistance in the boudoir.

THIS very new furniture is primarily of steel construction. The finer points of its construction we may consign to the limbo of forgotten things while we lose ourselves in the charm of its contours and general appeal. Suffice it to say that the chromium-plated steel principle ensures furniture that will last for decades and still be furniture when its compeers of wood have passed away.



Of octagonal shape the top of the chaste occasional table depicted above is black vitrolite, which gleams through the room and casts a grateful reflection from any article placed thereon. The price is £7/10/-.

Just a cheery note that has nothing to do with china or with furnishing, but with a very engrossing topic—that of hats. Don't you derive no end of moral support when you know just how much a hat is going to be before you try it on? With a knowledgeable conception



of this attitude an enterprising milliner has opened a shop at which there are no hats priced above 5/- and 10/-.



The display includes the most desirable collection of very smart models—particularly in white.

Being the  
Weekly  
Shopping  
Diary of  
SAIDE.

HERE'S a covered cigarette-box and a set of four ashtrays in Ceramic art, 14/6 a set; a bonbon box, 6/9; a cigarette box, 6/-; and an ashtray, 4/6, in jade green majolica, and a quaint ash-tray and match-holder combined which would be very acceptable to card-players, 18/9.



An exquisite shade of jade green is the color note of this group, which includes a candlestick in majolica to hold three candles, 13/6; a majolica vase, 7/-; a candlestick with circular lines, 6/-; The candlestick with the handle is pale orange pottery with blue and brown markings, 5/6.

BLACK vitrolite, with highly-polished edges, has been used, too, for the



cute little dinner-wagon above. It is one of those versatile models that runs hither and thither at the slightest touch. Its shining surface is proof against the most virulent inroads of hot water or tea, or those inconsidered trifles that are upset on unrehearsed occasions. The price is £11/15/-.

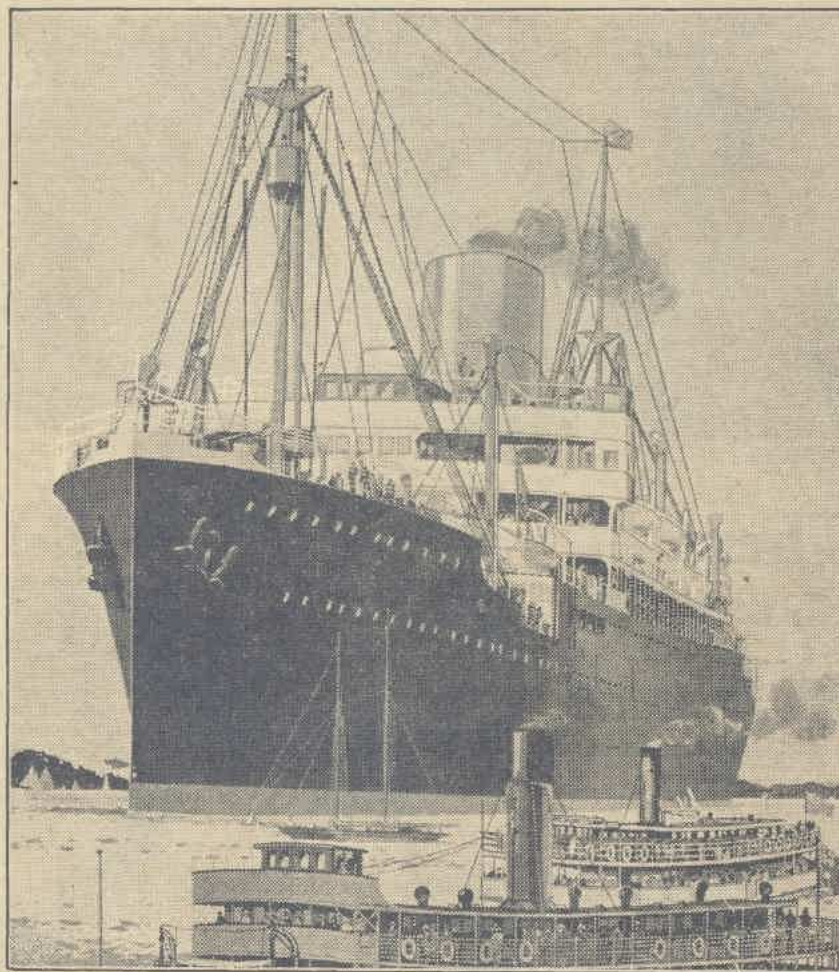


This mirror would impart a gratifying air of distinction to the most uninspiring reflection. The glass is bevelled and rimless, the sort of thing that makes one view the world with "rose-colored glasses," and it is adjustable, for £11/17/6.

Shaded copper or colored lacquer finish has been applied to the metal work of this graceful and reposeful lounge. The upholstery has covering of double thickness multi-colored duck, guaranteed to withstand wear and tear. Should your head be of the tender persuasion you will appreciate the well-filled kapok head-rest. Should you wish the comfort idea

carried out to encompass the entire body, a pocket-filled overlay is also available. The price of the lounge is £14/12/6.

H.OST Holbrook says: A dainty delicacy is the Holbrook Stuffed Olive. The stones have been replaced with red pimentons.\*\*\*



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RONALD COLMAN is one of the most reserved men in Hollywood. He is widely travelled, but the "inside stories" of his travels will never be told.

## There Are MEN Who SHUN PUBLICITY ... IN ... Hollywood

By a Special Correspondent in Hollywood

So relentlessly has the camera man followed them, so remorselessly has the publicity man exploited them, that the general impression of the citizens of Hollywood is that they seek the limelight of public approval and that their every gesture is studied with a view to evoking applause.

To a very great extent this judgment is well-founded. The ubiquitous American publicity agent is a highly-paid official, and it follows, a man of many parts.

BUT, notwithstanding the many spectacular divorces, extravagant living and general ostentation of the stars, there remain quite a number of artists who regard their work—screen work—as an engrossing vocation, yet just as much a thing apart from their private lives as the bank clerk who thankfully closes his ledger when the clock strikes five.

There's John Barrymore, who hates publicity. He simply refuses to show the faintest shimmer of interest in his fan mail. It probably deals chiefly with the famous profile of which he must be very weary.

The handsome gentleman owns a yacht and, at the conclusion of every film, he leaves, "address unknown," to cruise down the Mexican coast and across the Pacific.

After two marriages and the same number of divorces, he married Dolores Costello, and has two children, a girl and a boy.

Originally a cartoonist on a newspaper staff, he is admittedly one of the greatest artists of the screen—and also the most blasé man in Hollywood.

Dick Barthelmess and Ronald Colman are on excellent terms with one another, but keep practically everyone else at a distance.

Dick's father died when he was only two years old, and his mother became a famous character actress on the stage.



JOHN BARRYMORE is the most blasé man in Hollywood, but he is certainly showing a flicker of interest in John, jun., and his mother.

He was educated during his tender youth at a military college, and traces of this early training are still apparent in his bearing. Later he went to Trinity College, Hartford.

He is a man of considerable independent means, for in the heyday of his success he invested his large salary very conservatively, and is reaping the benefit. His first matrimonial venture was with Mary Hay, and a subsequent ceremony found a New York widow, Mrs. Jessica Sergeant, as the bride.

RONALD COLMAN is, of course, English. Perhaps this explains the impression of extreme reserve that he gives in contrast to his demonstrative confreres.

When Irishman, who has given us so many delightful films, the whisper went forth, has he a wife? Now that is the sort of personal question that represents a total lack of breath when addressed to Ronald of the extreme reserve.

It is on record that he was "formerly married to Thelma Raye," of the English stage, but he is now regarded as one of Hollywood's eligibles, though one could hardly accuse him of placing himself on the matrimonial market.

His gallant war record has occasioned Hoot Hootbrook says: My Worcestershire Bance in the perfection of favour. Aye, it is the world's greatest appetizer.\*\*\*

an aura of romance at any suggestion of which he is deeply resentful. But the fact is that he was seriously wounded. He is actually close on, if not quite, six feet tall, but gives the impression of being shorter because the walks in such a way as to disguise a limp.

He is widely travelled, and there is an excellent story told of his experiences in the East, but no one even remotely connected with the Press has the slightest chance of eliciting the details of past, present or future exploits from Mr. Colman.

Ramon Novarro is simply dynamic, and an hour or so with the Mexican star is a truly entertaining experience. Despite his flashing eyes and generally exuberant portrayals on the screen, Ramon is widely read, and is never so happy as when quietly ensconced in his library, which includes classical works in English, French, Spanish and Italian.

At the advent of talkies, Ramon decided to realize his original ambition and made his operatic debut in "Tosca" in Berlin. If this move was intended as a precautionary measure against a failure on the talking screen, it was entirely unnecessary, and since that time we have had many successful numbers from him.

From the financial aspect his screen career has been most satisfactory, but not so his investments. He has lost a large fortune through unhappy speculation.

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

### CHRISTMAS ATTRACTIONS

FOUR of the long run houses are just entering upon new programmes, which will carry over Christmas. The Prince Edward presents a double bill of melodrama and detection, "The Torch Singer" and "Midnight Club." At the Plaza is "Stage Mother," the drama of a footlights career. "Paddy the Next Best Thing," and just the thing for children of all ages, is topping the bill at the State. The Civic, beginning its second Australian season, is showing "The Hayseeds."

### "STAGE MOTHER"

Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan (M.-G.-M.).

BACK-STAGE films are not much of a novelty by now. But this picture has a strong dramatic story and some excellent characterisation. Alice Brady draws a convincing portrait of a woman bred to the life of "the road" in the U.S.A. She loses her trapeze artist husband just before her child is born. Later, when she realises that her own career is ended, she devotes herself heart and soul to training her daughter to be a star. Maureen O'Sullivan, as a girl reluctant at times to undergo the strict discipline and sacrifice of private life that this entails, acts with charm. It is a pity that her voice is so much less pleasing than her dancing. Franchot Tone is the lover whom the mother's ruthless ambition succeeds in estranging for a time. Phillips Holmes endeavors to represent an English peer. He has worked hard at the speech, but has not mastered the deportment. He does not seem to know about raising his hat.

There is a very effective stage spectacle of the chorus dancing with the rainbow as a background for the "Rainbow Girl," in which Maureen O'Sullivan makes her Broadway hit. (Plaza)

### "THE HAYSEEDS"

Cecil Kellaway, Arthur Clarke, Shirley Dale. (Beaumont Smith).

AUSTRALIAN audiences want Australian films. There can be no doubt of that. And they are quite right, too! There is a special interest in seeing our own familiar landmarks, and our own people on the screen. We naturally enjoy watching Dad and Mum Hayseed being shown the sights of Sydney. When they try to scramble on to a Pitt Street tram they get our sympathy. All the same, it is unfortunate, for Australian productions, either through shortage of capital, or by reason of lack of time, fall below the technical standard of the average film from elsewhere. In the present instance the photography of the studio scenes appears to be handicapped by insufficient lighting, and the cutting seems not very expert.

The bucolic humor of Joe and Pansy is well enough of its kind, but it makes the hikers' ballet seem an incongruous



JOHN MOORE and Shirley Dale leading the hiking ballet in "The Hayseeds."

importation. Cecil Kellaway, as Dad, shows again how well he can render a character part of kindly humor. Katie Towers and Kenneth Brampton also are well in key. Some of the other actors would have benefited by stricter direction. (Civic Theatre).

### "PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING"

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter (Fox).

GOOD news for Janet Gaynor's fans. Here she is in fine form, working her well-practiced wiles in a picturesque setting of Ould Ireland. This sort of innocent tomboy part is much more suitable for her than masquerading as

a princess. Not that she gets away with the Irish accent. Her flat, metallic voice is incapable of any other inflections than those of her native land. But the speech of her father (Warner Connolly) and most of the minor characters has a satisfactory Irish lilt. This film is sheer sentimentality, of course. Well, sentimentality does no harm now and then, provided it is not indulged in too often, or to the extent reached by the young woman who here sings "Macushla," an excruciating performance. As for those impatient people who may long to give Paddy the wallowing that her father found himself unable to administer, they should know by now that you can have Janet Gaynor or real life, but not both together. Deep voiced Margaret Lindsay, with her rather wooden face, is an adequate foil to the twinkling and dimpling of her younger sister. Warner Baxter is an agreeable, Daddy-Long-Legsish hero. (Released at the State).

### "MIDNIGHT CLUB"

Clive Brook, George Raft, Helen Vinson (Paramount).

HERE is an excellent detective thriller. Clive Brook is the head of a group of well-connected jewel thieves who run a Night Club as a blind. That, you will say, has been done before. But wait. These people have devised an ingenious scheme by which exactly dressed and made-up doubles, drilled in their mannerisms, impersonate them in the club when they are on business and thus furnish them with an unassailable alibi against the suspicions of Scotland Yard. Baffled, the Chief Commissioner of Police arranges with Raft, a detective from U.S.A., to pose as a crook and join the alliance to get to know their secrets. The film closes on an edifying note of chivalry. Helen Vinson, who has let herself be taken while trying to save Raft, refuses to betray Brook, who has escaped. But to free her from the clutches of the law, Brook, always the gentleman, gives himself up.

Helen Vinson is not completely English in her intonations, and there is a very American exclamation at the moment when the lights go out in the ballroom. Otherwise the English atmosphere is very well maintained. How Helen Vinson could have preferred that "tough guy" Raft to the polished, charming Brook must remain a mystery!

### "THE TORCH SINGER"

Claudette Colbert (Paramount).

CLAUDETTE is the word to apply to Claudette Colbert's beauty. In this film she has achieved a languorous sweetness, heightened by her make-up, which reminds one of Marlene Dietrich. There is a similar suggestion, too, of smouldering fires and mockery. And the effect is reinforced by the pulsating emotional music used throughout. Put bluntly, this is sob-stuff about a poor, betrayed girl, who is forced to surrender her child; then, after she has become the most notorious and expensive cabaret singer in New York, mother love triumphs. The theme, however, is saved from crudity by the star's well-balanced performance, ably assisted by David Manners, as the man who comes back to reclaim her, and by Ricardo Cortez, who resigns in his favor.

It is unlikely that the notorious Mimi Benton, who on a sudden whim undertakes to be Aunt Jenny over the wire-les to all the little children of America, would not have been widely recognised. The quality of a voice it is practically impossible to disguise. However, that is picking holes in a story which hardly rests on probabilities. (Prince Edward)

### "THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS"

Benita Hume and Adolphe Menjou (Fox).

AFTER an interval Menjou comes again to the screen as the Man About Town. He is a millionaire in Paris, and a connoisseur of pretty women frequently elegant apartments and expensive restaurants. For some time he has been linked in an alliance, which does not include marriage, with Benita Hume, an English art student, who has deliberately gone gay and climbed to the top of her chosen profession. These scenes, and also the later scenes, when she has returned to Paris, are well done. It is in the middle that the film sags. Discovering a mutual boredom, the millionaire and his pretty lady decide to part, and she flits to America. There, held up by a train smash near a country town in Kansas, she falls in love with the local schoolmaster. Such a thing is not impossible for a woman of her type, but neither Benita Hume's acting, nor the direction, succeeds in making the episode convincing. Nor, it must be confessed, is Harvey Stephens, as the schoolmaster, a likely sort of man for the "worst woman in Paris" to go all romantic about.



# "BEAUTY Born of MURMURING SOUND" The Rising TRIO ... Overshadows Mode & Manners At Palm Beach Tea, Milk, Bread

**P**ALM BEACH, Sydney's famous seaside resort, once the happy hunting-ground of a few of Sydney's chosen rich and fortunate, is now in the throes of its summer season. Not quite in the throes, perhaps, for the great rush does not actually begin until Christmas Eve.

**P**ALM BEACH is no longer a place of Arcadian simplicity, of isolated loveliness, destitute of the "mod. cons." of civilisation.

Its loveliness remains, for its greatness must ever triumph over the changes wrought by man. But where, only a comparatively few years ago, the regular Palm Beach devotees could pass through thickly-forested bushland to the yellow sands, the residents now follow a formal road or track, pick their way through hundreds of cars parked along the asphalted road, and step either over or on a mass of humanity sunbaking on the seashore.

It is a sophisticated humanity in the main, with a "right thing at the right time" code.

There is a code of manners, a code of dress, a code of entertaining, a code of speech with seasonal fashions in the choice of slang, forms of salutation, and so on.

By these things are the genuine "Palm Beachers" known. They have their own particular pass-word, as it were.

If one fails to do the "right" thing at

## Seaside Fashions

SO far nothing ultra-modern in beach fashions has made its appearance at Palm Beach, but no doubt many modish ideas will be adopted by newcomers within the next few days.

Here are some of them: Cellophane sunshades, sailor suits with slacks and matching coats, wrap-over skirts, accompanied with matching floppy hats and bags that hold every surfing requisite, immense cretonne hats that act as sunshades, and "sheik" cloaks, composed of a straight piece of brightly-striped material and worn wrapped round the figure.

In Beach Rd., Mrs. Alan Box was living in the A. J. Horderns' home, and Signor and Signora Bianci (formerly Mona Edwardes, of Turramurra, and here on a two-months' holiday with hus-



PALM BEACH, nestling in the curve of the sea-shore.



PREPARED FOR THE SUN, but not shirking its fierceness. Left to right: Mrs. Dick Kirby, Mrs. A. Samuels, and Mrs. W. Hay.

THE billiard-room at "Moana," one of the modern homes in the "Village."

RIGHT: The residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. Peters, on the beach front.

—Photos by Women's Weekly.

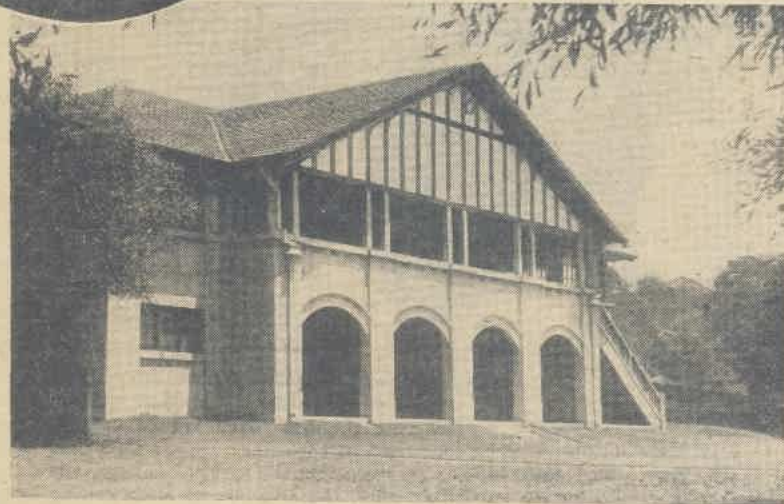
Palm Beach in the season one can be as much a frozen outsider as a boot-lugger at a prohibitionist rally.

This intimate circle is not as remote as it was. In the busy season, at any rate it is submerged in the vast hordes that invade the beaches, the people who come by motor cars, by motor lorries, or who form part of the camping community near the golf links or on the Pittwater side.

Cheaper and better transport facilities have robbed Palm Beach of its remoteness. The beach is now fringed with beautiful homes, complete with modern conveniences, and in many instances modern art.

But its golden sands and tree-studded hills, its turbulent or quiet sea, the nearby harbor with its myriad bays and inlets, will always invite lovers of the beautiful, and proffer charm and repose to those who seek its charm.

A VISIT to Palm Beach the other day at first led to the conclusion that there had been a sort of Mad Hatters' tea party, and everybody had "moved one place down."



band and four children in Mrs. Ingram's house. In Florida Rd. the Blacklands had vacated "Inglewood" in favor of a niece, Mrs. Downer; the Bill Hays' home was housing Doug. Levys, while Mrs. Hay was staying with Mrs. A. Samuels.

Afterwards, however, it was discovered that still a few remained in their own homes, such as the Laurie Posters, Mr. McKay, Dr. Keith Brown, Mr. L. S. Weldon, and the R. C. Hagons. Dr. Goddard was also "down." He is hoping to sell his Palm Beach residence, as he is building another at Bowral.

The Peters' home in Beach Rd. is one of the most outstanding. Mr. Peters, who is the engineer of Burrinjuck fame, bought the land long before he built the house. During the war years he considered it would not do to build, so the family camped on the land in a most complicated and wonderful system

of tents—tents which were far superior to most seaside cottages for comfort.

The McKays' home is particularly noted for its lovely garden, perfectly kept. The first frangipani grown at the Beach was in this garden.

Mr. Weldon, who owns "The Moorings," is so fond of gardening that he will even drive, after a rush day at the office, all the way to the Beach to plant a baby stagbush.

Previously, however, an even more romantic owner lived in "The Moorings," the late Mr. Walter Lipscomb. He had the nameplate of this, the first bungalow built at Palm Beach (by an American architect, with keynote to the chimney piece by Theo. Cowan), "moored" to a tree, not the fence, as it is at present, and the verandah not comfortably closed in as now with glass and awnings, but open to the four winds.

MRS. LAURIE FOSTER, with her mammoth cretonne sunshade.

Palm Beach has two little characteristics "originalities."

One is to name the Hill containing the homes of Doctors Goddard, Gordon Brown, and Bullmore "Pill" Hill, and to have nicknamed "Sunset Rise," "Spinners' Rise" because of Dr. Lucy Gullett, Miss Garran, and Miss Bowman (Mrs. Macarthur now) having residences there.

## REDUCES from 12st. 1 to 8st. 13 Without Diet or Exercise

at the rate of 5lbs. weekly

Without Diet or Exercise

WOMEN love to have the beauty of body—exquisite lines and ravishing limbs—like those possessed by Miss Alfreda Gray.

Thousands of women, and men, too, have lost their ugly surplus fat with YOUTH-O-FORM Tonic Reducing Capsules, and gained youth and health again, free from indigestion, rheumatism, constipation, uric acid, headaches, and many other ills.

This woman's report will interest other women who are too fat: "I have reduced wonderfully with YOUTH-O-FORM," she says. "Last January I weighed 12st. 1lb., and I am now 8st. 13lb. Some weeks I reduced 5 pounds, some weeks 3. I used to suffer terribly with uric acid, and could not raise my arms to do my hair. YOUTH-O-FORM has cured me completely. I haven't a twinge of pain now, and I feel twenty years younger."

WHAT CAUSES FAT?

Often people say, "Why should I be fat? I do not overeat." The fact is that many people assimilate too much fat from the food they eat, and so, in spite of diet and exercise, they continue fat. Women get fat often after motherhood, at about the age of 35, at "change of life," and after some operations. In man, obesity is just as troublesome, too, at middle age and after certain operations.

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YOUTH-O-FORM is the world-famous herbal medicine for obesity. Not only does YOUTH-O-FORM reduce ugly surplus fat, but its valuable herbal ingredients cure chronic rheumatism, indigestion, and constipation, too. YOUTH-O-FORM prevents the absorption of fat from your food, and the body uses up its own fat naturally, surely, and permanently. The fattest parts are reduced first, the normal parts remaining unaffected, so that if the fat is mostly round waist and hips, these are reduced first.

When normal weight is reached, YOUTH-O-FORM is discontinued, and a capsule taken occasionally afterwards, if necessary, to act as an antidote.

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Be sure and get genuine Youth-o-Form

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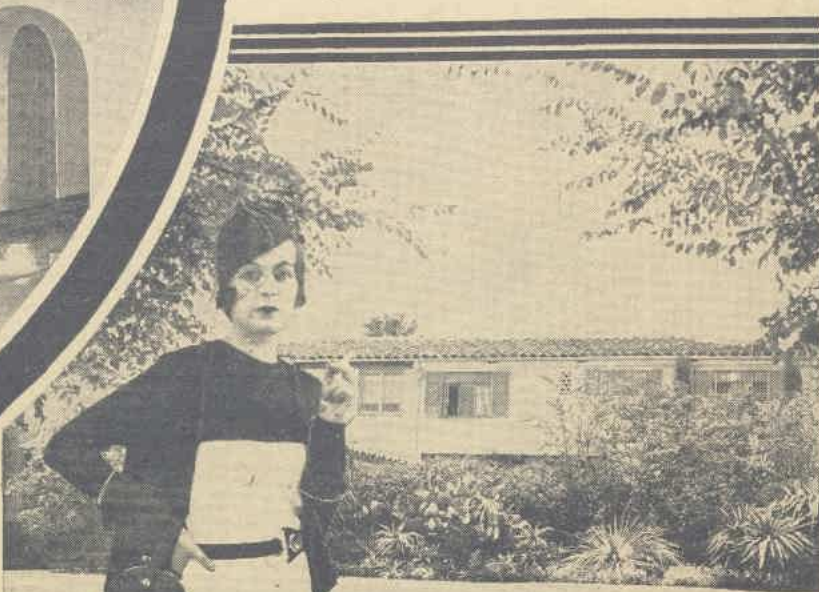


# Fashion Finds Expression in Four Nationalities!



● **VIENNA.** With a long, graceful tunic of white crinkle crepe and skirt of black, this typical Viennese costume has slimly-fitting sleeves, luxuriant fox furs, combining black and white, and a tiny black hat. The handbag is of that chaste design that bears the hallmark of superfine production.

● **PARIS.** Color contrast finds favor with the Parisienne, and a cape of original design forms a smart finish to her sleekly-belted gown. Her eye-veils flares provocatively round her face, and her handbag is a very recherche model in softly-gathered suede.



● **LONDON.** For the Englishwoman this tailored ensemble is the ideal outdoor wear. A blouse in silk of contrasting shade, and a hat that conforms to the tailored note, lend distinction to the whole.

● **NEW YORK.** Elaborate trimmings mark the smart American ensemble. Fully-puffed sleeves are gathered into an elongated cuff that caresses a slim wrist. A finely-tucked muslin hat of the "visor" mode, and an exaggerated shoulder-line, are the complement to her attire.

Models by courtesy  
David Jones Ltd.  
Women's Weekly Photo.

## From Paris and Vienna London and New York

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EVENING IN PARIS  
(Soir de Paris)

"THERE'S certainly distinction and a difference, too," said Miss Macdonald, on her return from a recent trip abroad, during which she visited the world's fashion centres.

"Personally I considered the Viennese women the smartest of all, but it is, I suppose, after all a matter of taste. In Vienna there are no big stores as we know them, just individual salons displaying the most delightful notions."

As the advertising manageress of one of the biggest stores in Australia to-day, Miss Macdonald is in a position to give an authoritative statement. She has chosen the costumes depicted

above by our photographer as typical of the vogue in the four different countries from which our fashions emanate.

To accentuate the national individuality, the same model has posed in each and yet looks entirely different in each of four pictures.

The Viennese women are slim and graceful and essentially conservative in their dress, yet they wear any ensemble with an air that marks it as something quite exclusive, even if it chance to be just the simplest morning frock. An indispensable adjunct to the toilette of the smart Viennese is a fox fur. She wears the new eye-veil fastened firmly round her head, just showing a glimpse of it at one side of a smart little hat.

The Parisienne dons her veil with an air that is distinctly provocative; as are all her clothes. Her shoes have tiny, very stumpy toes, while the Viennese prefers a slender, longish last.

For the American, the acme of chic is achieved by the addition of fullsome finishings, frills and flares and bows. Hats of sheerest muslin, set at an angle, have found favor in her eyes, and her make-up is extremely vivid.

Ever reserved and in complete contrast to the American, the Englishwoman dresses with the object of escaping, rather than exciting, public attention. The advice of the tailor is apparent in her ensemble, and her shoes, while they have sufficient heel to conduce grace of carriage, are designed on comfortable lines.



## PARIS . . . SNAPSHOTS

TWO more additions to the fancy glove situation—white pique gloves with flaring gauntlets that button on to two large buttons placed four inches above the wrist on the long sleeves of a black frock. New mitten gloves showing the fingers. They are short, made of colored crepe or kid, and often match the rest of the accessories. Long mittens in colored crepe for evening.

SOME smart Parisiennes are wearing gold and silver bracelets to match their metal trimmed frocks for both day and evening.

SCHIAPIARELLI shows the hookless frock, without any fastenings whatever. They have neck lines, belts and cuffs of elastic ribbon which stretches and allows them to be slipped on over the head.

ALMOST invisible yokes of flesh colored tulle are seen on Paris dinner frocks. They pretend to follow the high-necked evening mode.

# FASHION PARADE BY JESSIE TAIT. SKETCHED BY PETROV

## ELEGANCE and RICHNESS in STYLE, FABRIC and COLOR

—Says PARIS

### New Mermaid Silhouette for Evening Wear

PARIS has just shown the new clothes for next autumn and winter. Contrasting greatly to the fussy organdies and cottons of summer, the new fashions are permeated with elegance. They make women feminine, figure-conscious, they are rich and luxurious. For day wear the very exaggerated shoulder width has almost disappeared—furs are massed round the neck and over the chest—skirt lengths are about the same. All the interest centres around the neck and hem-necks are high up under the chin.

#### New Moulded Evening Gown

Clinging dresses of sumptuous gold and silver lame, rich brocades and

crepes embroidered with gold threads. Lustrous satins, some stiff as slipper satin, others supple and heavy. Thick, richly-colored velvets, rustling taffetas—these materials make the new evening gowns that outline the figure from bust to knee. Soft shoulder drapery, high necks pulled tightly across the front with completely naked backs, fullness starting at knee level, short peacock trains, absolute lack of detail between shoulder and knee, dark rich color; these are the outstanding points of the new evening fashions.

#### The Mode for Long Sleeves

Many evening frocks have long, tight sleeves. Jean Patou shows one with a slinky skirt and the front of the bodice high at the neck of black velvet, tight sleeves, wide at the armhole, are of sheer black organza. The organza forms what little bodice there is at the back.

Fish-tail, trained, dark, slim skirts are topped by sleeved bodices of gold

THE newest evening shoes in Paris are in a fine leather stencilled with either silver or gold lines. They look just like lame and are infinitely more practical.

lame. Fine pastel lace makes sleeves and yoke on velvet frocks of deep color.

#### Velvet and Satin a Good Combination

VELVET is successfully combined with satin. Augustabernard shows a moulded sheath of mauve satin, shoulder straps of purple velvet from the top of the shoulders come down the back and shape into a low V. They shape out under the arm and join the satin front at the side seams. There are a sash and bow of the velvet. Another frock is of clinging white satin with a double bias strip of black velvet standing up like a little fence, running across the neck and out over the shoulders.

#### The New Colors

Rich fabrics hang straight and follow the lines of the body, emphasising the shapely figure, the color and texture make the frock. Pansy blue, from pale to deep rich purple tone; water-lily green, a fresh clear green; verdigris; navy cut, a tobacco brown; blood-orange; fuchsias; blackberry, raspberry and mulberry; reddish browns; mauves and reddish purples; strawberry and hollyhock pink, deep reds and, as ever, black. These are the colors of next year's evening as well as day clothes. Two colors are used a great deal for one frock, for instance; raspberry sash on a violet blue or purple dress; silver lame sleeves on a black; blood-orange bodice on a tobacco brown skirt; water-lily green with blues and browns; hollyhock pink with blackberry or red.

#### Evening Coat

THE coats and cloaks to wear over these gorgeous dresses must match them in splendor. Schiaparelli has revived quilted taffeta, to be used for long coats and stiff military capes.

Long, clinging coats are made of lame, brocades and velvets; they, too, are high at the neck, the sleeves are full, but not so exaggerated as before; they touch the ground all round.

The coat contrasting boldly with the frock is often seen. A nasturtium orange coat over a brown dress, scarlet over black, purple over deep red.

These dark rich shades will be delightful to wear after the whites and pastels of summer—and they are so becoming.

#### Styles from Paris

NEW fashion points for evening in the latest Paris fashion show the salient points of some of the leading designers' displays were as follows:

**Augustabernard:** Richness of material several lines, princess with ruffles on the shoulders, three-quarter flounce on skirt, entire dresses in lame, decollete, high in front and low in back, tightly draped skirts with fullness at knees; very dressy two-colored gowns, pink satin and red velvet, royal blue crepe embroidered with motifs of green beads.

**Marcel Rochas:** Extremely tight fitting frocks with trains, open in front or on the side showing the legs, high necklines in front, very low-necked back, long tight sleeves; long streamers from shoulder to ground lengthen the silhouette; gold lame bodices on velvet skirts.

**Jean Patou:** By judicious cutting the skirts fit tightly from the top of the leg and most of the fullness comes from the back; the bodices, draped in front up to the neck, leave the back and shoulders bare; much fullness coming from the hem.

**Dormoy:** Straight, tight to mid-leg evening gowns; bodices composed of two colors; fur used as shoulder straps.

**Worth:** Sumptuous evening gowns tight fitting; all low at the back and accompanied by a short jacket of the same material; velvets, heavy satins, lames, figured velvets.

**Schiaparelli:** Straight evening gowns very tight fitting, noble skirt open at the side or with fullness very low down; wide sashes tied in bows at the waist; yoke and long sleeves in fine lace on velvet frocks.



From left to right: A sheathlike gown made entirely of gold lame. One shoulder is held by a huge diamond clip. The fullness starts at the knee. Dress of ice blue satin, moulded tightly to the figure. A self-color sash swathes round the waist, and the ends form a train at the back. The back and front decollete is unusual. Frock in the new blackberry shade of satin.

The overdress gives a tunic effect, while the skirt underneath is pleated. Two jewelled rings are the only ornament. Two huge ostrich-feather boas give the new "chesty" silhouette; they cross in front and tie at the back. The dress, which has a slight train, is of brown ring velvet, and the frathers turquoise blue. Dress showing the new long sleeves for evening.

The brocade in pink, blue, and silver forms the front bodice, sleeves, and yoke at back; a flared upstanding frill comes round the back of the skirt—above it is bare back. The skirt is pink crepe. Dress of stiff black taffeta showing the new silhouette tight to the knees. Yards and yards of accordion-pleated black and pink taffeta trim the swirling skirt.



## New SLIMMING Treatment REJUVENATES AS IT REDUCES!

Fat is dangerous as well as ugly. It is also mostly unnecessary. Kathleen Court, now offers overweight people the most effective reducing treatment ever devised. No one, knowing the composition of the Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment, has one seeing the grateful letters I have had from users could doubt it. One lady, writing to the manager of a leading Auckland (N.Z.) Department Store, says:—"Dear Sir, I wish to inform you how very beneficial I have found Kathleen Court's Reducing Tablets. Since having taken a month's treatment I have reduced without keeping strictly to diet and have never felt in better health. You may use this letter for advertising purposes, as I would like others to have the benefit. Yours faithfully, M.A."

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PHOTO: KATHLEEN COURT BY "BASIL," LONDON

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out of 100  
suffer to  
some extent

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## SYDNEY'S Festival FORTNIGHT

Melbourne is not to be alone in its centenary celebrations next year.

THE Citizens of Sydney Organising Committee, realising that the Centenary is an occasion of national importance, has arranged to co-operate in the festivities by holding a Sydney Festival Fortnight. This is fixed for the last week in November and the first week in December of 1934.

Arrangements have already begun, and the fortnight promises to be even brighter and more spectacular than the Sydney bridge-opening festivities, or the Venetian Carnival or gala day for which this committee was previously responsible.

THE whole of one day is to be devoted to a floral pageant. Flowers are to predominate in all social functions, balls, and entertainments that evening.

The streets are to be gay with bedecked floats illustrative of the characteristics of each municipal district. Primary industries are to be picturesquely depicted on floats, as well as music and historical events. Leaders of women's sports are already promising their co-ordination.

SUCH an event, naturally, would not be completed without the background of Sydney Harbor. It is rumored that the Sydney Harbor Trust is willing to



MISS MOLLY SHAKESPEARE, a charming Wellington (N.S.W.) girl, who has been enjoying a holiday with friends at Vaucluse. She is a niece of Mr. T. M. Shakespeare, M.L.C.

—Howard Harris

illuminate the permanent features of the harbor, and that fireworks may be used. A romantic atmosphere is to be given to the whole by a Venetian Carnival and ball, to which guests are to be conveyed by means of picturesque barges and gondolas.

Practically every form of organization in Sydney and leading cities in the State are offering their support. Naval units from the warships in port are to parade, pipe, wind, and brass bands are to play, surf life-saving clubs may hold a "Beach Day." 56 Mayors have been asked for their support, the Roskill race meeting is to be held in the last week, aero clubs of Australia are to demonstrate their dexterity, and a world's sculling championship is being arranged.

To enlist the co-operation of all prominent forces and associations the organising committee has arranged for a public meeting at the Sydney Town Hall for December 14.

### Exhibition of Pictures

Unusual interest has been aroused in the display of pictures at the new Academy Salon, in Gowing's Buildings, Market and George Sts., Sydney, and some of the outstanding exhibits have been quickly snapped up by art connoisseurs.

Works that have been purchased include "The Bathers" (J. E. Watkins), "Golden Days" (late A. Henry Fullwood), Rustel (G. Lyall Trindall), "Glowing Day" (Tom Garrett), and some works by the late G. W. Lambert.

### Cookery Book

A new cookery book with many excellent tested recipes has just been issued by the N.S.W. Congregational Women's Association.

It was first published by the South Australian Association, but has since had several recipes added to it by N.S.W. members.

It is being sold to raise money for the Congregational Home Mission work.



MRS. R. T. BALL

## Auxiliary President Retires

MRS. R. T. BALL, who has been associated with the Sydney Hospital Auxiliary for the past seven years, has resigned active membership, and at Winn's Restaurant on Monday her fellow-workers accorded her a farewell party.

Mrs. Ball has held the three most important offices of the auxiliary—hon. treasurer, hon. secretary, and president for the last two years. She has been an indefatigable worker, and the auxiliary has achieved great success under her able direction.

At Monday's party, which was arranged by members of the auxiliary, the Northbridge centre, and the Coogee Younger Set, Mrs. O. R. Winn presented Mrs. Ball with a cut glass dressing-table set, and Mrs. E. D. Findlay made a gift of flowers.

## Jewish Women Plan for Conference

THE National Council of Jewish Women of Australia is planning to hold its third biennial conference next November in Melbourne. Delegates from England, America, South Africa, Palestine and Canada have been invited.

As a "Women's Week" in connection with the Melbourne Centenary celebrations is being fixed for November, 1934, the Jewish Council is endeavouring to hold its conference a week before that. About 200 women are expected to attend.

Racial, national and all subjects pertaining to women are to be discussed. The problem of German-Jews and the alleviation of their distress, and the self-improvement of Australian Jewish women, especially by means of education, are matters to be closely considered.

Dr. Fanny Reading, president of the Council, will preside at the conference.

## DON'T ... FORGET

FATHER NEPTUNE will disembark from a speedboat to present Christmas gifts to children of members of the Royal Motor Yacht Club at their party on December 15.

AT Mark Poy's on December 16 a dinner dance will be given by the ex-students of Parramatta High School in honour of Mr. W. L. Atkins, R.A., headmaster for the past 21 years, who is retiring shortly. About 500 ex-students, whose school days range throughout the past 21 years, have signified their intention of being present. Ex-students are invited to bring Miss G. Crouson, secretary, B5406, for further particulars.

THE Balm and District Hospital Appeal Committee is arranging a function at the Sydney Town Hall for December 18. There will be a drawing ceremony and presentation of prizes in connection with the hospital and Balm Balm Queen Competition, and a program arranged by Miss Josephine Marks, B5194.

THE Smith Family is having a Sunday night performance on December 17 at the Prince Edward Theatre, and a midnight performance the following week.

ON December 20, at the Ashfield Town Hall, a Christmas revue, "Christmas Belles," will be presented by members of the "Belles and Beaux" Quilt and Sewing Society Company. Proceeds to Christmas charity appeals.

A CHILDREN'S fancy dress party, arranged by the Dalwood Social Committee, will be held at the Wentworth on December 23, when Santa Claus will appear in person. For reservations ring BW2454.

THE Croydon United Australia Party Younger Set will hold a Christmas revel at the Croydon Masonic Hall on December 30, under the patronage of the Premier and Mrs. Stevens.

### FANCY COSTUMES

PRIZE WINNERS for the Children. Stylish Dress, Dinner Suits Hired. New Corporation Robes. Lists Posted. 91 Philip St. Phone: B1197. SHAW.

## Good for them



THE two people you love most in the world... but they require a lot of care! A lot of worry to make separate meals for them... separate sweets. But that is not necessary if you make Hansen's Junket. Light, easily digested, delicious—Hansen's Junket is good for them both! Demand Hansen's—don't accept inferior substitutes.

Junket, Plain or with Sauce.

Prepare plain junket as directed on Hansen's Junket Tube. Chill. When ready to serve, give it to Baby as it is. Give it to Him with chocolate sauce. Chocolate Sauce: Mix 2½ tablespoons cocoa and ½ cup sugar with ½ cup milk. Cook slowly for 10 minutes and cool.

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A SOFT, rounded bust, and the charming curves so essential to-day are quickly developed from flat-chested thinness. My system is safe, strictly confidential, and sure. Needs no wearisome exercise, no medicine to take and no dieting. RESULTS ARE PERMANENT.

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# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

**F**RENSHAM has just had a crazy pavement built and believe me the cost of these things is terrific.

Mrs. J. Prentice, president of the New Zealand Women's Association, being a member of the Black family, was a bell-ringer in her youth?

Marie Holmes can, and does, read hands?

Audrey Connell lies in bed daily until noon?

Shiela Anderson flashes through town in a red car?

## Adore Dancing

**H**AVING built their Bellevue Hill home round the ballroom, which is perfectly floored and has a harbor view, the C. T. Stephens find any excuse good enough for a party, and Christmas a specially good one.

Dancers there on Saturday included three recent brides and their grooms, the Sabine Paisleys, the Frank Hartys, and the Charles Pages. Mrs. Doyle and husband Cyril (who has just won £100 in a competition), Frank Harris, Marjorie Simpson, Phil Kesteven, Faith Raymond, Denys Radford, Ronald Henderson, and Mary Stone-Wigg were others present.

## Hard to Decide

**M**R. W. G. LAYTON was so carried away by the sight of his in-laws painting the gate at "Ecclesbourne" last week, that he thought he would paint his own gate at "Mundarra," a little lower down the street. He also thought that he wouldn't mind selling "Mundarra," though he would hate to leave the garden, a beauty spot made by himself.

If he decides to sell to an appreciative buyer, he and Mrs. Layton will live in a flat, and for garden they will have the consolation of the "shack" at Blaxland, with its 1000 rose bushes and tens of thousands of daffodils.

## "Country Minded"

**M**OST of us would think a home at Lindfield, with garden containing a great variety of New South Wales wild flowers, sufficiently countryfied, but Mr. E. C. Somerlad, a Country Party M.L.C., is so "country minded," that he has just bought a beautiful new home at Leura in addition.

Mr. Somerlad revisited his birthplace, Tenterfield, last week, which he left twenty-six years ago.

## Missed Her Party

**M**ARGARET HODSON was unfortunately not too well last week, and had to be kept in bed for a few days, even missing the "Doonee" party, at which she was to have been guest of honor. Her mother will probably either accompany her back to England, or visit her there next year.

## An Artist's Lament

**C**UPID is certainly working overtime this Christmas. All very well for brides and grooms, but one impecunious artist would be very pleased to ring young Cupid's neck.

Asked to a "posh" party on Saturday, he wandered into Sydney's leading costume-hiring establishment for "tails"—only to find they were every single one out on hire to wedding guests.

## "Warmed" New Ballroom

**B**EFORE leaving for Newport, where they will spend Christmas on board their launch, the W. C. Mansfields gave a party in their new ballroom (designed by cousin John, all windows and marvellously airy and with exquisite views of garden and harbor) at their Point Piper home on Saturday.

Supper was laid in the courtyard, among masses of hydrangeas, lighting coming from bulbs on the tennis court. The 80 dancers included Mary and Ralph Mansfield, Lesley Eales, Mollie Brearley, Naomi Williams, Betty Higgins, Lois Basil-Jones, Marjorie Bunce, Keith Storey, Reg. Robson, Ruthven Blackburn, John Stacey, and Bob Booth.

## Inherits Musical Talents

**M**R. AND MRS. BECK DALEY have returned to Australia for Christmas with their two small daughters, Patricia and Honour. Patricia inherits her mother's love and gift of music. Mrs. Daley's songs have been sung by Peter Dawson and John Brownlee during recent concerts.

Under the pen-name of Edith Harry, she writes mainly about Australian birds and animals.



## Guaranteed by Governor

**MRS. ALAN CLUNIES-**

**ROSS**, who is a daughter of Prof. "Jummy" Wilson, was appointed lecturer in Psychology to the first year students at the University last year, to the second years this year, and next year is to lecture to the third years. She finds her former anthropological studies a great help.

Camilla Wedgwood, who has just been appointed lecturer in Anthropology for two terms, has been doing research work in New Guinea wilds for some months past. She would probably not have done this work but for Sir Philip Game's assurances. Her father became anxious as to its possible dangers, and sent word from London to ask was it safe.

The Governor visited the National Research Council in person, and was able to assure his friend Colonel Wedgwood that his daughter would be well looked after.

## Loved Japan

**MRS. LESLIE DAVIS**,

just returned from Europe and the East, is in a flat at the "Astor" until the tenants leave her home in Fullerton Rd., Woollahra. She especially loved her stay in Japan, where she was just in time to see the chrysanthemum shows, where single plants will be cut to form Geisha girls, warriors, and other complicated objects.

She was also much impressed by the fact that whereas in China men and women are constantly together, even holding hands in the pictures, like any Europeans, in Japan she was the only woman present when her husband's business friends entertained, the women being strictly kept in the background.

In London, Mrs. Davis met Mrs. Brasch, sister of Mrs. S. S. Cohen, who was then leaving for the Riviera, after which she was to visit Sydney.

## Met Many Old Friends

**PEGGY BULLMORE**,

perhaps partly because she did a course to train as a mannequin when abroad, has arrived home looking very fit. She met many Australians abroad, particularly in Jersey, where she was the guest of Mr. Hewson, also well known in Sydney.

At Jersey, to go to a party was "just like walking into a Sydney drawing-room," for guests included Sir Alexander and Lady MacCormick and Morna (just recovered from an illness), Mrs. John Collins (Margaret Hagon), Mrs. Sep Allison, Mrs. Sam McCaughey (Riverina), and Herbert Maitland, who was just off to a very good job with an oil company in Bagdad.

## Must Suffer To Excel

**JOYCE BEAZLEY** writes

that she has just had her voice "tried out" by one of London's foremost teachers, who is exceedingly taken with it. She says that not even many of her professional pupils have such a splendid gift.

While Joyce is naturally delighted with this praise, she is not so pleased at being told she must entirely give up late nights and to take a long tramp every morning before breakfast if she wants to have a career.

## In Time for Christmas

**ON** Monday everyone at

Government House was very excited, the reason being the arrival from abroad of a very good-looking, nice, and extremely eligible young man in the person of Lady Murray's son, Captain Vernon, late of the Indian army.

## Combined Farewell

**AS** a farewell to Professor and Mrs. MacDonald Holmes, who leave for a holiday abroad in a few days, also to farewell Professor and Mrs. Dawson, who will leave for Europe in the new year, Dr. and Mrs. Silverton gave a dance at their Vauchuse home on Saturday evening.

Those present included Prof. and Mrs. Fawsitt and Beatrice, Dr. and Mrs. Jeremy, Prof. and Mrs. Dakin, Mrs. Mollie Grey, Major and Mrs. Edgar Booth, Drs. S. J. Bridges, C. M. Taylor, Rex Money, Kempson Maddox, A. Cunningham, and Stenning, Laura Chaffey, Professor Lambie, and the Professor's sister, who, with her father and mother, is in Sydney on a rush six-weeks' visit from Scotland.

## Cheery in Spite of Weather

**AT** Gloria Terry's party at the Pioneer Club last week her mother, Mrs. Claude Terry arranged the flowers, sent by Lady Fuller from Bowral, in her usual inimitable manner. Gloria looked very handsome in a large brown hat with a guipure crown, which she said she had intended wearing, no matter what the weather.

Mr. E. W. Fenner, too, was clad in a suit such as one wears in Fiji, although he did have an umbrella. Sure enough, before the afternoon was over, down came the rain! Mr. Fenner did the Sir Walter Raleigh act, and escorted the guests, one by one, under his brolly, to their cars.

## Proud of Her Husband

**WHILE** Mr. A. Joseph was telling on Saturday of how his fourteen-year-old son had lowered a tennis record, and Mr. C. Hollander of his cricketer son, Mrs. David Gregory said that although it is usual for parents to think their sons wonderful, she herself was that day even more proud of her husband than on the day she married him.

The occasion was a parents versus schoolboys cricket match, and Mr. Gregory, who is a brother of the famous Jack, made top score with sixty.

## Gold Fever

**"YOU** know what men are — if they hear the slightest whisper of gold anywhere, they have to be trying to get it," says Mrs. Ralph Hornidge, one of last year's brides, whose husband has departed for the Mudgee district, leaving her a grass widow.

## LOOKING AT LIFE.

—By Drift.





# Making HUBBY Pay the DRESS BILLS

Law For Women  
By a Lawyer

Husbands who like paying dress bills for their wives are rare. Most of them pay up and grumble.

Some attempt to avoid payment by inserting in the columns of the Press a notice to the effect that they will not be responsible for any debts contracted in their names without their written authority.

THEY carefully conceal the fact from their wives, in order to teach them a lesson when the time comes. That won't let them out, though many seem to think that it ends the matter. If a lesson does come out of it, it won't be for the wife.

A husband is bound to supply his wife with the necessities of life suitable to her station. What comes strictly under the heading of necessities will vary with the circumstances of each case. Determination of the point presents one of the instances, which some deem rare in the law, where common sense may be used.

For instance, an ermine stole, valued at £100, would not be considered a necessity for Mrs. John Smith, wife of a humble clerk, who regularly draws his £9/18/4 per fortnight, her round of social activities being limited to bridge

at one penny per hundred, and the meetings of the Mothers' Guild, held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Smith, however, would be bound to provide her with something like a good serviceable velvet, marked at £2/19/11, to protect her from the rigor of winter and to preserve her well being.

Should a tradesman provide her with one of these, or any ordinary article of clothing, or with food and send the bill on to Smith, he would have to pay up.

The law says that, for the purpose of supplying herself with necessities, a wife who is living with her husband, is the agent of her husband, and he is as much liable for the price of goods supplied to her as if he ordered them himself.

If, however, a husband can show that

he has already provided his wife with necessities, or the money to pay for them, he cannot be made to pay again. He has already discharged the obligation that the law imposes upon him.

He may expressly forbid his wife to pledge his credit, and she is then no longer his agent. If she obtains goods on credit after this, she is misleading the person who supplies them, and the price cannot be recovered from the husband.

Also, if a husband has told Mr. A—not to supply goods to his wife on credit, and Mr. A—does so, he cannot recover from the husband, because he knew at the time that the wife ordered them that she was not the agent of her husband.

If the husband and wife are living apart, she has no power to bind him. The husband could only be made responsible to a party supplying goods to the wife on credit, if by his own conduct or words he had led them to reasonably believe that the wife had power to bind him.

There are many ways in which a husband may make it difficult for his wife to manage, but it requires more than the mere notice in the paper upon which so many rely.

## CARD TABLE Manners

By FRANK CAYLEY, Our Bridge Writer

Nothing annoys me so much as to sit down at the bridge table with players who continually nag. They are always in the right and their unfortunate partners have a ghastly time; so, for that matter, do their opponents.

It is an amazing thing to note how many otherwise charming people become boorish and ill-tempered over a game of cards. Note that I say A GAME of cards—unfortunately the modern tendency is to treat bridge as a religion.

I have never in my whole experience met any first-class players who took bridge seriously. That is to say, they never desired to sit down with long gloomy faces and play the session in grim silence. Good players laugh and joke. They know that "Bridge is a game," and they are out to enjoy themselves.

Of course there are limits, but if you are not going to have a lot of fun every time you sit down to the table, then don't play bridge. In fact, I will go further and say that you are not fit to play bridge.

I wonder how long it will take people to learn that it is a serious breach of etiquette to betray by word, expression or gesture that some play of your partner's is unsuitable to you? I think 50 per cent. of card players are guilty of this fault.

Again we find the player who bids after lengthy deliberation when his

holding is satisfactory or passes after lengthy deliberation when it is a border-line hand, but who will say "no bid" without sorting his cards when his hand is very weak.

Some time ago I was shown a humorous list of "revised" rules for bridge. I am afraid some people must have read these rules and taken them seriously. You watch the next time you go to a club.

### Revised Rules of Bridge

(1) Pick up your cards as dealt—one by one. You will then be in readiness to bid ahead of the others.

(2) When you have a poor hand signal immediately by saying, "Who dealt this mess?"

(3) Lead from your own hand or dummy as convenient.

(4) Never hurry. Try several cards to a trick until you are sure which one you prefer. This secures the admiration of your friends. You'll make a mistake if you hurry and you don't want their sympathy.

(5) Occasionally ask what are trumps and say, "How many did I go?" It will show that you are interested in the game.

(6) Walk round the table when you are dummy and look at the other hands. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can make if they play correctly.

(7) Always ask your partner why he did not return your lead. This will remind him to do so when he gets in again.

(8) When defending, if your partner has called a spade, lead the lowest card of another suit. A lot of fun is created by being strikingly unconventional.

(9) Forget your partner's lead. He

Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne  
Liquid Bath Salts.  
Exquisite and so refreshing. 1/6 to 18/-



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Mitcham Lavender Complexion Soap, keeps the skin soft and beautiful. 9d., 1/3, 1/9.

INEXPENSIVE  
GIFTS  
for her. . .



Even in these athletic days a girl's swimming is not always her long suit.

probably led at random. Be guided solely by the cards in your own hand.

(10) Leisurely fingering your cards, count in an undertone two or three times the possible number of tricks in each suit, before bidding. It is your duty to give your partner as much information as possible.

(11) Play from your own hand and dummy simultaneously, covering one card with the other and both with your hand. This adds to the fun of the game. Bridge players as a class are too sedate.

(12) Don't ask your partner, "Having no more—?" it calls attention to his revokes.

(13) The penalty for a revoke is not severe. Your last trump card should be retained as a card of entry to establish another suit. It is possible to make 4 or 5 extra tricks by this method.

(14) After the third round lay your hand on the table and say, "The rest are mine." This may not be a fact, but it's much easier to play with all the cards on the table.

(15) In the event of serious failure smartly gather all the tricks and say "one down" or "just there." Your opponents may be asleep.

(16) Never leave the spare pack lying about the table. Pick it up, shuffle it and put it aside. Anywhere will do.



# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



NE thing about Christmas, it does give one an excuse to say one is too busy when anyone asks one to do anything.

How do they know that one is having the time of one's life with all these Christmas parties, but wouldn't be seen dead killing oneself shopping for anybody before Christmas Eve, having learned by experience that everyone always forgets something and has to shop then, anyway.

EVERYTHING that opens and shuts occurred at Scots College Fete on Saturday, the playing fields being filled with bagpipes, firemen with their singlets all showing, fencing and sabre experts, a sheep (to have its weight guessed), Lionel Bibby, arms expert, whom we hope will never put us on the spot; a sideshow consisting of great clumps of balloons; a model of the proposed school hall, made by schoolboy Jack Edwards; some stalls, and hundreds of Scots' supporters.

The air at about 4.30 p.m. became filled with three old boys in Aero Club planes, saluting their friends. Mr. J. O. Vines, hon. organiser, said that only because all the water had been apparently drained off Rose Bay that afternoon was he prevented from chartering several battleships as well to amuse everyone.

PERHAPS the most interesting sideshow was the liquid air display, where we learnt that it is always raining somewhere, and that a tank 400 miles square



THIS IS Lydia Jean Masters, known to her friends as "Billie," whose marriage to Captain O. F. Carter will be celebrated by the Dean of Sydney at St. Andrew's Cathedral on December 23.

by 10 ft. deep would be needed to hold the water that falls daily on the earth's surface, also that leather is the only substance not affected by liquid air, and nobody knows why.

Those present, whose help will go towards building a new assembly hall on Scottish baronial lines, but with abower baths and gym, too, included Mr. J. B. and Winnie and Miss, Mr. Alan Cunliffe-Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Royce, Mrs. Ben Edye, Mrs. A. H. Hunt, Mrs. G. Saywell, the French master's daughter, Joyce Staehli, who had an eleventh birthday party in the refreshment room; Muriel Bourne, B.A., one of the most capable waitresses in the same room; Mrs. Felix Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay Sim, Mrs. Bruce Ryrie, and Dr. F. S. Booth, an old Scots boy, with two boys at his old school at present.

LET'S ask Lady Kelso King to lend us "Quambi." I'm sure she would—she's on the committee," said Mrs. George Earp at the meeting at her home to start a Woollahra Branch to aid the Crown Street Women's Hospital, last week. "What's the matter with this place?" said Mr. Layton, playfully kicking up a corner of the carpet. "I've been to some jolly dances here!" Finally, nothing was settled about the dance, although it was decided to hold a bridge party at "Highgate" next year, after everyone had returned from their holidays.

Mrs. Earp was elected president, Mrs. Sly vice-president and Mrs. Maurice Gelson secretary. Dr. E. Ludowici spoke about the hospital, although it was Mr. Layton who told of the woman who was so fond of it that she visited it 18 times, and every time she had a baby there.

MRS. J. J. C. BRADFIELD, who opened the Exhibition of Stitches at "Liberty's" on Monday, says that she is lucky not to be concealed, for she would have many a nasty fall if she were. When she said to a friend that she had nothing she could enter in the exhibition, her friend said: "Oh, why don't you enter that piece of antique stitchery you have—you know, the one you did when you were a child?"

On another occasion she was showing a friend a snap of the first car to cross the Bridge. "Who is that good-looking boy in the back seat?" asked the friend. "My son," was the reply. The friend looked thoughtful, then said: "He isn't at all like you, is he?"

MARJORIE CUNLIFFE-JONES, of the Dramatic Circle, was the hit of the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club's Christmas party last week, and Mrs. J. H. Jackson (vice-president) was the hit of the Christmas dinner this Wednesday, for, to offset turkey and plum pudding in a heatwave climate, she donated a fan to every member present.

The clubrooms were decorated in hydrangeas and Christmas bush, and those present, who played bridge afterwards, included Mrs. G. S. Warburton, Mrs. J. H. Hammond, Mrs. F. H. Jackson, Mrs. A. Longworth, Misses M. Littlejohn, Rosalie Locke, M. Rees, I. Littlejohn, B. Mitchell, and A. Aspinall.



MRS. GEOFFREY SLADE, with her children Lorraine and David. Returning from a cruise of Noumea recently, Mrs. Slade decided to leave Sydney again in four days in order to meet her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell, at Colombo. During Mrs. Mitchell's visit to Europe she named a new Burns Philp liner.

ALTHOUGH she is thoroughly domesticated as well as being an artist, Mrs. A. J. Brown, who, with her husband, is exhibiting at the "309" library in George Street, wasn't too pleased when her maid "walked out" the day before her show opened.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the show are the maps Mr. and Mrs. Brown do, either of tours they themselves have done, or, under commission, tours of other people, since they are so seldom seen in such exhibitions. There are some very attractive pastels, a medium neglected, since Ashton's heyday, and some pencil drawings which Mr. Albert Collins said that someone (rumor says it is Mr. James McDonald) who "knows" considers the best efforts of their kind in Australia. Mrs. Brown's work includes some obviously life-like miniatures, embroidered dress-lengths and Old English quilting, and Mr. Brown's couple of strong and rather merciless looking studies of the Bridge.

MOLLIE HARRIS, who has just announced her engagement to Raymond Johns, of "Avondale," Baan Baas, is off to visit her fiancé's people for Christmas. Having spent many years in Maitland, where her father was district surveyor, and being keen on riding, and an active member of the younger set of the Country Women's Association, the thought of married life on a station has no terrors for Mollie.

ALTHOUGH he has not himself "cut" one rehearsal, most of his cast of nearly seventy cannot say the same, and after months and months of "Cyrano de Bergerac" Dr. Cardamatis is now busy preparing to breathe a sigh of relief at its presentation to the public on Saturday. That it has caused turmoil in his family life, taken years off his own life, and turned his hair grey, we gather, but few of the minor haves it has wreaked.

This is what the doctor says, but we don't believe it for a minute, being quite sure he revels in it just as much as those enthusiasts who have been spending

eight months rehearsing how to walk across a stage and say two lines. And how about the very kind offer of free medical advice which we hear the doctor has made to every member of the cast?

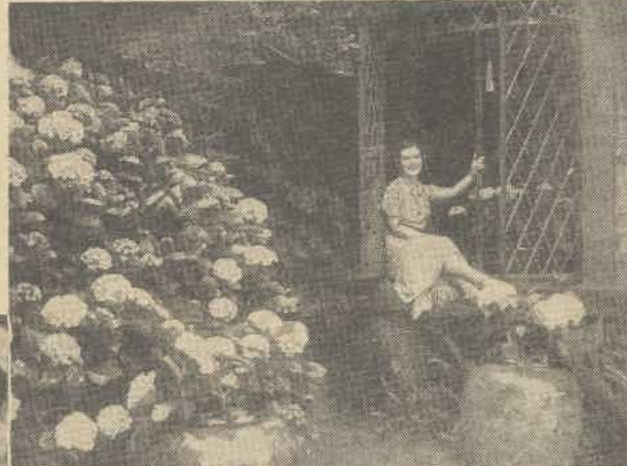
BRYANT'S PLAYHOUSE was "House full" last week when fond parents gathered to see their "Doonee" school-children burst forth as actresses—and artists, too, for the programmes were designed and painted really very cleverly by them.

The young actresses, who proved themselves exceptionally talented (Mr. Eales, a French woolbuyer in the audience, said he had never heard such perfect French from schoolgirls), included Rosemary Game, who as "Ireen, a wicked servant," wore a black wig and poured herself forth in a tirade against the upper

daughter, is to marry Howard Hutchinson in London on December 23.

Dorothea, who is a B.A. of Sydney University, left on a holiday trip to Europe a couple of years ago, meeting her fiancé, who is a B.Arch. of Queensland University, on the boat. The bride and groom will probably take a flat in London for about a year, when they hope to return to Australia.

Mr. Arthur James (known to his family as Jack, and his friends as Jim-



A WINDOW at "Brooksby," Double Bay, forms the setting for Wilma Bayly in this attractive picture. "Brooksby" was formerly the home of Mrs. Roy Chisholm (Molly Little) and it was here that the Prince of Wales went frequently to partake of afternoon tea and his favorite strawberry jam.

—Women's Weekly photo.

mie), an Oxford Undergrad., has been asked to be best man.

SAW JUDY BURLEIGH on Monday night having a cooling milkshake after an evening in the "gods" at "Tout Paris."

THE "Strathaird" brought back to Australia Mrs. Allan Innes, of Salomoa, after being abroad on one of those holidays that many of us long for and dream about. England, Scotland, and the Continent, names of places, people and events familiar to most of us have been included in all her letters from overseas, and no doubt she will have lots of interesting details to fill in when she returns to her island home.

ANN O'CONNOR, who was a pupil of Miss Lottie Edwards for the piano at the same time as Sir Walter Davidson's Diana and Daphne, was invited last week to assist with her old school's orchestra (Loretto, Normanhurst).

She went straight on from a cocktail party, which was quite a change, as she was told that she must wear only white garments, and must remove all traces of lip-stick or other aids to beauty before entering the school precincts.

AS the Sydney Literary and Dramatic Society played to a "house full" audience when it presented "Modern Youth" at the Emerson Hall in October, the performance is to be repeated on December 18. The Society's Christmas revel is to be held at the Toril Cafe on the Wednesday following, at which Gordon McColl, Joan Bateson, Elaine Wickens, Norman Wright, John Read, and Hilton Read hope to be present.

LADY STOREY, the president, invited members of the Forum Club committee to tea on Monday, cleverly arranging the musical programme so that it was all over before tea, and nobody had to rush away in the middle of it—unusual in Philistine Sydney.

Many farewells were spoken at the party, including those to Mrs. Geo.

Therfall, who, however, is only going to change from Turramurra to Manly for the next few months, and to Eleanor Ieeton Smith, whose mother is busy accompanying her round the shops to buy the necessary garments for one about to holiday with Chief Justice Sir Herbert and Lady Nicholls in Tasmania.

MRS. HALSE ROGERS' daughter, Lorraine, to her great delight, has inherited her mother's gift for music. She has just won one of the prizes in the examinations held by the Associated Board, Joyce Noble, a fellow pupil of Miss Lottie Edwards, has won the Hugh McMenamin Scholarship, and Pat Ross has taken the highest marks in N.S.W.

## Time flies... order your new holiday frock TODAY!

To be sure of getting your new frock for the Christmas holidays you should not fail to order it right away. Don't run the risk of having to go away without the new dresses you are wanting. Remember, the closer we get to Christmas the busier we are. Send now for free patterns and self-measurement forms.

Unique individual service  
offered by L.L. Coles Fashions

By taking advantage of the specialised service offered by L.L. Coles you can have frocks made to your own measure at surprisingly low cost. Thousands throughout Australia are using this service... you, too, can benefit. Should you be dissatisfied with your dress, return it, and we guarantee to refund your money.

Smart fashionable frocks  
to your own  
measure ..... 21/-  
E.O.S. 3/- Extra.

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Frocks ..... 12/11

All frocks post free to any address in Australia.

**L. L. Coles FASHIONS**  
Manchester Unity Building,  
Cr. COLLINS & SWANSTON STS.,  
MELBOURNE, C.I.  
Phone: F3272. Established 1905.

On the left is illustrated one of the many smart frocks for the well-dressed woman. A full range of colours is available. S.W. & C.S. £1/1.

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Manchester Unity Building,  
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Sts., Melbourne, C.I.  
Please send me free patterns and self-measurement forms.

Name .....

Address .....



All incidents sent to *Things That Happen* must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about.

# Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals.

## Not Self-Conscious

COMPLETE lack of self-consciousness is generally conceded to be one of the most charming attributes, and to the gentleman who not only purchases his wife's millinery, but tries on the various models, I would unhesitatingly award the palm.

Yet I saw a man of striking personality enter a hat department and request to see some of the latest styles. When the salesgirl obligingly offered to try some on for his inspection, he replied, "Oh, it's quite all right, if it suits me it will suit the wife."

Pulling the hat to the approved angle over one eye, he sallied up to the mirror to survey the effect.—A.W.

## Took a Piebald Pair

WISHING to rest her pedal extremities after a prolonged shopping tour, a friend of mine sought haven in a talkie show. She kicked off her shoes and gratefully relaxed until the end of the session. At that juncture she recovered her footwear and left the theatre to find that her feet occasioned

an unpleasant amount of attention from fellow pedestrians.

She was wearing one white shoe and one brown.

She hastily retraced her steps to the theatre again to find a tearful young woman in possession likewise of a piebald pair of shoes.—"Me.G."

## An Outside Opinion

WHEN during a visit to town a country girl foregathered with a man seemingly endowed with every virtue, she wrote to her girl friend at home expressing her whole-hearted enthusiasm. Her friend read the epistle in disinterested vein and eventually the affair was forgotten by both girls.

The recipient of the letter moved to a distant corner of the State and met and married a man through an entirely different set of acquaintances.

It was not until some ten years later she discovered, in the course of conversation, that her husband was the man whose praises had been sung years before in that letter.—E.S.

## Hardly Romantic

DALLYING pleasantly with an ice-cream soda in our local cafe, I overheard what is generally considered the most serious question in a maiden's life, couched in terms that certainly had the virtue of originality. At the next table a lad, obviously a sunburned son of the soil, produced a cheque for the perusal of the lass with him.

"How would you like to see your name on the cream cheques?" he said.

Succinctly she made reply, "Do me!"

They departed, arm in arm, while I ordered a further modest cream soda in which to drink their health.—"Romance."

## A Fair Exchange

SENT my bright lad to a local store to exchange a cup that had been so damaged during delivery as to be quite useless.

He returned with a perfectly new article which I was gratified to find was of definitely better quality than the one I had returned.

There have been numerous breakages since then, but that one still rings true—and I have changed my china dealer. You see, the original cup was exchanged at the wrong store!—"Scotty."

# The Hand of an Egyptian PRINCESS

Continued from Page 5

THE lady, tall, beautiful and queenly, swept by me, and, walking with that strange, pantherish grace which was hers alone, disappeared once more into the darkness. I turned to Griggs and found him wiping a moist brow with his handkerchief and staring round him like one dazed.

"Hallo!" he greeted me with a nervous giggle. "Funny, but I seem to have been asleep or something! Queer, because I didn't feel a bit tired before. I do now, though!"

He seemed to be, too. But he was much less nervous and more placid than I had hitherto known him. A little later he retired to his cabin.

I suppose I must have slept a couple of hours or so, and then I awoke quite suddenly with a queer, scared feeling which it is very difficult to describe. I thought at first I had been aroused by some noise, and sat up, straining my ears. I could hear nothing, but realised that my heart was thumping in a positively ridiculous manner.

I jumped out of my bunk and switched on the light. I was, as a matter of fact, seized by a sudden panic that there was something in the room. There was not, but, as I stood there looking about me, I became aware of a queer bumping noise coming from the next cabin.

I opened my door and stepped outside. Above his there was a small iron ventilator, and through this I could

was in a state of disorder, as though a violent struggle had taken place there; and, in the centre of the floor lay the twisted, crumpled body of Griggs.

A glance was sufficient to show one that he was dead—strangled.

Two of the men moved towards him but the skipper waved them back. He stared first at the corpse, and then round the cabin. Then he turned to me.

"What in Hell d'you make of this?" he demanded.

"Murder," was my brief reply. "The man's been strangled."

The skipper looked me straight in the eyes, with a queer expression in his own.

"Sure!" he agreed, in a low voice so that the others should not overhear him. "But—who did it? And where is the murderer?"

I stared at him and then round the cabin. There was nowhere in the place where a rat could have hidden successfully; the port was fastened and the door, until he broke it in, had been bolted on the inside.

The skipper was a man of quick decisions and even quicker action. He turned everybody out of the cabin and then, with my aid, propped the broken door into place again. Then he knelt by the body, examining it carefully.

Presently he looked up at me with a queer, half-scared look on his face. "It isn't murder at all," he said, slowly.

"Then what is it?"

"Suicide! Have you ever heard of a man strangling himself with his own hand?"

I shook my head emphatically.

## A Recipe for Love

12ozs. of Dislike.  
1lb. of Resolution.  
2 grains of Common Sense.  
1 large Sprig of Time.  
3qts. of the cooling water of Consideration.

Set these over the gentle fire of Love, sweetened with the sugar of Forgetfulness, skim with the spoon of Melancholy, put it in the bottom of your Heart and cork it with the cork of a Clear Conscience, and let it remain.

You will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again.

These things can be had of the Apothecary of the House of Understanding next door to Reason in Prudent Street in the village of Contentment.

—E.H., Bendigo.

now hear very definite sounds. Some heavy body seemed to be barging about there, bumping against the furniture and, as I strained my ears, I could hear also the sound of heavy, gasping breaths, and now and then a guttural, grunting sound.

"Griggs!" I called sharply. "What the Hell are you doing? What's wrong?"

Then, from the other side of that door there came a low, half-strangled scream.

"Help! For God's sake—help!"

I flung myself against the door. I am a big, strong man, but that door was stronger and I realised in no time that I could do nothing with it. I dashed into my cabin and got a chair. Climbing on this I put my eye to the ventilator, but the other cabin was in pitch darkness.

But I could hear that weird struggle still going on—the bumping and the pad-pad of bare feet, with those heavy, gasping breaths as an accompaniment. There came an extra heavy bump, as though someone had fallen on the floor. Then a series of queer, whistling noises, coming staccato, one after another. Just as though someone—or some Thing—had got Griggs down, and, kneeling on his chest, was squeezing, with vicious jerks, the last breath out of his body.

Then there came through that little grating, like a burst of cold air, a perfect gust of that strange, musty perfume that the lady used.

The cold hands of panic caught me then. I sprang down from the chair, yelling and bellowing for help.

ONE of the watch came down—other passengers, in their night attire, and presently the captain. No answer was received from within when we hammered on the door, so the skipper gave orders to break it in. That took some time, but we did it at last.

The first thing that struck me when the door came down and we stepped over the threshold, was the atmosphere. It was cold and dank, precisely like that of a tomb. And the place literally reeked of that musty-sweet smell which was now so familiar to me.

"What the devil—" I heard the skipper mutter.

He switched on the light. It was as I expected. The cabin

"Never. I should say it was a physical impossibility. Besides, I heard Griggs struggling with—with someone."

"Nevertheless, he strangled himself. Come here and look at these marks on the neck; there you are, see? There's the thumb, and here are the three finger-marks—and here's a faint mark for the stub of the missing finger. So." He took the dead man's hand and laid it across the livid marks on the throat.

They fitted perfectly.

A sudden sense of nauseating horror seized upon me. All the time I was thinking of that Egyptian woman and the sickly smell that still hung about the cabin—and then, of a sudden, I recognised it. Fool that I was not to have spotted it before! It was a mummy smell—the musty-sweet smell of the spices used for embalming.

Although he didn't know as much of the inside of the thing as I, I fancy the skipper felt much as I did.

"There's been some devil's work going on here," he said as he rose to his feet.

We had the body carried to another cabin, and then we searched every inch of that one, even sounding the walls and the floor. Needless to say we found nothing.

"Come and have a peg in my cabin," said the captain. "We can both do with one."

We got rid of a bottle and a half of Scotch between us, and then I went back to my berth and got a few hours' restless sleep. When I got up I went straight on deck, and the skipper, seeing me, beckoned me up on the bridge.

"This is a Hell of a fine trip!" was his greeting. "There's another tragedy aboard now."

"Good Lord! What is it this time?" I queried.

"Mrs Stocker—the Egyptian beauty, you know! She's dead—died in her sleep, of heart failure, apparently."

I stared at him dazedly.

"Good God!" I gasped.

"Yes, pretty rotten, isn't it? The poor little Jew's in a Hell of a state. I had to see the body this morning. She looked like Cleopatra herself. Oh, by the way, I found out what made her always wear those gloves! Her left hand was a dummy one. Her own had been cut off at the wrist some time or other."

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## Miles of Smiles

A happy smile means glowing health—for a system clogged with poisons must subconsciously show misery even in a smile.

Constipation more than anything else is the cause of most ill health. It results in an accumulation of poisons in the system, which sap the energy, dim the eye and mar the complexion.

Just as carbon in the cylinders of a motor slows down pace, so constipation slows down the pace of the human machine and results in an accumulation of Uric Acid—a potent enemy to health and happy smiles.

A small dose of CARLISTA every day will keep you free from Constipation and Uric Acid, and their attendant ills and sets you on the road to permanent, glowing good health. There are at least 64 average doses in every jar.

CARLISTA is ideal in the treatment of

Sluggish Liver,  
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Gout, Lumbago,  
Neuritis,  
Uric Acid,  
Indigestion,  
Flatulence,  
Acidity,  
Bileveries,  
Bad Skin,  
Eczema,  
Itch,  
Pimples,  
etc.



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Gift Set . . . No. 75  
With Garden of Lilac Face Powder and exquisite Perfume to match.  
The use of perfume to match one's powder is a most pleasing feature and gives that sense of satisfaction so much looked for.  
PRICE . . . . . 4/-



## GARDEN of LILAC FACE POWDER

Gives every advantage to your skin, bringing out its hidden beauty and giving a velvety flower-petal finish.  
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## A Pleasing Present for Men

Imex Gift Set No. 71

Contains first quality shaving soap—delicately perfumed—in handsome Bowl.

PRICE . . . . . 5/6



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Have that damaged Suit or Frock

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## Fragrant PERFUMES For Christmas!

Various perfumes, including a number of highly-priced French products, were described in a special article last week, and this week we cite further dainty decanters that can be purchased at any of the big stores or leading chemists.

THERE is, for instance, Mitcham Lavender. This perfume has been distilled by Potter and Moore for the past 200 years. The decanters in which it is available are artistically shaped and packed for gift purposes in boxes finished with exquisite silken tassels.

In addition to the charm of the decanters there are special gift "coffrets." Filled with dusting powder, toilet soap and perfume they would rejoice the heart and the body of the most exacting recipient and donor.

Potter and Moore's coffrets specially designed for men will solve many a problem, too. Men are difficult—in the matter of Christmas presents, anyway—but the most intractable male will beam appreciation of a Potter and Moore coffret, containing a de-luxe shaving stick, a British-made shaving brush and a bottle of liquid brillantio.

GIFT caskets bearing the legend Atkinson include a wide range from an artistic model in red and gold containing talc and face powder, perfume, and vanishing cream to a small, chantly designed bottle of "Lily-of-the-valley." A green and gold casket contains face powder and perfume, with the well-known Californian poppy on the label.

Be original when making your gifts this Christmas. Send your friends a subscription to The Australian Women's Weekly.

The rates for New South Wales are only 11/- for 12 months, 6/- for six months, and 3/3 for three months. This includes postage.

The smallest box of all is gold and the flowers are the famous black tulip. Proudly displaying a gold medal, the Eau-de-Cologne lies snugly encased in a box of blue and cream.

If you heard the numerals four, seven, eleven, you would not conclude that someone was propounding a problem of mental arithmetic. You would know at once that they meant Eau-de-Cologne. You would be quite right. No. 4711 bearing the label we know so well is with us this Christmas, just as refreshing and just as invigorating as of yore.

## ESCORTS on Trains for CHILDREN

TRAINS on which a large number of children travel are a source of worry to the railway officials.

The guards have become so concerned about the responsibility that the matter has been especially discussed by them.

Meetings have been held at Punchbowl, Hornsby, Granville and Sydney railway centres, at which proposals were made that an extra guard be detailed for duty on the trains on which large numbers of school children travel, or alternately, that the Education Department provide escorts.

The suggestions were referred by the Railway Union to the Commissioner for Railways who, through the Secretary for Railways, has replied as follows:

"This is a subject which has caused the Department considerable trouble of late years, and special effort is being constantly made to ensure that children misbehaving themselves are dealt with."

"This has resulted in noticeable improvement, and the Education Department has co-operated to a very great extent."

"Realising that guards of trains are in a position to help, an instruction was issued by the Chief Traffic Manager to guards of passenger trains to assist in the matter."

"The Commissioner cannot see his way clear to agree to the suggestion that an extra guard be detailed on suburban trains to control school children, in view of the expenditure which would be involved, but feels that valuable assistance can be rendered by the guards as opportunity offers, in keeping the children under control."

# McDOWELLS

## GIFT SUGGESTIONS AT KEENEST PRICES

### SENSATIONAL PERFUMERY OFFER SPECIAL PURCHASE of 'SCHWARZLOSE'S' PERFUMES MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS 'ROSA CENTIFOLIA'



No. 1—FAMOUS "ROSA CENTIFOLIA" EAU DE COLOGNE.  
In large fancy bottle with Sprinkler Top. Usually 10/6  
Special 5/11  
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No. 2—WONDERFUL ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMES AND TOILET CASKETS.  
Containing Soap, Perfume, and Powder. Usually 7/6 to 15/6  
Special 3/11  
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No. 3—FAMOUS "LEMONS" NOVELTY BOOK SOAP.  
Made in France. Three volumes in case. Usually 4/11 box.  
Special Price . . . . . 2/6

No. 4—12 BOTTLES ONLY ASSORTED HIGH GRADE PERFUMES.  
Wonderful Value. Usually 16/6 to 27/6  
Special Price . . . . . 7/6  
(Postage Extra.)



No. 5—SMART REAL CALF UNDERARM BAG.  
With Double Centre Frame and Divided Inner Purse. Front Zipper Pocket Under Flap. Well lined and large Mirror in Pocket. Finished with Strong Ornamental Catch and Buck Strap. In all colors. Usually 15/11.  
SPECIAL PRICE . . . . . 12/11



No. 6—BEST QUALITY LEATHER TOP ZIPPER OPENING SHOPPING BAG.  
Floral Lining and extra Purse inside. Large size bag with outside Pocket and turn catch fastener. Finished with firm Four Stud Base to prevent rubbing. In all colors. Usually 16/11.  
SPECIAL PRICE . . . . . 11/9



No. 7—INDIVIDUAL HANDKERCHIEFS OF FINE LINEN.  
Charmingly Novel are these Pure Linen Handkerchiefs. Guaranteed Irish Hand Woven and a d applied designs. Featuring Birds, Ships, or Flowers. Hand-colored edges. Usually 4/11 each.  
NOW . . . . . 3/11

No. 8—EXQUISITE PURE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.  
Beautifully worked Flax Pattern in hand drawn thread work. Usually 3/11  
SPECIAL 3/11  
PRICE, each . . . . .  
No. 9, 10 & 11—PURE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.  
Featuring beautiful Blue Applique embroidery and Hand Drawn Thread work. As illustration.  
SPECIAL PRICES 1/11, 2/11, 3/11  
Other Hand Woven Blue Applique Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs from each . . . . . 10/11 to 12/11



No. 12—GIFT HOSIERY  
"NANCY LEE"  
Service Weight Pure Silk. Fine weave with smart panel heel. All wanted shades. Each pair in handsome presentation box if desired. Usually 7/11 pair.  
SPECIAL PRICE . . . . . 5/11  
"GOSSAMER CHARM"  
For those who desire a finer stocking. Chiffon Weight. Pure Silk. Fully Fashioned, of course, with smart French Panel Heel. All wanted colors. Each pair in beautiful gift box if desired. Wonderful value.  
SPECIAL PRICE . . . . . 5/11

No. 15—AMAZING VALUE IN GENUINE ROCK CRYSTAL NECKLET  
32 Cut. Each bead separately linked with Sterling Silver. Earrings to match. One or Two Drop. Usually 7/11 set.  
SPECIAL PRICE, Set. . . . . 3/11 1/2



No. 16—"THE DENISON" PEN  
Made by the manufacturers of the World Famous Fountain Pens. Guaranteed 1st. Gold nib. Six smart styles to select from. Plain with Gold bands. Chased or colored. Lady's or Gent's sizes.  
Special Price 7/11

McDOWELLS "WILL SERVE KING & YOU BEST" GEORGE STS





## Lighter meals in Summer must include 'Ovaltine'

**L**IGHT summer meals do not provide sufficient energy-giving nourishment. That is why you often feel tired and depressed during the summer months.

To make certain of obtaining all the energy-creating nourishment you require, drink delicious 'Ovaltine' with your meals and before you go to bed at night. This perfect food beverage is 100 per cent. health and energy-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own farms. 'Ovaltine' is rich in vitamins and other essential food properties. It makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

But be sure it is 'Ovaltine.' Remember that—unlike imitations—'Ovaltine' does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to lower the cost, nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes—there is nothing to equal 'Ovaltine' and nothing 'just as good.'

**TRIAL SAMPLE:** A generous trial sample of 'Ovaltine,' sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing. See address below.

**NEW REDUCED PRICES: 2/-, 3/3, 5/9**

At all Chemists and Stores

# 'OVALTINE'

## COLD

A. WANDER LIMITED, 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY  
OCS. 16.33

## PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer **FRUIT DRINKS** whenever you need them with—

## P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



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1 Hunter Street,  
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Opposite 'A. Nordens'.  
And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

## Changing FASHIONS In Christmas Cards

"MIZPAH," "Hands across the Sea," forget-me-nots and golden bells have been relegated to things long past, and this year Christmas cards have assumed two distinct and entirely contradictory guises.

**I**f specially printed Christmas cards stamp one as being among the best people, then the ranks of society swell every year. Each Christmas more and more people are having their own cards printed and paying more attention to sending greetings.

In striking contrast are the personal and, in some cases, bizarre greetings to which a great number of well-wishers have given concentrated thought to achieve originality.

One idea of this nature is truly American. A vivid green card tied with red ribbon is sent in a green envelope and addressed in red ink; a shining silver card goes in a pale grey envelope with lettering of silver; and a card shaped like a slice of water-melon with a little negro's head above it, "Jes' wishin' yo' my ole favorite," is posted in a blotting paper pink envelope and addressed in black or water-melon pink ink.

Two modern crazes—bridge and wireless—provide two more substitutes for Christmas cards. For radio fans there are compact radio tuning charts with specially ruled pads for name of station



THIS WINDING bush road was chosen by a city business man.

and dial recording decked out with ribbons and greetings, and bridge scorers of all sizes and at all prices.

This year instead of purchasing cards that have come to us from England, signing them and returning them whence they came, we have artistic productions featuring Australian scenes. In many cases an even more personal note has been achieved by using photographs of the sender's home or children or pets. Monte Luke has made thousands of these personal greeting cards.

Modern art is given a place occasionally among Christmas cards. Some very fine reproductions of Paul Gauguin's Tahiti pictures are on view.

The Premier and other Cabinet Ministers have discontinued the practice of sending specially printed Christmas cards for reasons of economy.

Lady Game has departed from her usual custom this year, and, instead of having cards printed has chosen individual ones to send to her friends.

Lady Bavin is taxing the Postal Department to the extent of some hundreds of cards printed after the manner of the traditional article.

Lady Kingsford Smith says: "Each year I have had my Christmas cards printed, but this time I decided that my friends would appreciate a short personal note more than a comparatively impersonal card."

Miss Portia Geach agrees with this idea, too, and has been on the verge of writer's cramp after conveying her greetings to her many clubwomen friends in America.

Miss Preston Stanley is another advocate for the personal touch. She

feels there are people "whose distressing circumstances justify more than a mere card at Christmas."

Mrs. Florence Taylor has given full rein to sentiment in her form of greeting for she is sending out a song, "Mistle Divine," and the waltz, which she says, "I am calling 'Devotion,' composed by Maestro Wando Aldrovandi, as he said, in gratitude and devotion to me."

Mrs. Linda Littlejohn has chosen and despatched plain cards of a soft shade of powder blue. Simply inscribed "sincere greetings from Linda Littlejohn," they will convey to her many friends just how sincere her greeting is, she feels, without calling for any further embellishment.

Mr. Archdale Parkhill, M.H.R., Postmaster-General, is too much weighed down with the cares of his office to deflect his thoughts to such trivialities of a personal nature. He "hasn't given Christmas cards a thought yet."



**CHRISTMAS FEASTS:** If by chance a child eats or drinks anything hot enough to burn the mouth, the best plan is to give a teaspoonful of pure olive oil, telling the child to hold it in his mouth as long as possible before swallowing.

## SCHOOL GIRLS ON TOUR

**F**OR the third year in succession a party of senior schools from Western Australia, accompanied by their teachers, will visit Sydney next month. There will be 85 in the party, which, like former ones, is under the auspices of the Federation of Parents and Citizens' Associations.

# PALMERS

TWO STORES

## XMAS GIFTS

That will Please him

### MEN'S ALBERT SLIPPERS.

Men's good Black or Tan Calf Albert Slippers, with leather pump sewn soles. **5/11**

### MEN'S GRECIAN SLIPPERS.

Men's Grecian Patent Leather Slippers, Grey Crocodile over Calf Leather, pump 7/11 soles. In all sizes. **7/11**

Add 1/- carriage.

### SERVICEABLE HOLIDAY SUIT CASES.

Genuine Fibre Suit Cases, with lock and two pin-bolts, extra deep, cap corners.

22 inch	6/11
24 inch	7/11
26 inch	8/11
28 inch	9/11

### MERCERY NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE!

Men's Lustre Art Silk Undershirts, in Blue or White. Just the thing for cool summer wear. **3/11**

Knee Drawers to match, 5/11

Men's Fancy Wool and Wool and Silk Socks, in newest smart shades. **1/9**

Men's Elastic Knit Swim Suits, in three styles, including the popular Y-back. A big variety of plain colours and two-tone effects. **10/6**

### PALMERS' XMAS BON-BONS.

A box of Five Bon-Bons, each containing Five Virginian Cigarettes, Jazz Cap and Motto. Box of Five Bon-Bons. **3/6**

### BAKELITE BRIDGE COMPACTS.

Bakelite Bridge Compact Cigarette Container, 25 cigarettes, lid forms an ash tray. Six colours. A Novel Gift! **3/6**

**PALMERS' XMAS PANTO**, Concert Hall, Top Floor, Park Street Store. Two Sessions Daily, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Saturday, 10.30 a.m.

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Two Reliable Stores for Father & Son  
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## MICKEY MOUSE

Mail...

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

**KIKI KUCHI** In Japanese, Mickey Mouse in Danish; Topolino in Italian, and Mickey Mouse in plain Australian, whom Mr. Walt Disney created, gets a "fair-mail" which runs into hundreds of thousands of letters a year.

"I first got the idea of Mickey Mouse, I suppose," said Mr. Disney, "when I was working in an office in Kansas City. The girls used to put their lunches in wire waste-paper baskets, and every day mice would scamper around in them after crumbs. I got interested and began collecting a family in an old box. They were so friendly, they just sat there on the floor looking at me. I had to shoo them away."

Mr. Disney, now thirty-two years old, went to Los Angeles with 40 dollars in his pocket, and is now the owner of a 150,000-dollar studio, housing one hundred employees, who turn out one Mickey reel and one Silly Symphony a month.





# A Clean System *means* Charm and Beauty

## INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

Nearly everyone knows that CONSTIPATION will make you feel dull and listless, mentally as well as physically ... and as a result of this dread complaint a major operation may have to be performed. Nowadays every woman must be vivacious and charming ... and therefore it is necessary to be healthy.

## P.B.S. Causes CONSTIPATION

P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) causes CONSTIPATION. It is a condition brought about by the incomplete functioning of liver, kidneys and bowels with the result that poisons which should be eliminated from the system enter the blood stream. The blood stream carries these poisons right through the system, setting up such complaints as CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS DISORDERS, BACKACHE, HEADACHES, etc.

## HERE IS THE REMEDY ...

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*Take a Dose To-day and Feel Better To-morrow!*

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



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PRICE  
per 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub> Jar.  
Family Size  
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Relieve baby's suffering  
with  
**REXONA**

Baby's soft sensitive skin needs very little irritation to make it painfully chafed and sore. To take the soreness away immediately and restore baby's skin to healthy firmness, smooth Rexona Ointment on the chafed skin and use Rexona Medicated Soap for his bath.

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the rapid healer  
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Price 2/-. From all Chemists

# CHRISTMAS in the Air...

It is said that in Japan one spends hours arranging a single flower, placing and replacing the stem until it assumes a position that satisfies a sense of appropriateness and beauty.

The everyday life of the average home does not permit of such extreme attention to detail. With a little thought, however, flowers can be arranged simply, quickly, and with artistry. . . Listen to what the Old Gardener has to say:—

When satisfying the cravings of hunger, let us not forget to feast the eyes.

**WHAT'S** wrong with me, Miss, you say? Oh! I'm all right, I'm just feeling a bit happy 'cause it's near Christmas.

When I called just now, I was talking about "feasting the eyes." Well, I was referring to floral decoration in general, and to Christmas decoration in particular, Miss.

The table decorating branch of floral art, Miss, is one of the greatest importance. When indulging in contrasts, always endeavor to make them as forceful as possible.

You know, Miss, weak combinations get weaker still under artificial light, and always convey a want of artistic determination.

It is advisable when decorating either a small or large table, to use one kind of flower, or at the most, two. Once you depart from the two-flower idea, Miss, it really does not matter how many kinds are used, as your work, then, will be purely a color scheme—which if carried out correctly, presents a fine appearance.

Make a point, Miss, of placing the flowers on the table first. This is absolutely necessary. Then, if the table looks sufficiently furnished there is no need for fruit or silver to be added. A table overloaded with fruit and flowers, and the family plate, looks—well, vulgar!

The centre of the table should be given to flowers. Having arranged a number of bowls or vases of various heights, place them in a zigzag fashion. This requires a certain amount of artistry. Each piece can then be seen from every point. So, Miss, if you have a tall centre you should have a fairly tall end-piece, with low ones between them. And if sprays of trailing greenery of any sort are used, never allow them to lie about on the cloth in an unnatural way, but trail them in a natural way—each piece finishing up

by curling round a vase, or losing itself in another floral piece.

A very pretty table can be made of mistletoe and lily of the valley, with any other suitable flower intermingled. A light design comprising small pieces of mistletoe arranged on the cloth would look festive. It can be varied with any other Christmas flower as with pieces of holly, removing many of the leaves, so that the full red effect of the berries may be seen.

## Care in Color Selection

**WHEN** decorating, Miss, take care that the weaker colors are in the majority when employing contrasts.



**BASKETS**, with their rustic charm, are particularly good as settings for flowers, and lovely arrangements may be made in them with the help of wet sand or of a low bowl of water placed in the bottom of the basket to keep the flowers fresh.

Blue, mauve, or violet colored flowers should never be used alone for dinner decoration. They may look well during daylight, but lose their effect entirely under artificial light.

Never place two vases opposite one another. There is an art in placing ob-

## Let's Talk of Decorations

—Says the OLD GARDENER

jects irregularly. Miss, in order to keep the artistic balance.

You know, Miss, I dislike wiring flowers, but in many cases it is absolutely necessary when decorating. Many varieties of carnations and roses are beautiful, but the stems are too weak to support them. Then you have to resort to wiring. So, Miss, you should always have on hand, four sizes of wire, Nos. 20, 22, 24 and 26, which can be bought at any florist.

## Avoid Heavily-Scented Flowers

**NEVER** cram a vase full of flowers. A few, well arranged, always appeal to the eye much more.

Never decorate tables or rooms with heavily-scented flowers if you are expecting the room to be crowded, Miss, with people—especially in summer time—as the closer the room, the greater the volume of scent. This is very important to remember.

You know, Miss, lots of people give you plenty of tips on how to keep flowers fresh a long time, but there is nothing better than clean water, and rain water for preference; so, change the water regularly every day, and during summer months, twice daily—morning and evening. An aspid dropped in the vase does assist the life of flowers a little, but other ideas we hear so much about, are all a myth.

A large bowl or vase of Christmas bush in one corner, Miss, with smaller vases here and there.

Ornamental grasses are a great asset for room decoration at Christmas. And, of course, mistletoe hanging from the ceiling.

Plants bearing berries for Christmas decorations are cotoneaster, crataegus, symphlocos, cerasus, sempervirens—or All Saint's cherry, as this shrub is usually called.

Oh, I see you have your Christmas pudding made. What a beauty, Miss. Will I come round and have some? You bet I will! I hope I get the slice with a threepence in it, and that cake! my word it's a good one all right. Yes, I'll be along to wish you the compliments of the season next week.

## By M. TRUBY KING

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the well-known authority on Baby Welfare.

entirely." Breast milk aids in the digestion of the complementary milk-mixture.

**WHEN** baby is six weeks old a little orange juice should be given to him daily. It used to be supposed that breast-fed babies got sufficient vitamin C from human milk; but in these times of depression many women do not get a diet which is fully supplied with vitamins, and so one cannot count on a sufficiency of vitamin C in all human milk. In any case, a little additional vitamin C can do no harm, especially if baby is being only partially breast-fed.

Vitamin C helps to prevent baby getting a disease called scurvy. All artificially-fed babies MUST have orange, tomato, or vegetable juice daily. Begin with five drops of orange juice in ten drops of boiled water, given about 4 p.m. when baby is awake. If giving carrot juice use ten drops of juice to ten drops of boiled warm water.

By the time baby is three months old the dose can have been gradually increased to one teaspoonful of orange juice in two teaspoons of boiled water, or two teaspoons of carrot juice in two teaspoons of water. If using tomato juice use twice the amount that you would of orange juice. The tomatoes, of course, must be ripe and perfectly sound. When fresh tomatoes are not available, use tinned tomato juice. The vitamin C content is not destroyed by tinning.

**BABY'S** cord will be quite healed by now, and the binder should be discarded. Occasionally babies have navel hernia. If this is the case, it can usually be cured quite simply by pushing in the hernia with your finger and applying two strips of adhesive plaster, one inch wide, crosswise over the spot. These should be left on till they peel off, when new strips should be applied.

If baby develops scurf or cradle-cap, apply liquid paraffin to the affected areas at night, and wash the head well the next morning. It is unwise to try to scrape the scurf off with a fine comb. The liquid paraffin will cause it to disappear quickly without any combing.

Remember to have baby weighed every week. He should be gaining between 6 and 8 ounces a week in his second month. If he is not, consult your nearest mothercraft nurse.

**THIS** bonny little Australian, brought up on the Truby King system is, as you can see, beautifully proportioned. Helen is a real child of nature—full of fun and mischief—happy always.

order to find out exactly how much artificial food should be given after each suckling.

Every drop of human milk is precious to baby, so do not fall into the lazy habit of saying "The little I supply cannot do him much good; I think I will wean him

## If Your Skin is Delicate

Use upon it only a pure, non-gritty, harmless face powder—use Australian Rice Powder. It is soft, clinging to your skin so as to become, in effect, a real, thrilling part of it. Not just a coating, not a plaster, but a soft, caressing bloom that gives you greater loveliness, hiding faults that may exist and soothing the skin so that the faults naturally depart. And the shades available in Australian Rice Powder are modern, rich, vibrant and flattering. For 1/3d. you get a smart box, and from twelve to four times as much powder as in the average 1/6d. box. . . . For Beauty and Value, use

## Australian Rice Powder

## EXCESS FAT RUINING HER HEALTH

## Better After Losing 14 lbs.

A woman writes:—"I used to have a great deal of fat that seemed to nearly stop me breathing, especially when I knelt down to do any housework, or was walking up a hill. I would simply have to fight for my breath for about 20 minutes. But now that has all gone, thanks to Kruschen. I have lost 14 lbs. in weight, and am able to get about in comfort. I can work all day and not feel tired. I feel so much better, and am so pleased to have lost some of the fat that was steadily gaining ground with me, and ruining my general health."—(Miss) A. K.

There are six vital mineral salts in Kruschen. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effects extend to every organ, gland, nerve and vein.

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You might be exceptionally kind to your dog—but the kindness he'd really appreciate, would be to rid him of his fleas. And by using Pulvex Vermin Powder on him, you not only kill every flea, but prevent re-infestation. Pulvex is non-poisonous and non-irritant.

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The unbreakable rules that underlie all modern feminine loveliness are outlined in this booklet. Every woman who reads it should read and learn how she can realize her ideal in her own home in a few short weeks.

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Small Baby Dolls, half dressed, movable arms, very pretty. Packed SIX to a case. POST FREE. 2/- per case. (Adult 1 box each). With each parcel, 1 small dressing-table mirror FREE. Also 17-inch, foldable Mamma Doll, beautifully dressed, very pretty, 2/- each. Post Free. Order now to **LIQUIDATED STOCKS COY.** 515 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

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Government qualification and diplomas of London, Paris and New York.

## Jewish HEROINES of 'Feast of Lights'

Those who happen to visit Jewish friends this week are likely to be entertained with cheese cakes, and quite a number of confections in which cheese figures.

IN the poetically named "Feast of Lights," or Chanukah, a festival in which woman is specially honored—Jewish women are privileged to regard the whole period of Chanukah as a holiday—the cheese cakes are an important traditional feature.

Chanukah is the celebration of the zenith of the triumphs of Judas Maccabeus—the reconsecration of the Temple in Jerusalem after his victories over numerically stronger foes. The story of Judith and Holofernes is traditionally entwined with the celebration. The beautiful and patriotic widow, resolved to save her people, took cheese-cakes to Holofernes in order to make him thirsty, so that he would drink heavily. The story is regarded as apocryphal, an allegorical picture of the strategy employed by Judas in the overthrow of the Syrian army of nine thousand men by the mere handful of followers of Judas Maccabeus; but the tradition stands.

### Other Women

THE period has other Jewish heroines. Failure having attended efforts to break the spirit of the Jews, Antiochus Epiphanes decided to strike at the root of their national cohesion by the destruction of their religion. The Temple was defiled by heathen sacrifices; Jews were forced to make public acknowledgment of the foreign gods. The period produced a remarkable crop of martyrs. One stalwart slew his sons for fear they should weaken under the threat of death; a widow saw her sons executed, one after another, before her eyes, exhorting them to remain steadfast. When the turn came of the youngest, a mere boy, the captain of the soldiers, with tears streaming down his face, implored the mother to tell the boy to obey the edict. She refused, and the boy died.

A feast of pure rejoicing, Chanukah is a sort of extra Christmas to Jewish children, whose parents, although Christmas has no religious significance to them, usually see that they do not go short of the feasting enjoyed by their Christian friends.

## Little Theatres

AN arrangement of black curtains instead of scenery was particularly pleasing as a background for a series of Molnar playlets, produced by the Experimental Theatre on Monday night, at St. James' Hall.

One quite agreed with the judges in the high standard of acting ability shown, if one did not altogether concur with the judgment. Frances Barclay (winner of the cup for the women) was outstanding in her use of vocal inflections and general emotional work, if a trifle weak during the periods when she was required merely to listen; Marie Homingway, whom one had always thought perfectly suited in a "Lavender Lady" type of part, suddenly displayed a keen gift for burlesque farce, which, although quite wrong under the circumstances, quite ruining the climax of the play, was exceedingly amusing.

The men's cup was awarded to Max Van Hemert, and diplomas to Elizabeth Browne and Barbara Young. Other performers included Bessie Nerea, Frank Browne, Eileen Devir, Hazel Hollander, Florentine Danciger, Patricia Nall, Audrey Schinnick (who obtained a special mention), Doris Wood, Alix Lamb, and Jean Brodusak, all of whom were good, although some were to a slight degree irritating at times from lack of repose.

### Coming Productions

Productions for December 18: "Cyrano de Bergerac," at the Theatre Royal, produced by the Impressionist Theatre, under Dr. Cardinatis.

"A Night Off," produced at Bryant's Playhouse by members of Beryl Bryant's group. "Peter Pan," presented at the Savoy by the Independent Theatre. (This will be repeated on December 26 and for a Boxing Day matinee as "extras.") "Caprice," at the Repertory Theatre.

On December 19 and 20 the Players' Club will present the Nativity play, "Everyman of Every Street," by Mary D. Stocks. Christmas music is to be interpolated throughout the action of the performance, and a false proscenium with wings containing stained glass windows is to be built at St. James' Hall to assist in establishing "atmosphere."



### Kitchen-tested Recipe for Ruth Boyle's FAMOUS CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. butter 5 tablespoons brandy or sherry  
1 lb. sugar 1 teaspoon spice  
8 eggs 1 dessertspoon FOUNTAIN Essence  
12 ozs. plain flour mixed with 9 ozs. FOUNTAIN SELF-RAISING FLOUR (or 21 ozs. plain flour and a heaped teaspoon of FOUNTAIN BAKING POWDER).  
5 pkts. BASKET MIXED DRIED FRUITS, each containing 12 ozs.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs one at a time, then the brandy or sherry gradually; add the sifted flours and spice with the fruit, alternately, then the FOUNTAIN Essence, having it well mixed in. Pour the mixture into an 11 in. round or 10 in. square cake tin that has been lined with white paper. Place in well-heated oven, turn the gas very low and cook slowly from 4 to 4½ hours. Test with a skewer and allow the cake to remain in the tin until the day of using or icing. If you desire to make a smaller cake use half ingredients and cook in 8 in. round or 7 in. square tin, and bake for 2 to 2½ hours. (Note that a square cake takes less time to cook than a round one).

## 10 Varieties of CHOICE SELECTED FRUITS

AND OTHER DELIGHTFUL INGREDIENTS

*mixed in the right proportion to the batter!*

Sultanas, Currants, Sliced Lemon Peel, Sliced Orange Peel, Sliced Citron Peel, Preserved Ginger, Cherries, Cake Topping, Jordan Almonds, Seeded Raisins.

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CONTAINING AMBOL  
(OIL OF THE TEA  
TREE) — 11 TO 13  
TIMES MORE  
POWERFUL THAN  
CARBOLIC ACID.

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**NON-POISONOUS**

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Showroom at 153 Clarence St., Sydney.

## MENTAL Defectives

### Replies to Letters

In reply to letters appearing in  
the "So They Say" column re-  
garding mental defectives and  
their treatment, the following two  
letters, by experts, are published.

MISS RUBY SCOTT, in her article  
in your issue of November 25,  
states that "Mental Deficiency"  
can be overcome by the "rearranging of  
the mind" etc. Apparently she refers  
to psycho-analytic methods, writes  
Lorna M. Hodgkinson, Sunshine Train-  
ing Institute for Subnormal Children.

Apparently the writer knows nothing  
of her subject, for the above statement  
is a gross error, and likely to mislead  
many parents of mentally deficient  
children. It is better for parents of  
such cases to know the truth, namely,  
that mental deficiency can never be  
overcome by any method whatsoever.

True mental deficiency is a congenital  
condition which occurs either before  
birth or very near to birth. Such a  
child is born lacking its normal mental  
equipment, and no form of treatment  
can ever give to that child what it  
lacked at birth.

Psycho-analysis is quite useless, be-  
cause there is little or nothing to  
analyse. It is useless to try to "re-  
arrange the mind" of the imbecile as  
Miss Scott suggests, simply because  
there is little or nothing there to so  
"rearrange," and her efforts would  
therefore meet with failure.

Another writer (Miss Temple) states  
that mental defectives are harmless in  
the community if properly trained. This  
is only true of a certain small propor-  
tion of mental defectives.

Scientific training and later place-  
ment in the community apply only to  
those well-behaved types of children  
that are of a non-hereditary class.

### Popular Psychology

IN answer to R. Scott's letter, I should  
like to make the following com-  
ments, writes Marva Temple, Moresland  
Special School, North Springwood,  
N.S.W.

I have not read Harold Deardon's  
book, "The Science of Happiness." From  
the title and text quoted I should  
imagine it is one of the many hand-  
books of popular psychology, and is  
written to teach the average man to  
use his mind and its faculties to the  
best advantage.

Ruby Scott appears to be considering  
mental abnormality, which can be com-  
pared with some types of genius—mental  
deficiency or sub-normality has nothing  
in common with either, except to use  
a popular and overworked word, all are  
usually "pre-natal"—born, not made.  
Has Ruby Scott ever examined, for  
example, a defective of the Mongol type?  
While it is extremely probable that this  
type of deficiency is due to some pre-  
natal cause, evidence seems to point to  
the fact that it is a physical one, and  
it is hard to believe that mental ad-  
justment is all that is needed to make  
these cases whole.

## AFTER-CARE for Mental Patients

Since its foundation in 1907,  
the After-Care Association of New  
South Wales has done valuable  
work in the community helping  
innumerable persons who have  
suffered from mental illnesses.

EIGHT years ago the Women's Hostel  
at Five Dock was established. It  
receives and tends patients recently re-  
leased from hospital, and desirous of  
finding employment.

During 1933, 40 women have passed  
through the hostel where Miss Stark is  
the supervisor, and Miss T. Moore sec-  
retary. Many of these had to be cared  
for for two or three months before suit-  
able positions were found for them.

The association realises that uncon-  
genial environment is often partly re-  
sponsible for mental illnesses, and sees  
that a patient is placed where there is  
no danger of mental irritation.

MEN patients have also been assisted  
with temporary homes, and the pro-  
vision of food, clothing, and tools.

The canteens established by the per-  
mission of Dr. C. A. Hogg, at Glades-  
ville and Callan Park, have materially  
assisted the finances of the association,  
£349 having resulted from sales.

The canteens have, in addition, given  
patients the opportunity of making  
their own purchases within the hospi-  
tal grounds, and of entertaining  
friends at afternoon tea.

The annual meeting of the association  
was fixed for December 14.

# SAFETY

from BITES of DEADLY SPIDERS



as an antidote  
for redback or  
trapdoor bites

KEEP EICHORN'S ANTISEPTIC  
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purposes

Here is an antiseptic so powerful that, used as  
directed, it is an antidote to the bites of poison-  
ous spiders, venomous snakes, even death-  
adders.

In addition, it clears up cuts, wounds, all septic  
conditions quickly and completely.

In a single bottle of Eichorn's Antiseptic you  
have complete protection for your children,  
even perhaps from death.

Do not delay getting Eichorn's from your chem-  
ist—then you'll have no cause to reproach your-  
self if you or a member of your family has the  
misfortune to suffer the terrifying pain and

deadly danger of poisonous insect, spider or snake bites.

The danger is very real to-day because redback and trapdoor spiders are  
very prevalent in every locality.

Get a bottle of Eichorn's Antiseptic TO-DAY!

## EICHORN'S ANTISEPTIC

"Healing in Every Drop"

1/6, 2/6, 5/- at all Chemists and Stores

## NOW... AN ENTIRELY NEW CREAM THAT CANNOT tighten the skin

You will find in Satinol all that you  
have wanted in a vanishing cream.  
Use it as often as you will, it cannot  
cake or tighten your skin. And Satinol  
banishes "skin-shine" entirely and re-  
tains the powder for hours. Buy a jar  
to-day. Note the delicate fragrance of  
its perfume. See how  
completely it accomplishes  
all that is claimed for it.  
You'll never want to use  
any other.

## Satinol

VANISHING CREAM

Price 1/6 and 2/6—Obtainable at Washington H. Soul,  
Fitzsimons & Co. Ltd., all branches Sydney and New-  
castle; Hallams Ltd., and branches; and at all good  
chemists and stores.

S.2.2

## New Kind of Razor for Women

It's Round!

The SHERMAC SAFETY RAZOR for  
under-arm shaving. A new and per-  
fected invention. A round razor with  
round blades. Gets into the deepest  
hollows without nicking the skin. As  
necessary to a dainty lady as her  
powder-puff.

The SHERMAC is a friendly razor,  
efficient, comfortable to handle, in a  
quick, hygienic manner, always ready to  
give clean and velvety shaves.

The SHERMAC Razor  
will make an Ideal Xmas Gift.

Obtainable from Farmer's Ltd., Sydney, or  
JASKA, 25 Howe Street (next Hotel Australia), Sydney.  
Phones: M2235 and B5009.



Chrome finish, with  
smart red, green, or  
pearl handle, in post  
black and silver box.

Price, 9/6

Postage 6d. Extra.

IT TAKES LESS TO KILL WITH

# FLY-TOX

"FLY-TOX" is the surest, quickest killing insect  
spray made. Used throughout the world and highly  
recommended by leading health authorities. "FLY-  
TOX" is super-strength and laboratory tested—a  
genuine protection against the menace of insect in-  
fection. Insist on genuine "FLY-TOX."

Made in Australia.

X6

There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX



# ROYAL Patronage for BRITISH China!

## Artistic Display

AS a slogan, "Buy British goods" is one to which we have lent a listening ear for many moons, but the exhibition arranged by the United British Patriotic Society is supplying a tangible reason for adopting the slogan to fill everyday needs.

At present a reproduction of the London exhibition is on display at Grace Bros., Broadway.

A voting competition is being conducted in aid of the T.B. Sailors and Soldiers' Fund. Competitors are asked to choose six tables, which they consider the most artistic in order of merit.



Replica of Duchess of York's Table



REPLICA of the Queen's Table

## To Amuse You At Christmas

TEN groups of things are decided upon, say, clothing, fruit, books, and such like, and the players write them down. Then a letter is chosen at random and you are given a few minutes to write opposite each group the name of a member of it beginning with the chosen letter.

As an example, say one group was "furniture" and the letter chosen "W." "Wicker-chair" would be considered a correct answer.

Then the party forms itself into a jury to weigh up the lists. You get a mark for each word approved by the jury, and three marks if no one else has thought of that particular one. That is when the fun begins.

# We will Pay your DOCTOR'S BILLS



Liquid Paraffin would be excellent but for its low specific gravity, causing seepage, then it causes Haemorrhoids.



Salts are repulsive to many.



Pills are habit-forming.



LUBRI-LAX will always be found safe, effective, and permanent.

Make no mistake about it—constipation is serious—Constipation causes biliousness—headaches—sleeplessness—skin eruptions—nervous debility—lassitude—rheumatism and a host of other complaints. To cure these conditions is hopeless—unless you first cure constipation. And you cannot cure constipation without Lubri-Lax. LUBRI-LAX—a lubricating laxative—is an Agar preparation in a solidified form and is one hundred per cent. pure. LUBRI-LAX definitely banishes constipation—quickly—permanently and safely. LUBRI-LAX is obtainable in Yellow Cartons at all good chemists and costs 2/9. Generally Yellow Carton LUBRI-LAX is sufficiently strong for obstinate cases, but in chronic cases Double-strength LUBRI-LAX, in the Blue Packet at 3/6, is recommended. Double-strength LUBRI-LAX never fails! If it is not effective after you have taken 3 jars—then your trouble is organic—possibly serious—and a Sydney, Melbourne, or Brisbane specialist should be consulted immediately.

## THIS IS A GENUINE OFFER

If, after taking three jars of Double Strength Lubri-Lax, constipation still persists, The Natural Remedy Co. will pay the consultation fee for your examination by a duly qualified Medical Specialist (usually £2/-). This is a genuine offer—without restrictions or obligations other than that you write to The Natural Remedy Co., Box 1426JJ, G.P.O., Sydney, stating the name of your chemist or store, together with the dates on which you made your three purchases. We will then give you a letter to the specialist we think most suitable to deal with your case. To be on the safe side keep the cartons. It is unlikely that you will need them, as LUBRI-LAX will not fail you or the proprietors—The Natural Remedy Co., Enskineville, Sydney.

PHYSICAL SUFFERINGS CAN BE CURED . . .  
MENTAL SUFFERINGS LAST A LIFETIME!  
Do not let constipation get on your mind—it will, if you only alleviate the condition.  
BANISH CONSTIPATION WITH LUBRI-LAX!

The Lubri-Lax Way is the Doctor's Way!



LUBRI-LAX (YELLOW CARTON), 2/- and 2/9  
LUBRI-LAX (BLUE CARTON), DOUBLE STRENGTH,  
3/6. POSTAGE EXTRA.

### SPECIAL NOTE.

Lubri-Lax is in a jar—not a bottle, and is packed in yellow and blue cartons. Obtainable at all Hallams, Ltd., Pharmacies, and all good chemists and stores, or direct from The Natural Remedy Co., G.P.O., Box 1426JJ, Sydney.

# THE HUB

Stages

## The Outstanding Bag Event of the Christmas Season

### 600 HANDBAGS 1/3 to 1/2 Off Usual Prices!

The most sensational HANDBAG PURCHASE "THE HUB" has ever made. We bought the entire Manufacturer's Sample Range of the famous "BLUE RIBBON" HANDBAGS at positively unheard of prices. The whole stock is to be sacrificed at from one-third to one-half off usual prices. 600 HANDBAGS to choose from—and no two alike, either in colour or design, in the whole range. Each Bag is a crisp, new style, planned for Summer, 1933, selling. All the new trimmings, new fittings, and style details are embodied in this range.

### Just Look at the Prices!

Handbags usually sold 9/11  
at 15/11 to 17/6 FOR 9/11

Handbags usually sold at prices  
from 18/11 to 22/6 12/11  
FOR - - - - -

Styles that usually sell at  
25/- to 27/6 15/11  
FOR - - - - -

29/11 to 37/6  
Values 18/11  
FOR - - - - -

40/- and 50/-  
Values 20/-  
FOR - - - - -

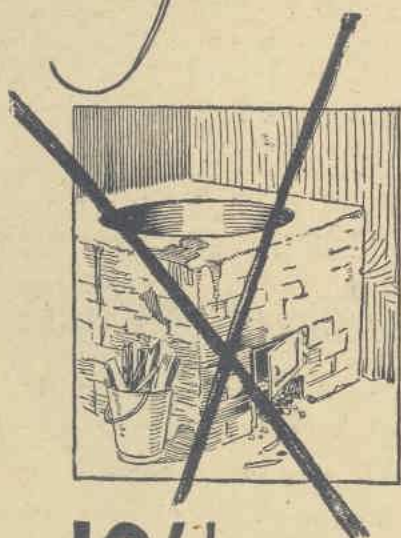
Colours available  
include Reseda,  
Tan, Brown,  
Black, Grey,  
Apple Green,  
Dark Green,  
Fawn, Red,  
Navy and  
Blue.

No 2  
alike!



The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST., SYDNEY





**10/-** deposit  
**10/-** a month

Here is a wonderful opportunity to modernise your laundry at a small cost . . . . to do away with heat, smoke and stoking . . . . to save time and work, and eliminate worry . . . . to make your laundry clean, cool and comfortable, and clothes-washing easier and more congenial.

#### Read this Offer

We will demolish your old fuel copper for 15/- and instal an up-to-date gas copper—ready for use—for a special fixing charge of £1—provided the existing house pipes are suitable. A gas copper fitted with a handy draw-off tap costs £3-10-9, so that the complete change can be made for £5-5-9. Under our easy payment plan all you need pay is 10/- deposit and 10/- a month.

#### Summer time means Heavy Washing

Summer is just ahead! Why put up with a hot stuffy laundry when you can make it cool, comfortable and convenient for 10/- a month? Choose your gas copper today! You will never want to go back to the old with its smoke and dust, and the storing up of dirty fuel! Gas is the clean way!

*At your service always*

**THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY**

Pitt and Barlow Streets (near Central Station)

**GAS COSTS LESS THAN  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. A UNIT**



# Our FASHION SERVICE and Free Pattern



WX246

WX247

WX246—Frock with yoke extending over the shoulders, suitable for both large and medium figures. This smart frock is suitable for making from either marocain, sand crepe, crepe-de-chine, or wrinkle crepe. Material required, to fit size 36-inch bust, four and one-eighth yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and three-quarter yards. Size 44-inch bust requires four and five-eighth yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and seven-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WX248

WX249



WX250

WX251



WX247—Frock with fancy magyar sleeves and flared skirt. This style is suitable for both large and medium figures. Material required, to fit size 36-inch bust, five and three-eighth yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Size 44-inch bust requires six yards 36-inch. Width at hem, two and five-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AN unusual trimming at the neck and diagonal seaming at the hips are the outstanding features of our free pattern this week. It is a design that can be exploited in a number of ways, either for formal occasions or for sport, by simply using different materials.

Two charming evening frocks and a striking swagger coat are other patterns that you will find infinitely pleasing in effect and equally simple to make up.

Our free pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust, and all seams and hems must be allowed for when cutting.

WX248—Simple satin evening gown with fully flared sleeves and skirt. Material required, six and a quarter yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

WX249—Made from some soft silk this evening gown with yoke and flared sleeve would fall in a soft full flare from the knees. Material required, six and seven-eighth yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, four yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 2/-.

WX250—Smart frock with front and back over-bodice, also sleeve with unusual cuff treatment and flared skirt with one-sided effect. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, six and a quarter yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch lining. Width at hem, two and seven-eighth yards. Size, 44-inch bust requires seven and one-eighth yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch lining. Width at hem three and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. Also sizes 42, 46, and 48-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX251—Swagger coat fastening up to the neck, with yoke, collar and large pockets. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WX254—Dainty little frock for the small girl with cross-over bodice. Material required, one and five-eighth yards 36-inch. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.



WX252—Small boy's blouse and trousers. Material required, one and three-eighth yards 36-inch for shirt, and half a yard 40-inch for trousers. To fit size 2-4 years. Other sizes, 4-6 and 6-8 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.

WX253—Maid's pinafore frock of unusual design with high-decked blouse. Material required, two and seven-eighth yards 36-inch for pinafore and one and five-eighth yards 36-inch for blouse. To fit size 14-16 years. Other sizes, 12-14 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

So I said "My dear, don't tell me you aren't using Vegemite. Why it's wonderful for sandwiches and as for cooking, a four ounce pot of Vegemite just works positive marvels in giving

flavour to things. And of course I said, you must never forget that Vegemite is simply crammed with Vitamin B.



## FREE PATTERN

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.  
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.  
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.

### FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.  
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.  
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to:  
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 16/12/33.



## Kisses Cause Adenoids

Mothers' Kisses Infect Their Own Babies

1. Thousands of mothers suffering from catarrh in mild or chronic form infect with their kisses their own babies with this distressing disease.

2. Every child at birth has FOUR tonsils, two in the throat which are easily seen and two behind the nose.

3. These four tonsils guard the breathing passages during the first years of life, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body.

4. Having served this useful purpose, the nasal tonsils begin to shrivel up and disappear, but if they are unhealthy through neglect, or because of infection by the Mother or some friend suffering from catarrh or some other disease of the air passages the tonsils become inflamed and swell greatly, blocking up the air passage through the nostrils.

This swollen mass of infected tissue is called ADENOID.

**SYMPTOMS OF ADENOID ARE:** mouth breathing, frequent colds, weak chest, sore throat, and loss of energy. Adenoidal children are often backward at school, and first to catch epidemic diseases such as scarlet fever, whooping cough, and septicaemia and diphtheria.

**DISSOLVE ADENOID WITH KANATOX.** If your little ones suffer from adenoids, if you or your family are victims of disgusting catarrh, dissolve the adenoids and avoid the need for a painful operation. Kill the bacteria and catarrh germs with KANATOX, the wonderful antiseptic containing some of the oldest

Anatomical chart showing important air passage which filters all air entering the lungs.



and most valuable herbal oils known in medicine. DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX surrounds and exterminates the colonies of bacteria which infect the air passages for its wonderful curative oils are many times more powerful than carbolic acid yet absolutely harmless to the most delicate membranes and easy and pleasant to use.

A few drops of DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX inhaled or dropped into each nostril night and morning will soothe and kill the bacteria and soothe the inflamed and tender membrane of nose and throat.

You can get DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX in large tins containing enough for more than a month's treatment for 1/-, or a sample pack for 2/6.

Ask your chemist for KANATOX to-day, or pin a postal note with your name and address to this page, send it to your nearest State distributor, and KANATOX will reach you by return mail, post free, with full directions for use.

### STATE DISTRIBUTORS:

N.S.W.—W. JAMES ROGERS LTD., Chemists, Dept. 1, 353a George Street, Sydney.  
Victoria—C. F. LLOYD AND CO., Dept. 2, McKean House, 343 La. Collins St., Melbourne, Ct.  
Queensland—D. MACLEAN AND CO., Dept. 1, Ferry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.  
Western Australia—R. B. BENJAMIN, Dept. 1, 215 Murray Street, Perth.  
South Australia—BUNGAN AGENCIES, Dept. 1, Theatre Royal Buildings, Hindley St., Adelaide.

## HEALTH FIRST! Safeguard it



12 for 1/6  
24 for 2/6

THE surest safeguard for health and happiness is Genuine Vincent's APC, which is prepared on the scientific formula now in use in the largest hospitals in Australia. Avoid imitations. Stop pain safely.

**Headaches, Neuralgia**—One should relieve in from 1 to 5 minutes. If obstinate, repeat in an hour.

**Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and Neuritis**—One every four hours. Continue until symptoms and pains disappear.

**Influenza, recent Colds**—One at night followed by hot lemon drink, then every four hours if necessary.

**Sleeplessness**—One, followed by glass of hot milk on retiring.

**Headaches, Backache, Depression (Women and Men)**—One at onset, and repeat every four hours.

**Head and Ear Noises**—One every six hours if necessary.

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Co. Sydney.

GENUINE  
**VINCENT'S APC**  
POWDERS & TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE—SAY "VINCENT'S"

## Amazing Cures of Skin Diseases

Brilliant Chemist's New Formula Succeeds With Cases Considered Incurable

Succeeding even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant consulting chemist, of Marrickville, has become famous throughout and even beyond Australia for his amazing knowledge of dermatology and the complete cure of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless.



He states that his remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cases of Eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an Ashfield woman who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, without relief.

By his personally discovered formula Mr. McHugh was able, in a few months, to completely cure this patient of an irritating and disfiguring skin disease.

Mr. McHugh's new formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A. for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm (Tinea), Barber's Rash, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, and other distressing skin complaints. Reports of almost miraculous cures place his success among the remarkable advances now being made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post, as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write for full details of treatment and reports from patients to Mr. J. J. McHugh, M.P.S., Ph.C., Consulting Chemist, 447 W. Illawarra Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.



## That JOLLY Christmas PARTY

Happy suggestions for easily-made decorations and table favors that cost next to nothing... yet will amuse and delight everybody!

"A Merry Christmas to you!"  
"The same to you and many of them!"  
These magic words, spelling joy and mirth and cheer, echo and re-echo in my mind as I write...

**MAKE** this the most joyful Christmas you have known. Bring out your sparkle floss and candles, holly, and mistletoe, and plan happily for a real party, with the family and all available friends around. A party with a gorgeously spangled and bedecked Christmas tree—candles and all—and gaily covered Christmas gifts hanging so temptingly from the branches, or nestling at its base... A party with the spirit of goodwill abounding...

Do allow the children to help in the



**THIS BON-BON** will hold all sorts of happy Christmas gifts. Directions are also given for making the pretty tissue ball and decorative candles.

Jollity and fun of preparation. Let them make a garland of greens and holly, or Christmas bush, and put it over your front door, or in your windows, as a symbol of welcome to incoming guests, and to lend the hearts of passers-by a happy glow... Peace on earth, goodwill to man.

Decorate the room, wherever the feast is to be. Make the table gay with party favors. Quaint toys made of fruit, and odds and ends, for nuts and sweets will delight the little ones—and grown-ups, too.

If you can't have a Christmas tree, substitute with a huge bon-bon with a capacious "hold" for gifts. (Note directions for making given hereunder.) This can be placed on the table at the conclusion of the feast itself, and the gaily-tied presents handed round by a real live Santa Claus if you so desire.

### Decorative Paper Balls

**COLORFUL**, airy, light paper balls can be quickly and easily made for room decoration and for an added festive note to the Christmas tree. Three sheets of colored tissue are required for a medium-sized ball, and here are the directions for making:

(1) Cut circles 4 inches in diameter for small balls, or 6 to 8 inches for large ones, from colored tissue-paper, marking centre with a pin point. An easy way is to use a saucer or plate, cutting several thicknesses of paper at the same time. (2) Fold each circle into four—mark centre. (3) Take needle and thick thread, attach bead or small button to end. Then thread the folded circles loosely (see diagram), spreading, or, rather, unfolding, each one as it is put on. When all circles are threaded, draw thread in tightly and fasten with bead or button.

### The Christmas Bon-Bon

**ALL** you require to make the bon-bon is a piece of pliable cardboard about 22 inches long and 30 inches wide, a roll each of red and green crepe paper, and a few sprigs of holly.

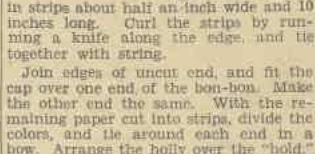
Join the cardboard into a cylinder, cut a hole in the middle large enough to fit the hand. Cut two lengths 33 inches long from the red paper and put around the cardboard so that the paper overlaps about 8 inches each end. Join paper on the opposite side to the hole. This will be the base of the bon-bon. Cut paper away from the hole in the top. Put the gifts through one end, gather



**VIKING ship, and brave, fighting rooster.**



**THE little fruit man, and novel candlestick.**



the paper each end and tie with string. Cut a 32-inch length from the green paper, and at one side make a fluted edge by stretching the paper with the fingers all the way along. At the other side cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide and 10 inches long. Curl the strips by running a knife along the edge, and tie together with string.

Join edges of uncured end, and fit the cap over one end of the bon-bon. Make the other end the same. With the remaining paper cut into strips, divide the colors, and tie around each end in a bow. Arrange the holly over the "hold."

### The Candlesticks

**JUST** cotton-reels, small red candles, which can be purchased for a half-penny each at any store, a little paint and sealing-wax, and a delightful Christmas novelty can be made in a very short time.

Cut the reel in half and remove the raised end, smooth away any roughness with a piece of sandpaper, and here are two candlesticks ready to decorate. Paint each one green with a little water-color, and when dry decorate with sealing-wax, silver holly leaves, and red berries. Insert a candle in each.

### For a Viking Ship

**CHOOSE** a banana that has plenty of stem so that the boat has a high bow, and see that it is nicely curved. Strip off portion of the peel on the inside to form the deck. Point and inset matches through the sides for oars. Mark the portholes with the blunt end of a wooden skewer. (This is then used for the mast, with a paper sail.) Cut and color pieces of paper for the flags.

### A Festive Rooster

**SIMPLY** a large banana with matches for legs, and feet, head, and beak made from portions of walnuts. The feathers are indicated by lightly cutting the surface of the peel with a penknife, rounding and lifting a portion completely to suggest the end of wing. A flourishing paper tail finishes the model.

### A Little Fruit Man

**THIS** is simply made by passing a wooden skewer through the centre of a pear and fixing an orange on the top, leaving a sufficient distance between them for the neck. Pieces of almond are used for the teeth, eyes, and nose. Two sticks form the legs, and half-walnuts the feet. Cherries threaded on hairpins make the shoulders and arms. The cap, coat, and trousers are made of brightly-colored paper.

### Fruit Candlesticks

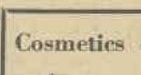
**THESE** novel candlesticks are made by inserting a candle in an orange and arranging a double frill of colored paper around. Quite attractive effects can be had by using the wondrously pretty cellophane tissues now obtainable.



### Swan Bon-Bons

**THE** swan is useful as well as pretty, as it holds bon-bons or salted almonds and sweets

in its wings. It is made of white paper, that for the body and neck being stiff and shiny, and that for the wings and feathers being of soft tissue. Paint beak, and mark eye.—EVE GYE.



### Cosmetics of Distinction

**ANNA ZELITA**  
Hungarian  
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



are universally recognised as **PRODUCTS** of **HIGHEST QUALITY**

**The Skin Food**  
Cleansing Tonic  
Foundation Cream, &c.  
are pre-eminent.

The Prices are remarkably moderate.

ON SALE at all LEADING STORES throughout AUSTRALIA.

Send 6d. for samples of Cleansing Tonic and Skin Food to Anna Zelita, Scot Chambers, Hosking Place, Sydney, N.S.W.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## When BEAUTY Faces Sun & Sparkling Sea

Here's hoping you'll all enjoy a glorious, care-free time where'er you go at Christmas-tide...but, may I suggest it? Do take your pleasures wisely for beauty's sake!

By Evelyn

WE lovers of the great outdoors—how many thousands of us are wishing and wishing for a real Australian Christmas... days on end of undiluted sunshine.

BUT, if we do get our wish, don't let us be like greedy little girls, rush here and there—lie for hours in the sun in our smartest bathing costumes—try to take as much sunshine in our two hands and pack as much enjoyment into a few hours as we can.

It is foolish, for instance, for a girl who spends the greater part of her time in an office, or the housewife, who is confined to the house a good deal by her duties, to expect to be able to sunbake for hours on end.

The change is too sudden, too drastic. All very well for those sun-worshippers who have taken every advantage of sunshine to date and are well on the way to tanned health.

Whether by the river or on the beach, beware of the sun between 11 o'clock and 4 o'clock; do not lie directly in the sun. Lie in the shadow of a rock or tree, or, better still, invest in one of the new cellophane sunshades which are quite transparent and allow the ultra-violet rays to pass through in a sufficiently modified form. If you can't buy one, strip an old sunshade and stretch cellophane paper over the ribs, fastening it to each one.

### For Bronze Beauty

IF you want to tan painlessly and without that horrible skinning process, coat the skin thickly with almond oil, and at first expose the skin to the direct rays of the sun for a few minutes only. Then, as your skin gets acclimatised, you can stay longer in the sun.

You can use almond oil on your face as well. It's nourishing, and is, moreover, a great protection against hot drying winds.

Many use almond oil (or even olive oil) on their skins for the first day or two, and then use a generous quantity of talc powder. After a few days, when a sturdy coat of brown is acquired, the skin naturally protects itself against the sun.

### The Right Care

USE plenty of almond oil or olive oil or cold cream on face, neck, and arms at night. And if the skin has become scorched do not wash until the burning and irritation have died down.

If you use cleansing cream, another your face and neck with it, wipe off with tissues or a soft towel, and gently, very gently, massage in a second helping. Wipe this off, and your skin will be clean—not only the surface, but deep into the pores.

If your skin is not burnt, but feels dry, leave a little skin-food on all night. If it is greasy, just dab on an astringent (equal parts of rose water and witch hazel is nice). By the next morning your skin will be lovely.

### Consider Your Hair

TOO much sun on the hair will dry out its natural oils, leaving it coarse, lifeless, and just about as decorative as so much straw.

After swimming, remember to dry out your hair thoroughly, too, for nothing gets it in a worse condition than having it wet day after day.

Salt water is bad for the hair, as it makes it brittle and scurfy. The best thing to do is to avoid as much as possible getting the hair too wet. If you

are a serious swimmer, or bent on surfing most of the time, don't be misguided enough to go in for a pretty bathing-cap. Rather be smart and trim in a helmet which ties under the chin; under this wear a chamomile band—wind a strip of ordinary chamomile leather, about two inches in depth, around the head beneath the cap. When the water tries to creep under your cap the chamomile leather gets damp and begins to expand, and so prevents the water from going any further.

But, if by any chance your hair should get wet, rub it as dry as possible after rinsing in fresh water.

### Some Further Hints

I NEEDN'T stress the importance of deodorants and perspiration correctives, need I? These are so easy and quick to use that there is no excuse for

any one being troubled with perspiration. Remember that it is dangerous to allow the glaring sun to shine directly on the

back of the neck, where very sensitive nerves lie near the surface—hence the need of a sunshade or a large shady hat in the hottest part of the day.



ADRIENNE AMES, Paramount star, acquires every season a bronze loveliness the envy of many. This is her secret: She uses almond oil for the first day or two, but avoids the blistering heat of the midday sun. After that, she powders lightly until her satin-smooth tan is sturdy enough to protect itself.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have suffered for years with pains and aches, doctor, in different parts of the body. I am of an exceedingly nervous disposition, and have also many other complaints from which I suffer. I have been to many doctors, but none seem to do me any good; I don't think they realise the seriousness of my case.

I WONDER do many people understand themselves nearly as well as they think they do? I wonder how many realise that a doctor knows far more about the pain they have than they do themselves?

There are a lot of little tricks of the

### FOR SUPPLE BEAUTY

trade in investigating pain. I have had it described as agony when I have pressed a certain spot. A little later I have again pressed the spot, while the patient was busy talking about something else, and she didn't even know I was doing it!

Some people fly to sickness as a refuge from the rest of the world. Some do not recover their health when the condition from which they were suffering has long since departed.

This is remarkably notable in "compensation" cases. It has been shown by statistics that the average time lost for the same injury is just

twice as long in compensated as in uncompensated cases. These figures make one think. Probably the actual time that work should be resumed lies between the two, for a man with dependents gets back to work probably before he should, while a man who is being paid wages after an accident does not return to work and sign off compensation until he is quite assured that he is all right. If an ache persists, an unstable temperament will cling to it unconsciously as long as possible, while a normal person will cheerfully forget it.

As a matter of fact, the more you can forget your troubles the healthier you are, for the symptom that seems to you to be important may mean nothing whatever.

PATIENT: My baby suffers severely from chapped buttocks, doctor. Can you tell me what to do for this?

FIND out the cause. It is usually one of three things: Not being changed often enough, napkins being washed in strong soaps and not rinsed in water afterwards, or incorrect diet causing scalding motions—a common fault with feeding it too much sugar in the food.

The affected parts should not be washed if they are badly scalded, but cleaned gently with warm olive oil, and a mild ointment applied. Baby should be frequently changed, and only soft napkins used.



The Perfect Skin

THE perfect skin is the clear skin, fine in texture, pure in colour. Many possibly good complexions are hidden beneath a film of face cream, and powder by far too lavishly applied. Change your cosmetic habits—now. Abandon clogging creams. Use Mercolized Wax. It will give infinitely superior results. Mercolized Wax does not conceal blemishes—it removes them. Apply this wonderful Wax every night; it will absorb impurities which if neglected choke the pores. Apply it every morning; it will protect the skin throughout the day, and provide an absolutely perfect base for powder.

Invaluable for Freckles, Sun-burn, Wind-chap, Moth-patches and surface skin imperfections.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES





## CLEVER IDEAS

WHEN BOILING salt meat, add a teaspoonful of vinegar, and two dessert-spoonfuls of sugar or golden syrup. This makes the beef taste tempting.—G.H.M., Indooroopilly Rd., Toowoong, Q.

SAVE ALL small pieces of scented soap, cut into shavings, and to each cup of shavings add two cups boiling water. When soap is dissolved, add enough fine oatmeal to make stiff paste. Turn into moulds. When set, this makes an excellent skin soap.—N.R.B., Walcha, N.S.W.

WHEN SPENDING a day or more in the country, at the beach, or at any other outdoor resort, take a small bottle of ammonia—especially if you have children with you. For ammonia, when rubbed over ant bites, insect bites, and bee stings, soon kills the pain.—"Nitro-er," Yarraville, Vic.

BABY'S CRAWLERS from old golf socks. Cut the feet off the socks; slit each sock up from top to bottom, leaving about one inch. This is for the leg. Join the socks together, making back and front. The fancy tops of the socks make a neat finish at the waist, and, as a rule, fit so well that no elastic is needed.—Mrs. E. T. Best, 5 Allister St., Cremorne.

BEFORE WASHING printed cotton materials, soak in a solution of epsom salts. This sets the colors.—Mrs. A. Hughes, 36 Mounter St., Tighe's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

WHEN PREPARING rhubarb, after washing thoroughly, use a sharp pair of kitchen scissors instead of a knife. This method will be found much quicker, and will save your hands from becoming stained. Young beans can be treated in the same way. They do not need to be strung, and consequently only take half the time to prepare.—D. K. Eason, 25 Osborne Ave., Glen Iris, S.E.5, Vic.

NEVER THROW out thick milk. Put in a muslin cloth and hang up until all the whey is drained from it. Salt it to taste. This makes a beautiful cream cheese.—Miss Esme J. Pimm, Millmeran, Q.

TO PREVENT sink blockage: Every-one's kitchen sink gets a blockage in the pipe occasionally. To prevent this when you have finished the weekly wash, take a handful of the boiling suds and pour down the sink pipe. This cleans away the grease and pieces which collect in the bend of the pipe.—Miss Kathleen Clarke, 15 Gladstone St., Melbourne, S.1, Vic.

### Devilled Almonds or Peanuts

TAKE 1lb. almonds, 1 gill sweet oil, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne (this may be omitted if just salted nuts are required). Blanch almonds, heat oil (blue fume), in small pan, put in nuts, cook slowly till golden brown; stir frequently to prevent burning. Turn on to blotting paper, then toss on to salt and cayenne which has already been prepared on greaseproof paper. Serve in small dishes, to complete the meal.—G. Donald, 53 English St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

### CHRISTMAS FRUIT COCKTAIL

Serve this cocktail as a healthrelude to the Christmas breakfast, or as a delicious mid-morning drink with a slice of Christmas cake. Make it by squeezing oranges and adding to the juice one-third of the quantity of pineapple juice, also enough tinned raspberry juice to make it distinctly red. Cut little stars from pineapple and drop one into each glass. Serve as cold as possible.—Mrs. C. Graham, St. Kilda Road, Vic.

### COLONIAL GOOSE

Take a leg, or shoulder of mutton, and bone it. Roll some aniseus till soft; chop them up and mix breadcrumbs and sage; season nicely with pepper and salt. Put this into the place from which the bone was removed, and sew it up; place some rashers of bacon or ham in the bottom of a saucepan, lay in the mutton, and pack round it the bones and trimmings with an onion and vegetables, and about 1 quart water. Boil it gently for 1 hour, then take it up and put it into the oven for one hour or more, according to size; reduce the gravy, strain it, and pour round before serving.—Mrs. J. Nutley, "Alexandra," Charlton, Towers, Qld.

## RECIPES

With a Real Christmas Flavor... From Readers

...also a Christmas Cake and Pudding from a cookery expert



Soon, so very soon, Christmas—  
with its kindness and good cheer,  
its magic Santa, its fun, its jolly secrets, and, last but very far from least, its good things to eat!

RECIPES with a real Christmas flavor have been sent in by many readers. From these a selection has been

made of the following, for which the sum of 2/6 each will be paid.

### OVEN-STEAMED HAM

Soak a ham in cold water over night. Next day scrape and dry off thoroughly. Weigh the ham and place in a brown paper hat bag, or make one large enough from brown paper. Tie the end firmly. Place in a large meat dish, with 1 pint of water, 1 teaspoon sugar. Cook for half an hour in a hot oven, and then reduce heat to cook slowly for 4 hours, or half an hour for every pound of ham. When cooked, peel the ham immediately, dust with brown raspings, and put in a few cloves. The flavor is much improved if kept whole for twelve hours.—Miss N. Marshall, 57 Gregory Terrace, Brisbane, Qld.

### HOW TO COOK A SUCKING PIG

Prepare stuffing first. Cut 12 thin slices of well-buttered bread from square loaf. Sprinkle each slice with finely-cut sage leaves, season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg. Place slices on top of each other, cut across into four, then put inside pig. Put a layer of sausage meat on top of slices. Fasten with strong needle, and thread, brush over with sautéed oil, truss, and wrap in double fold of kitchen paper greased, tie up, and bake for 1½ or 2 hours. Keep well basted, and half an hour before cooked remove paper, brush with oil or cream, and put back in oven to crisp to deep golden color. Cut off head, split back, lay two halves on dish with head at top. Serve with brown and apple sauce and hot currants. Must be eaten hot.—Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

### YULE-TIDE-LOG

A delightful sweet for a Christmas party, and a source of delight to both young and old, is a sweet made in the form of a "Huckle Log."

Cream four eggs and six ozs. of castor sugar for twenty minutes, sift in 4 ozs. of plain flour, and 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir in very lightly. Line a large flat tin with buttered paper, dust with castor sugar, pour in the mixture, about one-third of an inch deep. Bake in a moderate oven, eight to ten minutes. Spread warm apricot jam over, and roll up very quickly. When quite cold, ice with the following icing.

Mocha Icing: Cream five tablespoonfuls of butter and 10 tablespoonfuls of sifted icing sugar, then add one tablespoonful of coffee essence; if too stiff add a little water. Now cover roll with icing, using a forcing pipe (decorated with straight rows to imitate the bark of a tree. Cut the ends slanting, and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish with fresh green twigs, decorated with tufts of wadding to resemble snow.—Mrs. H. Clifford, 45 Bland Street, Ashfield, N.S.W.

### CHICKEN HAWAIIAN

1 pineapple, 4 tablespoonfuls salad oil, 2 slices onion, 1 ham, 2 chickens weighing about 4lbs., salt, pepper, and rice (boiled). Cut pineapple into slices, cook, and reserve juice. Then fry slices in hot oil until a light brown, remove and cook onion in same fat for 5 minutes, cut chicken into convenient pieces, and wipe thoroughly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Place in pan with onion and cook until a delicate brown. Lay slices of pineapple on top of the chicken, then add the pineapple juice, to which enough water has been added to make 2 cups. Cover tightly and cook very slowly for 1 hour. Serve chicken and pineapple on a platter around a mound of steamed or boiled rice. Garnish with parsley.—Miss Grace Graham, "Glenridding," Warrilda, N.S.W.

Mrs. Ruth Furst, cookery expert of The Australian Gas Light Company, suggests the following recipes:—

### CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Half lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls brandy or sherry, 1lb. currants, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1oz. peel, 12ozs. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda. Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then the sherry, and, lastly, sifted flour and carb. soda, and prepared fruit. Place in a well-floured pudding cloth. Gather the cloth up evenly and tie the firmly, allowing room to swell. Put a little flour in the hole where tied. Place in a large saucepan of fast boiling water. Boil quickly for 15 minutes, then lessen the heat and allow to boil slowly for six hours. Remove from the water and hang in a cool place. On the day of using, place in boiling water and boil for three hours. Remove from the cloth, and serve on a hot dish with mustard, cream or hard sauce.

### CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls sherry, 1lb. seeded raisins, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 1oz. peel, 2ozs. blanched almonds, 1lb. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 1 dessertspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 1 teaspoon spice. Attend to oven. Remove browning sheet. Place rack shelf about the centre and heat the oven from 10 to 15 minutes. Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then sherry. Then add the well-sifted flour, carbonate soda, and spice with the well-prepared fruit. Add caramel. Place in prepared tin, which has been lined with two thicknesses of brown paper, and two of white. Rise at tin is right inside. Place in hot oven, turn the oven down very low and allow to cook slowly from 1½ to 2 hours. Remove from the oven and allow to remain in the tin till cold or nearly for cold. To test the cake, place a skewer through the thickest part, and if it comes out quite free from cake mixture the cake is cooked.

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# FESTIVE GIFTS From Your KITCHEN

Here's a most delightful way of coping with a lengthy gift list at Christmas! Suggestions and Tested Recipes . . .

By MARGARET SHEPHERD  
who is instructor in cookery at leading hospitals

EVERYONE knows that our friends like best the gifts we make for them. And what variety your kitchen offers — from the tiny remembrance, to take the place of the customary gift card, to a large and sustaining present for those near and dear who cannot take part in the home festivities.

THE illustrations show, too, how party wrappings, gaily colored paper to cover boxes, tiny sprigs of holly, cellophane, filmy pastel tulle and bright ribbons can, and will, make your kitchen presents look enchantingly festive.

Amusing biscuits and cookies cut into bird, animal and gollywog shapes; dressed in colored icing sugar, covered with coconut and raisins, are sent to spend Christmas with some little girl or boy you know.

A box of luscious tarts gaily presented, with the smartest bows and



A goblet for the invalid friend containing crystallized fruits.

ribbons, would be the gift ideal to grace a friend's breakfast table.

Consider the merits of home-made sweets, in china or pottery bowls, covered with tulle, and each tied with a saucy bow!

## TO CRYSTALLISE FRUITS

Two cups caster sugar, 1 cup boiling water, 1-2th teaspoon cream of tartar, fruits as cherries, apricots, plums, oranges, mandarins, nuts.

Put the water, sugar, and cream of tartar into an enamel-lined saucepan. Stir, and bring slowly to boiling point, removing sugar from sides of saucepan with a brush. When the syrup comes to boiling point stop stirring, and continue to boil until it begins to discolor. Remove from fire for two seconds to stop boiling, then stand the saucepan of syrup in hot water while dipping fruits, which have been prepared as follows:

Wash and dry fruits. Cut plums and apricots in halves, remove the stone; stone cherries. Stand in a dry spot overnight. When well dried dip each piece separately in the syrup and stand on a rack covered with waxed paper in a sunny spot. Do not allow the pieces of fruit to touch each other. Next day dip again, and when dry—if at all sticky—dust lightly with powdered sugar.

These candied fruits do not keep for any length of time.



Here are gifts for everybody! . . . Jams and jellies in attractive jars, be-ribboned and enveloped in cellophane; delicious sweets and crystallized fruits in bowls and goblets, garnished with pastel tulle and butterfly bows; brightly-covered boxes containing chocolates, and lacquered tins of wholesome cookies and biscuits.

## CREAM FONDANT

Two cups sugar, 1 tablespoon glucose, 1 cup cream, pinch salt.

Put above ingredients into a straight-sided saucepan. Cook on a low fire until sugar is dissolved. When the sugar begins to boil cook quickly without stirring until it forms a soft ball when a small piece is dropped into cold water. Pour on to a cold wet plate or marble slab. Brush over lightly with cold water to hurry the cooling; on no account touch the plate or slab; the quicker this clear syrup is cooled the smoother the fondant will be.

When the syrup is cool enough to hold your hand under it commence to work it with a spatula or wooden spoon. Work towards the centre, backward and forward motion. When thick, leave the mixture in your hands and knead until soft and smooth. Place in a jar or basin covered with a damp cloth for two days to ripen. At the end of that time your fondant is ready to be made into candies or chocolates.

Turn the fondant on to a board or slab and divide into five or six portions. Take each piece and knead well. Flavor and color as you desire.

TO FLAVOR.—Make a hole in the ball of fondant, put a few drops of the flavoring into the hole, and cover with a piece of the fondant and knead in the hands until the flavoring is thoroughly blended. Vanilla, almond, lemon, maple, and peppermint are nice flavorings.

TO COLOR.—Make a well in the fondant as above and cover with the mixture. Knead the fondant and break up into it with a spoon. Add very sparingly—adding more color if not deep enough.

TO DIP IN CHOCOLATE.—Take a cake of plain chocolate and break up into it with a spoon. Stand it in a vessel of water on the stove, stirring occasionally until it melts. Then put a piece of fondant on a two-pronged fork and dip in chocolate. Lift out, and stand on a tin tray covered with waxed paper, resting on a block of ice.

There are many complex ways of preparing chocolate, but this is the best and quickest way for the amateur.

Fruits such as prunes, figs, dates, raisins, and cherries make delightful Christmas sweets when stuffed with fondant. Remove the seed and stuff with a small piece of fondant, decorating the top with pieces of cherry or nuts.

## Cherryripe Prize-winners

Here are recipes for cherry dishes—good enough, rich enough, luscious enough—to grace the festive board on Christmas Day.

THESE prize-winning recipes were chosen from hundreds of the most tempting cherry pies, tarts, creams, jellies, trifles, meringues, etc.

### CHERRY PIE

Rose-petals impart a delicate flavor in cooking, and they are perfectly wholesome when freshly gathered. Prepare 1 lb. of cherries, place in a pie-dish and strew scented rose-petals

(dark red for preference) over the cherries. Add ½ cup of sugar, 1 gill of water, and cover with puff paste. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Instead of the puff paste a sponge mixture of 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons of sugar beaten for 15 hours, then adding 2 tablespoons of plain flour will be found delicious served either hot or cold.—£1 prize to Mrs. Lily E. Campbell, Palmwood, Qld.

### SUNBURST SALAD

Mix enough cherry juice or syrup with creamed cheese to form a smooth paste. Add a few chopped cherries to the mixture. Place a slice of eared pineapple on lettuce on each salad plate, and heap the cheese concoction in the centre of the pineapple. Arrange cherries round the pineapple. Serve with or without dressing.—Pineapple prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. J. Hoeller, Haxlem Street, Kyabram, Vic.

### CHERRY CUPS

Pour sweet oranges, 1 lemon, 1 lb. cherries, 6oz. of least or granulated sugar, 1 gill of cream. Wash, stalk and stone cherries, squeeze juice from oranges, after cutting crosswise. Scoop orange cups in a cool place. Strain the juice into a pan, add lemon juice and sugar. Stir over a low heat until sugar has melted. Boil for 10 or 15 minutes; add cherries, and boil for 10 minutes. When cold, put into the orange cups, or custard glasses. Place a spoonful of whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, on top.—Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Pascoe, Oullinson Street, Tembool, East Maitland, N.S.W.

### STEWED CHERRY SOUFFLE

½ lb. cherries, 1½ gills milk, 1½ lb. flour, 3 yolks, 4 egg whites, 1½ lb. butter, 1½ lb. desiccated sugar. First, stew the cherries in a little water until soft, put aside to cool. Take 2 tablespoons of cherries, stone them, and cut finely. Make a smooth sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Boil for a few minutes, stirring well, and let cool slightly. Add sugar, beat in the yolks of the eggs, one at a time. Stir in the prepared cherries. Fold in lightly whipped egg-whites. Turn into well greased souffle tin, cover with buttered paper, and steam gently for about 20 minutes. Serve on a hot dish, with the remainder of the cherries heaped at each end, and the juice poured around.—Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Taylor, 168 Ocean Street, Adelaide, N.S.W.

HOT Holbrook says: For the Bridge Party prepare a plate of nice dainty sandwiches made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste, etc.



For that difficult friend "who has everything"—a festive jar containing delicious, stuffed oranges.

Wash to cool a little. Beat the egg-white to a stiff froth. Whip the syrup a little, add egg-white, and continue beating until stiff but not wet. Sprinkle a plate with icing sugar and pour the marshmallow over it. Sprinkle sugar on top; allow to stand until cold. Cut into blocks and roll with icing sugar or cornflour. Coloring can be added just before whipping the syrup.

## WALNUT BISCUITS

Five ounces flour, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, salt, 1½ teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped nuts, 1 tablespoon milk. Cream butter and sugar; add well-beaten egg and 1½ tablespoons milk. Sift in flour, baking powder, salt; add walnuts. Cook in small spoonful on a greased tray in a hot oven.

## SPICE COOKIES

Half pound flour, ½ lb. butter, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, a little grated lemon rind, 1½ teaspoon mixed spice, "speck" of ground ginger, pinch salt, 1 egg. Sift flour, spices, and salt together in a basin. Rub the butter in with the fingertips. Make into a dough with the egg. Turn on to a lightly-floured board. Roll out to ¼-inch thickness and cut into rounds. Bake in a slow oven, and join together with creamed butter, flavored with spice and essence or a little strong coffee.

Ice with coffee-icing and sprinkle tops with ground cinnamon or chopped nuts.



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## WILL YOU SEE THEM THROUGH?

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children's higher education and thus increase their earning capacity. Or it may provide money to start your son in business, or comfortably endow your daughter. Whether you live or die you accomplish the result you have planned for.

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## MARRIAGE is a Toss-Up

Continued from Page 11

AS she became aware of voices, Fay glanced up. There was a thick, tall bank of ferns and palms behind the settee, which made it impossible to see the speakers, but one voice, at any rate, was Ronnie's. "She's a beauty," he was saying. "Took the hills like a bird." There was the murmur of another voice, and then Ronnie spoke again. "Of course I'd like her, Foster," he said, "but it's a question of cash. You see, I'm thinking of getting married, and what with furniture and flats and honeymoons and what not—"

Fay rose, realising that if she tried to escape Ronnie must inevitably see her, and sat down again. "It comes to this, Foster," said Ronnie; "it's either buying the car or getting married. I can't afford both, but I'll make a sporting proposition. I'll toss for it. Odds, I buy the car—evens, I get married. We'll see what the coin says, and stick to that, eh?" "Right-o!" agreed Foster.

THERE was a pause, and then: "1892," said Ronnie. "That's evens, so I get married. Sorry, Foster, and all that. Later on, perhaps. And now I must go and dance—"

His voice faded as they walked away, and for a few moments Fay sat motionless. And then she rose, hurried upstairs to the drawing-room, found that it was empty, and flung herself into an armchair.

And there, some minutes later, Ronnie found her.

"Hullo, Fay!" he said. "Sorry I'm late, but we had a puncture. Ready?" Fay did not even glance at him. "Thanks, Ronnie," she said, "but I'm not dancing to-night."

"All, please," repeated Ronnie. "You promised."

"I'm not dancing," interrupted Fay irritably. "I—I— Oh, go and dance with someone else, Ronnie."

Ronnie shook his head. "You're going away to-morrow, Fay," he said, "and there's something I want to tell you. I want to tell you that—that I'm sorry you're going."

Fay gave a shrug.

"And I shall miss you terribly." Another shrug, and Ronnie laid a hand on hers. "Fay, dear," he said, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

Fay snatched her hand away and gave a contemptuous little laugh.

"I can't do"

"Ronnie."

"And I can't

snort up a hill."

Ronnie frowned.

"What's the great

idea, Fay?"

She turned to him

suddenly. "Why do

you want to marry

me?" she de-

manded.

"Because I love

you, Fay."

"I see," said Fay.

"You love me so

much, Ronnie, that

when it's a choice

between buying a

car and marrying

me, you're not par-

ticular which you

do! I heard what

you said to Mr.

Foster. I was in

the lounge, and

couldn't help hear-

ing. Odds you

bought the car,

evens you got mar-

ried, wasn't it, Ron-

nie? If that's your

idea of loving a girl

—to toss whether

you'll marry her or

not—"

Ronnie began to speak, but she cut

him short.

"Did you toss for it, or didn't you?"

she demanded.

"Well—yes—I suppose I did," ad-

mitted Ronnie. "But, you see, Fay,

although I promised you never to toss

again—"

"That's all, Ronnie, thanks," said

Fay, rose, hurried upstairs, and shut

herself in her bedroom.

The next morning Ronnie did not

see her at breakfast and at the office

Ronnie learned that Miss Conway had

caught the eight-thirty train to Lon-

don. No, she had left no address.

During the following week the

general opinion in the office was that

Fay's holiday had not done her much

good, although she insisted that she

had never enjoyed herself so much

before, and she told herself a hundred

times that she wished that she had

never been to Crowfield.

But the fact remains that for every

once that she wished it, she wished

twice that she hadn't been quite so

hasty with Ronnie. What Ronnie had

said to Mr. Foster might not have

meant what she had taken it to mean.

It might simply have meant that if he

bought the car he would have to wait

a little longer to get married, and that

was a very different meaning from the

one she had supplied.

The truth was that she had jumped

to all sorts of conclusions that might

very well not be true. And Ronnie, of

course, hadn't written to her. For one

thing, he did not know her address,

and in any case after all she had said

to him she could hardly expect him to

write. And unless he did write, she

could not possibly write to him. So

there it was, and there, she supposed,

it would have to remain.

AND then, at break-

fast one morning, the following adver-

tisement in the Personal Column of her

newspaper caught her eye:

"Fay—Fay—me. All my ft.

Hrtbrku—Ronnie."

Again Fay did not finish her break-

fast. Instead, she spent the time writ-

ing a note to Ronnie. It ran as fol-

lows:

"Dear Ronnie.—I have seen your

advertisement in to-day's paper. The

above is my address. I am always

home by six o'clock.—Fay."

And, the next evening at six o'clock

promptly, Ronnie called, to find Fay

seated on the couch staring at the

newspaper.

"Hullo, Fay!" he said. "Right way

up this time, eh?"

Fay tossed the paper aside. "I saw

your advertisement, Ronnie," she said.

"So you do realise you were wrong, do

you?"

"No," said Ronnie. "It was you who

were wrong. If you'd given me a chance

—"

Fay grabbed the paper. "Forgive me,

All my fault," she read. "F—"

stands for 'fault,' Ronnie, doesn't it?"

"Quite correct," said Ronnie. "But

it wasn't all my fault, Fay. It was just

as much yours—"

Fay silenced him with a gesture.

"Didn't you mean what you said in

the advertisement, Ronnie?" she de-

manded.

"Oh, yes, I meant it."

"Then why try to back out now?"

After all, you inserted the advertise-

ment, didn't you?"

"Absolutely," said Ronnie. "But what

I meant by 'all my fault,' Fay was that

it was all my fault for tossing again

when I'd promised you I wouldn't. But

the rest was

your fault, because

you wouldn't let me

say a word. The

fact is, I didn't

want the car."

"Ronnie! You

were positively

aching for it."

"Not enough to

risk waiting to

marry you for the

sake of getting it,"

said Ronnie. "But

Foster wouldn't

take no for an an-

swer, and I had to

get rid of him

somehow, so I sug-

gested tossing. It

was evens I got

married, Fay, so out

came old 1892."

He took a penny

from his left-hand

waistcoat pocket

and laid it on her

palm.

"And if it had

been odds I got

married," he said,

"but would have

come 1897."

He took a penny

from his right-hand

waistcoat pocket

and laid it beside

the other.

"RONNIE!" exclaimed

Fay. "Then all the time you knew—"

"You bet I knew!" laughed Ronnie.

"I always keep them in their proper

pockets—1892 in the left, and 1897 in

the right. It saves getting muddled."

"Then—then you didn't—really—toss

—at all?"

Ronnie shook his head. "Real toss-

ing's too risky," he laughed. "I might

get something I didn't want—or lose

something I did!"

He slipped the pennies back into

their respective pockets.

"Just a stupid trick of mine, tossing,

Fay," he said. "I never toss over things

that really matter—except just this

once with Foster. But the man was

getting a nuisance and—I say, Fay,

I'm wondering."

"Wondering what, Ronnie?"

"Wondering whether, all things con-

sidered, I dare kiss you, Fay."

"Toss for it, Ronnie," laughed Fay.

"Evens you kiss me, odds you don't."

And she quickly grasped his hand

and guided it towards the left-hand

pocket of his waistcoat.

(Copyright)



MURIEL SEGAL, our special representative in Europe, sends the photograph of a quaint cap in suede cloth worn with a scarf to match. It is to be a feature of the new fashions, and was designed by the famous fashion expert, Rose Valoir.

"And if it had been odds I got married," he said, "but would have come 1897."

He took a penny from his right-hand waistcoat pocket and laid it beside the other.

"RONNIE!" exclaimed Fay. "Then all the time you knew—"

"You bet I knew!" laughed Ronnie. "I always keep them in their proper pockets—1892 in the left, and 1897 in the right. It saves getting muddled."

"Then—then you didn't—really—toss—at all?"

Ronnie shook his head. "Real tossing's too risky," he laughed. "I might get something I didn't want—or lose something I did!"

He slipped the pennies back into their respective pockets.

"Just a stupid trick of mine, tossing, Fay," he said. "I never toss over things that really matter—except just this once with Foster. But the man was getting a nuisance and—I say, Fay, I'm wondering."

"Wondering what, Ronnie?"

"Wondering whether, all things considered, I dare kiss you, Fay."

"Toss for it, Ronnie," laughed Fay.

"Evens you kiss me, odds you don't."

And she quickly grasped his hand

and guided it towards the left-hand

pocket of his waistcoat.

(Copyright)



# Make These Yourself! FOR the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

**THE CHIC,** self-spotted organdie gauntlets you see here, sketched by Petrov, were recently designed for a brides-maid. They harmonised so perfectly with the frock of dull pink crinkle crepe, over which was worn a smart coat, also of self-spotted organdie, with voluminous aeroplane sleeves.



Attached to pink mesh gloves, finishing touches were given by a narrow bias band and flat bow at wrist. Wrist measurement is 7½ inches in this case. Your glove measurements at wrist will need to be taken and the difference added, or subtracted, from pattern before cutting.

FOR a small single gauntlet the same pattern is used, with, of course, the subtraction of 2½ in. from the upper part (note dotted lines on diagram).



THIS SIMPLE diagram will enable you to make four distinct styles in gauntlets quickly and inexpensively.

Sides can be joined, sewn half way, or left open as desired. If white is used, a bias binding in red or blue, or any color to match the frock, would be smart.

Three tiers of unlined organdie, with pleat edge—the third flare having a depth of 8½ inches—would make charming gauntlets. These could be attached to gloves in same manner as shown in sketch.

The ever-popular pique carried out in a one-flared gauntlet, 6 inches, or 8½ inches, in length, is another delightful idea.

Then, again, if you would like something ultra smart, consider matching your frock if it happens to be plain, and tuck your gauntlets, perpendicular

fashion. Use one or more flares as fancy dictates. These can be attached in a jiffy to mesh gloves dyed to the requisite shade—if your material is other than cream or white.

## HERE'S the SWEETEST of CHRISTMAS GIFTS

A fan containing real lavender, designed for rapid embroidery in wools, and finished with satin ribbon binding and flat bow.

IF you are at your wit's end searching for a novel and appreciative Christmas gift, here is your answer—a fan made to hold real lavender. You can readily imagine how delightfully refreshing it would be for the exquisite perfume is released every time the fan is used.

For the fan illustrated, spartrum was used, and the design worked in colored wools.

The cottage roof, trees and lattice for windows are worked in long stitch, and the flowers in lazy-daisy, and French knots, the spaces being filled in with long stitch.

Instead of spartrum, floral voile, batiste, organdie or georgette could be used. If so, the design would not be necessary, but the edge of the fan would require to be wired to keep it firm.

### Materials and the Making

YOU will require 1 yard of spartrum (or whatever material is used), scraps of various colored wools, a small flat piece of wood for handle, half an inch wide (bamboo is suitable, as it is light and strong), bias binding, or 2½ yards of 1-inch ribbon, half an ounce of lavender, half a yard of inch-wide ribbon for bow.



WHEN THIS most charming and novel lavender fan, shown here, is waved before the face, its refreshing perfume is immediately released. Close-up of flowers and stitches are given for your benefit.

Bind the wood for handle with ribbon. After working pattern, cut the material into two round pieces, both the same size and measuring about seven inches in diameter. Bind edges with ribbon, using a long top-stitch as shown in sketch, leave an opening before finishing off to insert handle, and put the lavender in. Stitch handle in place and finish with bow.

## Another Quickly-made Gift

This enchanting little kerchief sachet in lemon and buttercup organdie, embroidered with pastel-tinted flat flowers, and finished with ecru lace, will intrigue any girl who loves the daintiest of things around her.

IT is ever so simple to make, too. Just follow these directions, and in no time you'll have accomplished the sweetest of sachets. In fact, you'll be loath to part with it, despite your original intention of making someone else a happy Christmas gift.

To make this attractive sachet you will require 1 yd. each of two shades of organdie—lemon and buttercup, pink and blue, or mauve and white, 1½ yd. of 1½ in. ecru lace, and some scraps of pastel-colored ribbon or silk.



THIS SACHET will make a charming little home for your daintiest hankies.

From each piece of organdie cut double, an oval, measuring 13 x 9. Machine together a piece of each color all round, except 7 in. along one edge. Turn inside out, and then turn raw edges in, and press.

With the colored silks make little flowers and form into a flat posy. Sew to one side of an oval, making the darker shade the lining. If liked, leaves could be embroidered round the posy, with some green thread. Gather the lace, insert between both ovals, and machine from one side of opening to the other. Sew lace round opening.

—and after—you'll need this Shady and . . . Attractive Linen Hat

JUST the thing for the beach, for hiking trips, and for those joyous picnics ashore or afloat.

IF you make this fairy-light hat of stitched linen (and you can quite easily and ever so quickly, for the pattern is available), you can defy sun and glare, guard your loveliness, and look ever so charming under its shady brim.

The pattern, costing only 6d., will be sent you on request by return of mail, or you can make personal application at the addresses given hereunder.

You will require 1 yard of linen—white, colored, or patterned—to match your prettiest holiday frock, or beach pyjamas, 1 yard of book-muslin, and the paper pattern. This pattern is cut to fit a 22-inch head, and turnings are allowed.



MAKE THIS delightful stitched-linen hat for yourself. It will shade you perfectly on the hottest day and add much to the charm and happiness of your care-free holiday. Pattern costs only 6d.

**The Making**  
CUT pattern double, cutting the strip for the crown on the cross. Cut two brims from the lining, and tack together.

Make a 4-inch seam at back of both linen brims, press. Put right sides facing, and machine round edge. Turn inside out, and insert lining.

Work two rows of stitching round edge of brim, five rows ¼ of an inch apart, two rows 1 inch apart. Stitch 1 inch from head opening, and slit all round. Then stitch four rows round centre of crossway strip, and join seam.

Stitch top of crown in groups of three rows from front to back, across, then diagonally.

Join crown pieces on wrong side, then

## Just a Reminder About a Gift Idea

YOU remember seeing in last week's issue a display of charming little novelties for the home, traced ready for quick working?

Even yet there is time before Christmas for you to embroider one or two of these inexpensive articles. You can apply personally or have them sent you by return of mail.

Look up last week's issue, make your choice, and call or write TODAY!

on right side. Stitch along join, then ¼ of an inch further in. Join crown to brim. With the other crown pieces, make a lining, and insert.

This pattern may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post at the prices indicated at:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street.

BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.

## Sensationally different... Equalizer KOTEX

radical advance in sanitary protection  
20 to 30% more effective



2½  
Box of 12 Pads

THE next time you buy Kotex, be sure it is Equalizer Kotex, with the processed centre that gives 20 to 30% extra service. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. It is amazingly comfortable, light in weight, but safe and certain in protection for those hours when safety is of greatest importance.

"Phantomized" ends remain ends are not only rounded, but also tapered and flattened, so that they will be entirely inconspicuous, "phantomized."

If your DRAPER or CHEMIST cannot supply you, write Kotex Australia Limited 539-545 Crown St., Sydney, N.S.W.



How shall I tell my daughter?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjory May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Miss Lilian Cheek, c/o G.P.O. Box 2519, Sydney, N.S.W.



FOR EVERY SANDWICH OCCASION

Whenever sandwiches are served, at picnics, light suppers, school lunches, Peck's Anchovette is the very thing. Young and old enjoy its delicious flavour. Ensure popularity by serving the most popular fish paste sold in Australia.

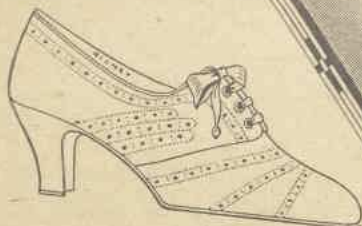
PECK'S ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE



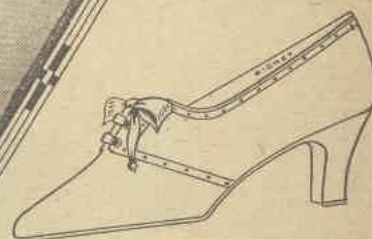


# Greetings from Rigney's

## Perfect <sup>with</sup> Footwear



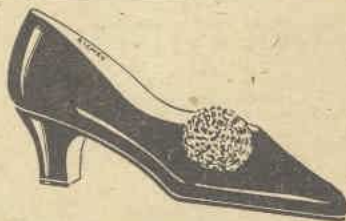
White Buck 5-Hole Derby Oxford, Neat Perforation and Baby Bill Heels, 22/6.



White Calf and Buck Back 3-Hole Derbyette, Neat Pin Punch and Medium Heels, 21/.



Black Brocade Semi-Grecian Slipper, Cosy Sole and Covered Heels. Also in Blue, Green, and Red, 7/11.



Red Kid Boudoir Slipper, with Pump Sole and Covered Baby Louis Heels. Also in Black and Sky Blue, 12/6.



Black Nevis Albert Slipper, Pump Sole, Leather Heel and Black Silk Pom, 6/11.



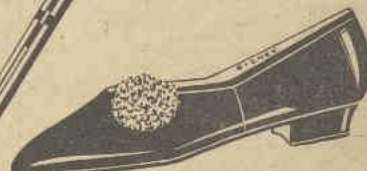
Rose Velvet, Semi-Grecian with Maribou Trim, Silk-Lined and Covered Heels. Also in Green, 11/6.



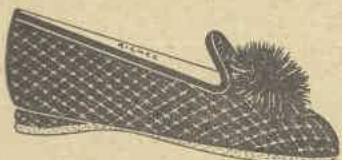
MEN'S—Smartly modern for the young man. Red and Blue vamp, Black Back, Grecian, 15/6.



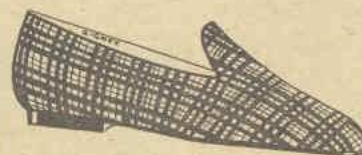
MEN'S—Sturdy Strength in this black or Brown nevis slipper, in either a Grecian or Albert cut, 11/6.



Rose Kid Semi-Grecian Slipper, Silk Rosette, Pump Sole and Heel. Also in Black and Saxe, 9/6.



Black Quilted Satin Slipper, Cosy Soles and Heels. Also in Rose and Saxe, 7/6.



MEN'S—A neat design—Albert. The upper is moquette for perfect foot comfort. Price, 7/6.



MEN'S—Quality hand-sewn wallaby Grecian slipper by Harkness, in Black or Brown, 21/.



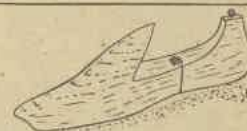
Black Floral Brocade Cosy-Soled Slipper, with stiffened heel and Rose Silk Pom, 10/6.



Leather Wallet, 2 Brushes, 2 Shoe Polish, 2 Cloths. A Useful Compass Gift... 3/9



Quality and Distinctive Design. A selected tan willow calf shoe in D and E fittings, 39/6.



The exact wood last for your shoes, stocked in D and E fittings, 10/6



An Outstanding Shoe in any company in tan calf, 33/6. In Martin's imported Brown Zebu, 48/6



Summer Comfort from soft, cool, and baby skin. A fashionable country toe last in Black or Brown.

MAIL ORDERS ADD 1/- POSTAGE

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR

# RIGNEY'S

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY

(2 Doors from Castlereagh St.)  
262 EDWARD ST. BRISBANE



# FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 14

OUTSIDE, if it isn't too warm," she answered, looking at him from absolutely empty eyes. "And set a plate for Mr. Eisenlohr as usual." It was all so stupid and insane, that everything should continue in its ever groove while something terrible was happening to Oliver. "Please close the door," she said to Applequist, who withdrew.

Then she rose and walked with a little pain to a wardrobe to fetch a dress that Oliver had liked to see her wear.

"I've got to go to him. I've got to go to him." She could think no other clear thought but that.

Ten minutes later she came down the steps wearing a yellowish street dress that was a bit too heavy. Her wet hair was brushed back, and she was carrying a handbag and gloves in her hand. She looked very correct. Takus, who had been watching the door, jumped up and began to busy himself with the cocktail-shaker.

"That's good," she said, thanking him after she had drunk in one gulp the first glass he offered her.

"How is it? Is it all right?" he asked. "A little too sweet," she answered, holding her glass out again. Her eyes were no longer green. They were transparent, as colorless as water. Takus noticed that.

"What's all the story about Oliver?" she asked.

"Oliver? What about Oliver, dove?"

"I mean—will he die?"

Takus felt suddenly as if he had fallen into the middle of a volcano.

"What do you mean? I don't know anything. Who told you anything?" he asked stupidly.

The room was cool and shady. On the small terrace outside, Applequist was setting the table. Holding a napkin in one hand, he raised every glass in the sunlight and looked through it before he put it down.

"So you have kept that secret from me! Why? You wanted to spare me? Am I the kind of a woman who should be spared?" Donca asked. It was horrible, because she did not make any scene. She had many a grand scene to her credit that Takus knew of; but this time she made no scene. He looked at her in amazement. His upper lip was stiff, but his heavy under-lip began to tremble.

"Oh, good God, Donca, spare you! Who's thinking of that—to spare anybody? It's a question of the production. See?" He stopped and looked at her.

SHE did not answer right away. Then she shook her head. "Yes, of course. The production," she said thoughtfully, while putting on one of the gloves. "Any mail for me? Or have you kept the mail away from me, too?" she asked.

"Of course not," Takus protested.

She looked at him. He went to the hall, where hung his coat, and brought back three telegrams which he spread out before Donca. All three had been sent by Jerry. The first two were worded alike. Jerry had sent one to the Morescu home and two to the studio.

"Condition unchanged. Mr. Dent calls Mme Morescu, Jerry."

The third one read:

"Condition unchanged. Asks insistently Mme Morescu come. Come as fast as possible. Jerry."

"That came to-day," Takus whispered, conscience-stricken.

Donca stood with the telegrams in her hand and looked before her. Applequist went by, holding in one hand a tray with boudoir cups.

"I think Applequist uses make-up," Donca said. She found it absolutely impossible to concentrate. Everything was swimming before her, and there was no shore. "Come as fast as possible. As fast as possible. As possible. Oliver. Don't be foolish, Oliver. As fast as possible."

"Dinner is served, madam."

"Thanks, Applequist. I tell you he uses make-up. Don't I know rouge? He has seen too many butlers in the films!"

"Shall I make reservations on the Chlef?" Takus asked. "We will be going to-night."

"To-night? How can I? Yes. Make reservations. What does Jerry mean by saying 'As fast as possible'? I am in the midst of production. But I must speak; I must speak to Oliver. What's the telephone number? Get me the number immediately. I've got to talk to him."

"SHE left the room and went out on the terrace. Takus watched her as she stood there and drank her bouillon absent-mindedly.

"What does she mean by that? Talk to Oliver!"

Takus thought bitterly. Her words betrayed so much ignorance of Oliver's real condition that they paralyzed him. At that moment Eisenlohr appeared in the hall. He, too, looked freshly showered, as he rubbed his hands together with seeming satisfaction.

"Is the honorable dinner ready?" he asked, coming in.

Takus looked at him almost ironically, then stepped closer.

"She knows everything," he whispered. Then he hung his head.

Eisenlohr did not know what to say. Before he had come to, Donca returned from the terrace. She looked ready for anything, with her handbag and gloves on. Absolutely absent-minded.

"I am not very hungry," she said politely, without looking at them, and walked towards the stairs. "I am going to lie down for a little while. When you get Oliver's number, relay it to me in my bedroom."

The stairway creaked as she went up.

"Donca!" Takus called in Rumanian, beyond himself. "You can't talk to Oliver! Darling, you must understand. He is very sick. Very sick. You understand?"

She answered him in the same language.

"You get the connection and leave the rest to me," she said in even tones, and then closed the door behind her.

"Adieu! Good-bye. Night of Fate!" Now we can let the whole damn thing go," Eisenlohr yelled. "Good-bye, Morescu! Good-bye, film! Good-bye, me! I am going to see Bill Turner."

No one knows what the Morescu did and felt and thought that afternoon as she lay down on her bed, waiting to communicate with Dworsky's clinic. It took quite a long time for the Phoenix Picture Corporation had cut the wires to the Morescu bungalow, to isolate the star from the rest of the world. It took quite a while; and the Morescu lay there without crying, and only thinking.



GLADYS: I had such a terrifying dream last night. I dreamed the animal my fur coat was made from attacked me.  
MABEL: But you wouldn't be frightened of a rabbit, would you?

Probably she thought of Oliver—of that great love that had come to her when she had not expected happiness. She thought of Rhodes and Pasadena and Paris, and also about her enemy, Rita Nara.

And then she thought about her own life, her own life that was composed of a chain of catastrophes. After every step up, she had tumbled down. For every moment of happiness, there had been a tragedy. Fate had presented her with a heavy bill for every moment of her life. She hoped that Oliver was still alive. But she knew that life had no intention of being kind to her. She had been beaten all her life long, and was already hardening herself for the next punishment. She thought about the torture of the last two years, without a contract—down, down. The worry, the work, the debts, the humiliation. The odor of the poor boarding-house in the Rue Pigalle.

And when everything had looked blackest, something had happened. A better turn. And then "Night of Fate." She was thinking about "Night of Fate" not as about a film, but as a chance, a great chance, the only chance left her. She was so completely lost in thoughts about herself that she forgot about Oliver. She had an unconscious anger against him—that he should do that to her now! That he should become sick just then—just at the moment when her future was being decided!

The telephone rang. New York—Long distance. Mme Morescu? The Dworsky clinic. Mme Morescu?

"Here, Donca Morescu. Yeah. I want to talk to Mr. Oliver Dent. Can't talk to him? Well, then, I want to talk to his doctor. I am waiting."

She waits. Her heart beats. Her heart beats fast. She waits. The doctor's assistant. Then the chief of the operating staff. Then Dworsky himself. Donca fights forward, forward.

"Yes. Patient called for you yesterday," came the clear voice of Dworsky across the continent. "I would recommend that you come immediately. . . . How's that? You want to talk to him? That's impossible. No, I forbid it. Absolutely. You seem not to understand how sick he is. You may speak to him, but he won't hear you."

"Is he dead?" Donca screamed into the telephone.

"No. But he is not conscious—not fully. And he is very weak. No, condition unchanged. Hope? Of course. Where there is life, there still is hope. Heart is doing wonders. Well, if you insist, I will connect you with his room. But I recommend that you come here immediately. . . . Good-bye, I will give you Room No. 168."

The nurse. Long talk. Then Jerry. "Thank God, Jerry! Finally a voice I know. Jerry, how goes it? Jerry, how are you? How? Have you a cold? Your voice sounds as if—All right? That's nice, Jerry. But Jerry, can't I talk to him? Try, Jerry, please. . . . No. I know he is sick. Listen, Jerry, put the receiver to his ear. Do it. Do it. Yes? Now? All right, Jerry. . . ."

"Oliver, Oliver! Oliver! Do you hear me, Oliver?"

Nothing.

The buzz of the telephone. The whole

AND no one knows what is passing in Donca's heart after this conversation, how she is weighing the things that bring her to a decision. She is a human being. Perhaps the only straight human being in Hollywood. But her profession is the great idol, the idol that eats human beings and spits out the shells. Here is the film. There is life. Here is a big job. There is a great love. Here is the ebb and the flow, the howling and screaming and whistling, and all the stamping and fighting and elbowing of the profession. And there is only the weak voice of a soul.

When Bill Turner knocked at the Morescu's door at five o'clock he found her at the mirror. Her face had been rubbed in with grease, and the first layer of yellow had already been smeared over her face. He first thought she was rubbing her make-up off—to leave for the train. But Eisenlohr, who looked over his shoulder, understood that it was not so.

"Donca," Bill said, standing before her with bowed head, "I am sorry. Sorry that we have played that comedy with you. Maybe you don't understand it. It was a question of the production. Of the money involved. Of all the people depending on it!"

"That's all right, Bill," she answered, without stopping making herself up. "I know. Production." She took a little brown on the tip of her middle finger and rubbed her eyelids with it.

"If we should keep on shooting day and night and take all my scenes first, when will I be able to go?" she said.

Eisenlohr stepped forward from the back.

"Two days and a night," he said, holding his breath after that.

"O.K. Then we start right away," the Morescu said.

Only Eisenlohr noticed that her voice had fallen suddenly by about three tones.

THAT week, while Oliver Dent was on his deathbed, the world showed it had not changed since the death of Valentino. The demand for Oliver Dent pictures was so great that the exhibitors couldn't get enough copies. "Hardcore" filled the houses in the whole of the United States. Heaps of money was being made on Oliver's dying. Telegraph companies, telephone companies, railroads, newspapers, poets, song writers, messenger boys, flower shops, even picture postcard dealers, screen magazines, and the druggists in the immediate neighborhood of Dworsky's clinic, were all making money. Jerry was every day receiving droves of gentlemen dressed in black who offered their services for the funeral. To bury Oliver Dent would "make" any one of them. In the hallway of the clinic the gentlemen of the Press installed themselves as a battle.

On the fourth day Dworsky ordered

By a Girl of 16

## Registered Mail

I found beneath a jacaranda tree  
A strange and lovely thought,  
As though in the web of things to be

It had been lured and caught,  
So with a poppy-stem dipped deep  
In dew

(For pen and ink), a moth-wing  
For a crest,  
I sent it off by Fairy Post to you,

And all the street seemed like  
An aching breast.

Though I sealed it with a kiss  
And posted it beneath a magic  
stone,

It was returned to me to-day like  
this—  
"Address Unknown."

—YVONNE WEBB.

the reporters cleared out; for their noise, their smoking, their cynical jargon, completely destroyed the discipline of the hospital. The reporters ensconced themselves in the drug store across the street. Day and night they stood there watching the clinic across the street.

Behind one of those windows Oliver lay flat on his back and breathed carefully. His eyes were almost always closed. He did not know much about what was happening. He was on his way, and nothing in him reminded one of the strong, living Oliver Dent who strutted even at this moment on every screen of the land, laughing and being loved.

"I will die," Oliver thought, "in the morning, between three and four o'clock. What's that? Dying? O.K. I'll die. I am ready. I am dying. I am ready." He thought, or didn't think.

It is strange how an Oliver Dent is ready to leave life, to let it slip from him. Life has given him everything, everything for which a man can wish. A first-class life, so to say. Right on top: Youth. Beauty. Strength. Love. Wealth. Success. "Well—and what." Oliver thinks, lying and waiting, "well, and what if I have had all that? Everything that one can get out of life is still not worth much. No, life is not worth much. I am ready." When he got hold of himself, his mind always rested on two things: one was his pain; the other was Donca. How he missed her—how he missed her—how he missed her! Donca was strong. If anybody could help him, Donca could. Laughing, healthy, fighting Donca! Her step—her gait—her eyes—her voice—her cool skin—her crackling hair. Sparks—electricity! Floods of laughter and life and strength. Donca. Donca. Donca! His love for Donca was great in the last days of his life. "Come, Donca; help me, Donca; stand by me, Donca; don't let me die, Donca."

Please turn to Page 54

## SAVOY CREAMS—another delicious surprise from Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book

New ways of cooking your favourite dishes, with custard—new custard dishes that will soon become family favourites—these many new recipes of Elizabeth Craig's, specially prepared for Foster Clark, make a book that's well worth having. England's foremost cookery expert recommends custard wholeheartedly for its food value and Foster Clark's in particular for its purity and its delicious flavour. Therefore refuse imitations and insist on Foster Clark's.



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creamy CUSTARD

"When I use a custard powder I always choose Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because I know how pure and wholesome it is. And I think it's delicious—don't you?"  
Elizabeth Craig



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Please send me a free copy of Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book.  
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(100 BLOCK LETTERS)  
Enclose a 1d. stamp for postage.



# TERRY and TEDDY

## TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE ART.



## GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

### Jolly Games for the Holidays

YOU are all sure to like this jolly ball game. Stand all the players in a row except one, who runs a little way off and throws the ball high into the air. As it comes down the other boys and girls must try to catch it, and the one who does this adds a "penny" to his score. The ball then returns to the thrower again, who repeats what he did before, and this goes on until any player has gained "twelve pennies," when he can call himself a "shilling" and change places with the thrower.

FROM the Feather Game arrange the players in a circle, and then start off by blowing a fluffy feather up into the air in the centre of the circle. The game is for all the boys and girls to try to keep the feather in the air by blowing it upwards. If the feather falls to the ground the player who is nearest to it falls out of the game, so every player must stand per-



SANTA CLAUS AT WORK. For this clever sketch, Dorothy Magher, "Hoslyn," Leichhardt St., Glebe Point, wins a prize of 2/-.

fectly still the moment it touches the ground. The game goes on until at last only one player is left, who is, of course, the winner.

IN the game of "Fantomines" you divide the players into two sides. One to be the actors and the other the audience. The actors each draw a slip of paper from out of a hat. On each slip has been written a word such as cat, pretty, good, silly, etc., and the actors must proceed to act the word they have drawn from the hat. The audience watch this and try to guess what the words are that are being acted, as each actor comes on in turn. The boy or girl who guesses the greatest number of words wins the game.

A PIECE of paper and a pencil is all each player needs for this game called "Trees."

At the word "Go!" they must all commence to write down the names of as many trees as they can think of which start with the letter "A," such as ash, almond, etc. Then "B" is called out, and so the game goes on right through the alphabet. The boy or girl with the longest list of names of trees which have not been written down by any other player is the winner.

### Tricks to Play on Your Friends



Now Let Me Think!

### Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals—  
This is our Christmas Number! At first I was rather sad when I learnt that we had it so early in December, but I've changed my mind now. Do you know why? Because I can tell you a number of games and tricks you can learn and will be able to play over the Christmas holidays. A very Merry Christmas to you all, and a very pally Christmas, too.

PUT five pennies on the table in front of a pal, and say: "Look at these five pennies. Can you make them into two straight rows of three in each row?"

"Way, of course I can't!" your pal will answer. "Yes, you would have to have six pennies to make two straight rows!"

Cheerio,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

### TRY TO SAY THESE

THREE round brown blobs.  
Over a crooked stile a crooked sixpence creeps.  
Sharing soap and sherry.  
Red leather, yellow leather.  
Our canny cat could catch a rat and a rat our cat could catch.  
Quick skip, slow skip.  
Pip, the pink pawed poodle.  
A strange ship slowly and softly sailing.  
A shifty snake selling snake skin slippers.



WOULD YOU LIKE SOME HOLLY? V. MACUIRE, 171 Balmaln Rd., Leichhardt, wins a prize of 2/6 for this original sketch.

### A NEAT CATCH

HERE is a bright little trick which you can play on a pal. You start by saying that you can clasp his hands in such a way that he cannot walk out of the room without unclasping them, although his legs will be quite free to move.

If he consents for you to proceed, you take hold of his wrists and clasp his hands around the leg of a heavy table or some other suitable object. In this way he will find himself unable to walk out of the room, even though his legs, as you said, are free.

## FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall.

FRED, Leonie, and Wunderlust were reading in the library at Mushroom Grove when they heard a gentle tapping at the front door. Fred rose to answer it, but Wunderlust stopped him by getting up and saying, "Don't you bother; I'll go."

Wunderlust went out of the library, and returned within a few seconds with Fairy Lightfoot.

"Oh! How are you?" said Fred, as his eye fell upon Fairy Lightfoot.

"Very well," she answered, as she nodded to Leonie. "I dropped in just to see if anyone would like to come with Jumble and me to see the Fairy-maker. She lives only a short way from here. Just about half-an-hour's drive, that's all. Would you like to come?"

"I'd just love to come," said Leonie, "wouldn't you, Fred?"

"Yes," answered Fred, eagerly, "you'll come too, won't you, Wunderlust?" As Wunderlust said he would, they walked out of the front door and found a chariot waiting in front. Fred was rather anxious to see Jumble, as he had heard quite a lot about him but had never seen him.

A VERY fat and amiable little fellow jumped out of the chariot as they came in view. He had a fat, red face, and two very red chubby hands. Fairy Lightfoot soon introduced him to Fred, who in turn introduced him to Leonie, as Fairy Lightfoot had forgotten to do so. Then they all got into the chariot. With a crack of the whip the horses were away, their white manes tossing as they jolted from side to side.

They had travelled for about ten miles



THE FAIRY sat with a pipe in her hand.

when the chariot stopped abruptly, and the good-natured Jumble could be heard yelling, "All out here!"

"Now, which track is it?" said Fairy Lightfoot half to herself, as she gazed on four tracks going in all directions. "Let me see now. The second from the right, that's it. Come on, follow me."

They followed Fairy Lightfoot for several hundred yards till they came to a big fountain. By it sat a beautiful fairy dressed in a glistening gown brocaded with sparkling diamonds. She had a big white pipe in one hand and the other hand rested against the side of the fountain. Beside her was a blue satin cushion, and seated on it was the tiniest little fairy Fred had ever seen.

The beautiful fairy did not see the little group approaching. She put the pipe to her mouth, and there appeared a very large blue bubble. Gently the bubble danced in the breeze, then falling, fell to the cushion and broke. Then the most amazing thing happened. Another tiny fairy was to be seen sitting beside the first little fairy, very much the same to look at, but a wee bit smaller.

"How marvellous," said Leonie, clapping her hands, and gazing in wonderment at the two little figures on the cushion.

THE fairy looked up when she heard Leonie, and beckoned her to come and sit next to her. This Leonie did quickly.

"No, my dear, it is not wonderful," said the fairy, "it's very sad and tiresome. Here I sit every day making fairies for flowers. Every flower must have a fairy; of course you know that. And as soon as a flower dies, my fairy dies, and I have to start all over again to make more fairies for new flowers. Sometimes I get ever so tired, but I dare not stop, for the moment I stop there will be no more flowers. Oh, and I do get so very tired sitting here all day doing the same thing."

Leonie felt very sorry for the fairy who made fairies, but really she didn't think it was very hard work just blowing a pipe every now and again.

Motioning the others to follow her, Leonie went home. (Wunderlust finds Tuppence next week. Don't miss the instalment!)



# Make this Xmas a *real* Holiday

*Let Arnott's bakers  
cook your Xmas  
Cakes & Puddings*

Soon with us will be the Xmas and New Year Festive Season. Goblins, Mistletoe, Holly, Xmas Trees laden with presents and toys... and Chinese lanterns; in fact everything to make for fun, and you should be in it. Relieve yourself of unnecessary work—serve Arnott's delicious Xmas cakes and puddings.



## ARNOTT'S XMAS PUDDINGS

are no ordinary puddings—full of luscious fruit—cooked to perfection they are rich and wholesome... and their flavour—well try a small tin this week.

Packed in handy sizes of ½lb., 1lb., 1½lb., 2lb. and 3lb. tins—a size to suit any family.

Always  
say

## ARNOTT'S XMAS CAKES

are baked to a uniformly high standard. These smooth textured fruit cakes will stay fresh and moist for days... you've never tasted anything more delicious. And they look great with their covering of velvety icing.

Your grocer stocks Cakes and Puddings both—be doubly wise, serve them together this Xmas.

**ARNOTT'S**  
*famous* XMAS CAKES *and* PUDDINGS



## ALLY SALMON

Now in two grades

### RED LABEL

The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

### GOLD LABEL

A high quality red salmon—slightly higher in price and the best value obtainable.



### No reducing regime complete without RADOX baths

RADOX slimming baths are a necessary part of all modern reducing methods. Diet or exercise, or perhaps both, may be specified in the treatment, but beauty authorities recommend that every reducing regime be supplemented by Radox slimming baths in order to achieve faster and more lasting results. There is nothing complicated about these Radox reducing baths. Twice a week you take a hot bath with Radox, extra strength as directed, and when the desired reduction is secured, a Radox slimming bath from time to time will counteract any tendency to put on weight.

At all Chemists.



Painful **BURN** healed up in two days. Tiger Salve. 2/- per tin. Tiger Salve. 2/- per tin. Tiger Salve. 2/- per tin.



### Backache To day Doctor To-morrow

Thousands have learned the truth of this too late. Neglected backache leads to serious kidney disease. The latest Harrison's Pills are made to a doctor's prescription—famous everywhere for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles. They give prompt relief and are sold under a definite guarantee. Sold by chemists and druggists everywhere at small cost. Money back if not satisfied with the very first bottle. Why delay?

## FALLING STAR

Continued from Page 51

THAT day when his heart collapsed, Donca came to him, talked to him, and tore him out of his deep unconsciousness.

"Oliver, do you hear me?" Of course he heard her. He answered. He hadn't spoken in a long time before that, and his voice no longer belonged to him. They were clouds between him and Donca. But he could hear her and answer her. Although she left him after that, he could wait for her.

Oliver was waiting for Donca. The following day a woman came into his room. He knew it was not Donca, but did not, at first know who it was. He closed his eyes not to see her. She sat down by his bed, which caused him sharp pain in his wound. She wiped his face from time to time with a perfumed handkerchief. Now he knew the woman. He knew the handkerchief. He knew the perfume. He knew that he hated all of them. He begged the lady, in very polite language, to leave the room. The perfume was suffocating him.

Unfortunately his words were not heard. Rita Nara only saw that Oliver's sweating brow was quivering and that his dry lips were moving. Jerry, who stood at the head of the bed, finally caught one of the words of them: "Pi—case—go—"

And though Jerry was crying, he got Rita Nara out of the room.

From Friday night till Sunday night, Oliver called at the top of his voice for Donca—in a small, dry, almost inaudible voice; but it was the loudest voice he could muster. He longed for her. He waited for her. He continued to live for her. He wished for her hand, for her presence. He wanted to hear her say once more, "Pitiu." Only Donca could help. Only Donca. Only Donca. Everything in him strained to Donca.

At two o'clock he gave it up. He closed his eyes. He lay still. Jerry awakened the nurse. The nurse rang for the doctor. The doctor called Dworsky. Dworsky appeared immediately after.

"He is dying!" Jerry whispered with trembling pale lips.

Dworsky pushed Oliver's eyelids up and looked into his eyes.

"Well, and what?" he said, turning around to Jerry. "He doesn't need me to do that. Everybody dies alone. And he is not dead yet. A little cardiolol please." He turned to the nurse.

From the drug-store across the street the newspaper men had seen Dworsky's car arriving at midnight. They stopped playing bridge, came out into the street, and watched. A cat glided past a wall. A taxi rolled by. An old newspaper rose from the sidewalk and flapped like wings into the hot air, and then sank flat again.

McOrlhan of the publicity department of the Phoenix Pictures Corporation, ran across the street and disappeared behind the door of the clinic.

One of the newspaper men was dictating a story over the wire. "Headline: Oliver Dent Dies!"

AT two o'clock in the morning Blakely fell into a dead faint. They had worked like madmen day and night. The work had taxed his strength and his nerves. They had to stop shooting for a half-hour. It was the last night of the shooting of the "Night of Fate," and they were taking the scene where Tatiana and her husband were appearing before the revolutionary tribunal.

The Morescu was in a ball costume, having been brought to Petrograd from the court ball. Her dress was also torn.

Meyer was at the wheel of the automobile, waiting at the door of the studio, to take her to the airfield. An airplane and a pilot were there waiting to start for New York. As Eisenlohr approached Donca to tell her that the shooting was stopped for a half-hour, he was almost afraid of her. She had been on edge the whole night; but she laughed.

"A half-hour? All right. Doesn't much matter. Oliver will be well. I swear that he will be well as soon as I get to him."

Eisenlohr stroked her shoulder. He had the sensation that he was stroking hented glass. He was afraid she would burst and break and fall on the floor the next moment, and smash into pieces.

"I will get out of this all right," she said. "I'll come in time there just as I came in time to Pasadena. I took him out of the train. I'll take him out of the hospital. You can bank on that."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Fever?"

## TUNICS or TROUSERS for SPORTS GIRLS

Uniform Style for Teams

By RUTH PREDDY

IN a recent interview, Miss Ruth Adamson, acting general secretary of the Brisbane branch of the Y.W.C.A., gave her opinion that the tunic and stockings uniform for sports-girls in practically every type of game was both practical and becoming.

"I am not," she continued, "averse to the wearing of shorts, but I consider that a very well-groomed and a neat figure is necessary to achieve an attractive effect. Possibly for athletics shorts are the best form of dress, for they allow freedom of movement and a wrap is generally donned on the field preparatory to leaving the ground."

IN the course of the past few months, during which there has been so much discussion, acrimonious and otherwise, of the changing of various sports uniforms, I have been constantly asked to give my opinion as to the advisability of shorts, long 'uns, and so on.

In regard to shorts, I am in complete accord with Miss Adamson. As champion tennis player Joan Hartigan remarked at the beginning of the season, "It depends entirely on your mirror."

There are so few women who could stand before their mirror in shorts and regard their reflection with any complacency that I do not think they should



MISS RUTH ADAMSON, acting general secretary of the Brisbane branch of the Y.W.C.A. Miss Adamson is also senior activity secretary.

ever be regarded in the light of a uniform.

In athletics, generally speaking, the girls are giving individual performances, and uniform in the fullest sense of the word is not so vital as it is, for instance, to a cricket team.

"Fever?" she laughed. "Why fever? Because I'm gay? When other people are fainting?"

"Donca, you've been wonderful. The whole night you've been wonderful." "Is that so? So I've been good, eh? I am fit as a fiddle, you know?"

After a while she demanded: "Cafe! Takus, some coffee. Coffee and newspapers."

Takus grabbed into his pockets and put a few papers on the table.

She spread the papers before her to read the headlines.

"Look here," she said, pointing at the paper. "Rita Nara! Our friend Rita Nara is getting a lot of publicity out of Oliver's sickness. She has been to see Oliver. What—what is she doing there?" The Morescu screamed. "How dare she go near Oliver!"

The men were all on their feet now, scared by Donca's outbreak. They were expecting her to become hysterical.

"Donca! Please, Donca!" Eisenlohr murmured as he put his arm through hers. He was still the only one with any influence over her.

The telephone bell was ringing under the red danger-light. They all looked in that direction and seemed afraid to approach the telephone. Finally Dr. Erbacher stepped helplessly over the cables to it.

"It's New York," he said, holding the receiver in his hand, turning toward the group. "It's McOrlhan. It was a false alarm, he says. Oliver is still alive, he says. He is fully conscious, he says."

"He is still alive?" The Morescu repeated. "What? Was he then dead already?"

Blakely appeared on the stage, having just made himself up, a little paler than he had been.

"Here I am," he said with exaggerated humility. "On with the show."

OLIVER DENT died two hours before Donca Morescu arrived in New York.

He had spent the day before in a clear, sure and almost happy condition, full of hope that Donca would

HUGH HULLBROOK says: I brew my Pure Malt Vodka from Australian barley, and mature it for one year.

The first cricket team with which I was privileged to represent N.S.W. wore



THIS action picture illustrates an entirely different type of uniform, that of divided skirts, offering a compromise between trousers and full skirts. They have been chosen by the "Kuring-gai" (N.S.W.) team, of which Margaret Peden, secretary of the N.S.W. Association, is captain. Miss Peden and the members of her team maintain that this uniform is at once the most comfortable and the neatest in appearance.

—Women's Weekly photo.

a costume which would evoke considerable amusement from the girls to-day. We wore white shirt blouses, navy blue serge skirts (of many goreds), navy blue and light blue ties, Panama hats, and pigtail!

But at least they had this advantage, they were uniform. Each outfit was a

come. She had called him three times—every time the plane had come down to refuel. And every time he had been conscious and answered her. But the last day he fell into a painless coma, a darkness that slid him down to a deeper darkness. His hands were the last of him to live; but finally they also became still.

WHAT Donca saw was very beautiful: A serious, somewhat severe statue out of a yellow transparent material, more delicate than marble and finer than alabaster. A young, slender, Christ-beard covered the mouth and chin. A few white flowers lay on the pillow.

But there was nothing of Oliver there. Nothing. The Morescu looked thoughtfully at that strange statue. Even love could not be felt in it. It was only then that she realised how absolutely the man she had loved had disappeared from this world. While at the door, she had still hoped for something, for release through a flood of tears; hoped to be able to throw herself on the dead one, to shake his cold shoulders. To breathe into his still heart. Some great scene that would relieve her.

Nothing of that. It was all impossible here. Such things happened, maybe, in films. Eisenlohr was right, she thought curiously. A genuine emotion is noiseless. We are all acting too much, over-acting.

"Good-by, Oliver," she whispered. And even this was theatre.

Walking backward, with eyes away from the dead face, she saw the little dog Tobias in the shadow near the bed. Tobias was there, lying on his side, without moving, his back bent, his ribs sunken and his paws stretched out. His fur, always so easily soiled, was so off-color, so dirty that she did not recognise the dog immediately. It seemed a little out of place to call him. She stepped closer, Tobias looked at her from out his droll, still, wide-open eyes.

Donca left the room in a hurry. She walked backward. She wanted to close the door noiselessly behind her, but the knob slipped out of her hand, and the door fell to with a bang. . . . Dr. Ploughfield, who generally made

THE guiding principle in choosing uniform dress for a team is to choose a mode of apparel that will be of the greatest advantage to members as a whole.

replica of the others.

I would not for an instant advocate a return to such a mode of dress. The all-white vogue for sport is infinitely more pleasing to the eye of the spectator and more conducive to the comfort of the player.

As Miss Adamson has pointed out, tunics and stockings are an excellent uniform for all-round wear for the sports girl.

To deal, however, with specific cases, plus-fours have proved to be the ideal wear for baseball, and long trousers are accepted by many of our finest cricketers. There are, of course, several teams that have adopted them unservedly.

Of the wisdom of this course I would like to give a definitely qualified opinion. There is, admittedly, a point made in favor of trousers when one compares the aspect of a skirt blousing (to use a contradiction in terms) over the tops of the batsman's pads, and that of the neat finish achieved with the former garb.

But there are trousers—and trousers. Personally I would allow them on one condition only, that is, that they are all cut to exactly the same pattern. That pattern would be drafted by a tailor who appreciated to a nice degree just how freedom of leg movement could be combined with a firm grip at the waist.

Linen hats are an advantage, not from the point of view of appearance, but because they afford adequate protection against the glare. There are few women sufficiently accustomed to the sun's rays to be able to dispense with a shade of some sort.

Eye-shades have found favor, and the only argument against them is that they are not adequate in every case, so that once again a player wearing them is introducing a note that is not in keeping with all her team mates.

Shoes should be chosen for use on slippery ground. Though this would appear to be the dictate of the most elementary common sense, I have seen wickets lost and many runs gained because the batsman and the fieldmen, respectively, had not given adequate thought to their footwear.

the autopsies at the Dworsky clinic, and who had already examined Oliver Dent, begged that they allow him to make an autopsy of the body of the little dog. He concluded that the dog had died from the bursting of a heart vein, and later on published an article, about that case and several other ones, under the title: "Can One Die of a Broken Heart?"

"The Night of Fate" was only a fair-to-middling box-office attraction. People found the action weak. Eisenlohr's direction splendid, and the Morescu very disappointing. (The End.)

### VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing for Bad Legs

Bad legs and various ulcers can be permanently cured by the Vares Treatment. The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and above all, there is no need to go to bed. Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information. HENRY HALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Vares Ltd, 302N, George Street (between Love's and Angus & Coole's), Sydney.\*\*\*

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

A Bride, on being told that the groom's father was old-fashioned and would be disappointed if she didn't look the part when referred to in his speech as "The Blushing Bride," promptly applied Vares Facial Rouge, and so successfully saved the situation in the nick of time!

### PRAYER IN TIME OF SUNBURN

Oh! Lord, why didn't I use that COOLTAN before I went down to the beach!

EXCLUSIVE PARISIAN "CHANEL" TOILET PREPARATIONS All Stores Throughout Australia.



## International is NOT for Queensland

On the question of the forthcoming visit to Australia of the English champion, Miss Joyce Cooper, the Queensland association has at last reached a decision.

The Queensland executive fully realise the significance of missing a golden opportunity of furthering interest in this sport, and it is with the utmost regret that they have announced their decision.

Actually, the English champion comes to Australia at the invitation of the N.S.W. Association, and any other State she visits during her stay would be called upon to bear the additional expenses.

Six swimming carnivals are already scheduled for Brisbane during January and February, including three State and country and three national events. The cream of Australian swimmers will take part, and the Q.L.A.S.A. feels that the public cannot be expected to respond to any further ventures.

There are many supporters of the sport, however, who deeply deplore the fact that caution rather than enterprise has been the guiding factor in the policy of the association.

Keen interest has, therefore, been focussed on the move made by the Valley Club. Miss Mackay, secretary of the club, who is one of the most active and enterprising officials in the association, asked whether any objection would be raised if an affiliated club should apply through the proper channels to arrange a visit from the international star.

As the club's annual carnival, usually held in November, has been postponed this year until late in the season, added significance attaches to Miss Mackay's question. It is certain that she would receive generous support from many members of the association should any further move be made.

### National Programme

The women intend to apply for the inclusion in the national programme of a 200 metres invitation breaststroke handicap.

It is hoped that Miss Claire Dennis, the Olympic champion, will be persuaded to swim in the race. She will then be seen in action to greater advantage than in the championship, which doubtless will be a runaway victory for her.

In order to give the long-distance swimmers in the State and country championships keener and better test, it is proposed to swim them in the men's events.

## IMPROVEMENT In B Grade

Forty-six players were selected from the ranks of the "B" grade cricketers by the New South Wales selectors to play a two-day match which commenced last Saturday.

THE standard of play in this division of women's cricket has improved to a remarkable degree. Not only are the bowling, batting and fielding improved, but the ethics of cricket are being strictly observed. Many of the players should earn promotion next year to "A" grade rank.

From the forty-six players a team of twelve will be selected to play in a combined second-grade team against a second country eleven.

### Country Match

On Saturday, a representative team from the Illawarra Women's Cricket Association, played the Stokes Victors from Sydney, at Wollongong.

For Illawarra, Ruby Monaghan again top-scored for the day. This player has been showing most consistent form this season. The best bowler for the side was Lily Bestock, who took three wickets for 34. As it was only a one-day match, many of the players retired from the batting crease. Of the Stokes Victors team Morecroft, Barber, and R. Howarth performed well.

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MISS AMY HUDSON, who compiled the large score of 68 against the Sans Souci team last Saturday. This is the highest score ever made against this team since their entry into grade matches four years ago.

## JUNIOR Age Limit Has Been REDUCED

THE official announcement that the age limit for juniors in the forthcoming Australian championships to be held in Sydney early in the new year has been reduced from twenty-one to nineteen means that an entirely new team will compete for the Wilson Cup.

THE Wilson Cup is open for competition to representative junior girls' teams from each State and the N.S.W. selectors, Dr. Walkom, Messrs. C. Harris and S. E. Jamieson are keeping a watchful eye on present performances.

Nina Vickery, Beth Peach, Ruth Kennedy, Thelma Coyne, Cherry Bubb, and Betty Lockwood are names that are freely mentioned in this connection. The last three have just shown very fine form during the competition for the school-girls' trophy, the Stuart Cup.

The Lawn Tennis Association of Australia held a meeting in Melbourne on Monday night and decided that an invitation be sent to the best representative players in England, France, Japan, South Africa, Spain, and the United States to visit Melbourne, and take part in the Australian championships in January, 1935.

In fairness to the women of Australia it is hoped that the invitations will include four women players.

If this should not be practicable then perhaps the Australasian Council will invite a British women's team, or as The Australian Women's Weekly has already suggested, a team comprising players from America, France, and Germany.

At an Australian delegates' meeting

At the meeting held, too, it was decided to invite international men players from various countries to take part in the centenary tournament. Again we stress the question: Why not a women's team from overseas?

which is to be held in Melbourne during the third Test match, the Messdames Conway Warburton and Miss Lloyd, the New South Wales women councillors, have instructed their delegates to bring the matter before the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia, and request again that New South Wales be allowed to invite a women's team from overseas to visit Australia.

### Bowlers' Activities

THE Lakemba women have formed a bowling club, and it is their intention to affiliate with the New South Wales Women's Bowling Association immediately. Already the club has 22 members.

The Newcastle women have arranged for a two-day carnival, commencing on December 30. Thirty-two women bowlers have already signified their intention of playing in this tournament. Four of the visitors are from the Wyong district.

## SPORTING SHORTS

### Prospective Olympian

MISS LESLEY THOMPSON, Australian diving champion, during an exhibition at the City Baths, Melbourne, showed that she was a diver of outstanding ability. It has been predicted that she will be a competitor at the next Olympic Games.

### New Professional

MISS GRETA MOIT, of Victoria, has announced her intention of retiring from competitive swimming and diving, after ten years' active participation. She intends taking up instruction classes in both branches. Miss Moit was, at one time, Australian diving champion, and formed the Victorian ladies' diving troupe a few years ago.

### Vigoro, "How's That?"

PLAYING for the St. George Vigoro Association last Saturday, H. Lambert took ten wickets for thirty runs, and R. Perkins, a member of the Bankia Royals, twelve for forty, very good performances. The best batting was that of L. Nathan, who scored thirty-two.

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### Welcome Home

ON Tuesday night, at the Girls' Secondary Club, a welcome home to Miss Kate Ogilvie was given by the N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association. The welcome took a novel form, for all those present were requested to bring a toy. The proceeds were divided between the Day Nursery and the Rachel Forster Hospital.

### Associates' Annual Meeting

LAST Saturday afternoon associates of the Liverpool Golf Club held their annual meeting. The following office-bearers were elected for the coming season: President, Mrs. C. G. Harrison; Captain, Mrs. Wilson-Hirst; secretary, Miss M. Adams; and assistant secretary, Mrs. C. Evans.

### Only Woman Member

MISS JOAN HARTIGAN has been chosen to accompany the men's team which will leave shortly for Tasmania. Miss Hartigan will be the only woman member of the team.

## WOMEN'S WEEKLY Cup For Interstate CONTEST

IN view of the keen interest that has attended the challenge between the women life-savers of Victoria and New South Wales, The Australian Women's Weekly is presenting a cup which will be open for interstate competition.

Final details of the proposed women's interstate carnival have yet to be arranged, but tidings from Queensland, Victoria and New South Wales augur spirited competition.

WHEN Brighton (N.S.W.) women life-savers' team issued a challenge to the Brighton (Vic.) team, the members of the latter club accepted it enthusiastically. The two teams, which, curiously enough, bear the same title, are the champions of their respective States, and the supporters of each are certain that their own fancy is unbeatable.

Queensland women life-savers, too, can claim a very fine record. There has been some difficulty of late for the northerners, occasioned by the fact that their association has been governed by the men's association. The latter have imposed various restrictions on the women's teams in the recent carnivals.

A contest of the nature of that at present under discussion should give the Queensland girls a chance to show just what they can do.

The Mayor of Rockdale, Alderman Barton, at a meeting of the Brighton (N.S.W.) club held to discuss further the arrangements for the carnival, reiterated his conviction that the N.S.W. girls were equal to any team. Both he and Mrs. Barton, who is the president of the club, expressed their willingness to co-operate in every possible way to forward the movement.

Mr. Sandon, the organiser, was instructed to get in touch with the officials of the Victorian club with a view to definite arrangements regarding time and place.

Though the actual carnival in the first place originated as a challenge between the two championship clubs of Victoria and N.S.W., an interstate fixture, in the fullest sense of the term, implies that a representative team should be chosen from all the clubs in each State.

Just how this aspect will be regarded by the respective officials is one of the points that has yet to be decided.

It has been suggested that, as Sydney

is the central town, the first carnival should be held there.

In presenting the cup, however, The Australian Women's Weekly has made no fixed rules, apart from the fact that it will be open for competition to teams from all States.

With the formal notification to the officials of the presentation of the cup, tentative rules have been suggested, but



MRS. BARTON, Mayoress of Rockdale, who says, "The Brighton Club and officials are very enthusiastic over the forthcoming competition, and I, as president of the club, am sure that the offer of a cup by The Australian Women's Weekly will be greatly appreciated."

It remains with the officials to make those rules definite.

Their acceptance of the cup and the announcement of the rules of competition will be the forerunner of the first interstate women's life-saving carnival ever held in Australia, a stepping-stone in the history of an activity that affords a very fine service to the community.

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